SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XCII, NO. 6 DECEMBER, 1932

News of the January Scribner's

SOME OF THE ARTICLES:

Taxes — And Tax Exemptions
A lively article on a difficult but burning question
by Henry Hazlitt

Twentieth Century Limited
Thirty-two years of ups and downs, and a new start
by Ernest Sutherland Bates

Military Medicine Men
Where are the fantastic prophets of "the next war"?
by Alva Lee
Lieutenant Colonel U. S. Army retired

College Girl, 1932–3
by Eunice Fuller Barnard

Youth and the Elections
by William Harlan Hale

The Loss of the *Melbourne*
A true tale of the sea
by A. J. Villiers

Feet in the Grass Roots
A return to Iowa
by Josephine Herbst

Stories by *Meridel LeSueur*, *Walter Gilkyson*, *Lillian B. Gilkes*

The group of short stories by ERNEST HEMINGWAY announced to begin in January will appear later.

• • •

Note. When changing addresses, subscribers must give four weeks' advance notice and both their old and their new addresses.

Also. To insure the return of manuscripts submitted and not found feasible for publication, authors must send with their manuscripts sufficient postage for return.

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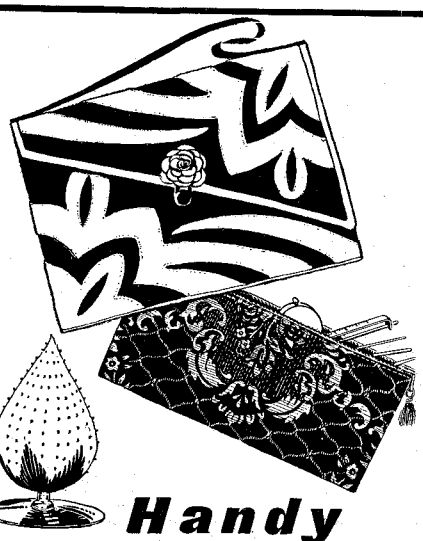

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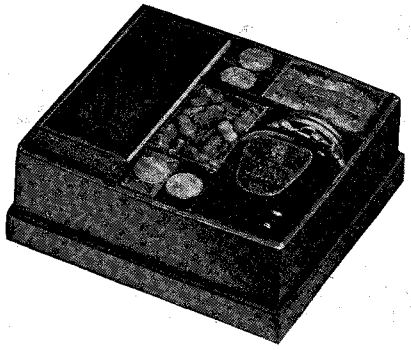

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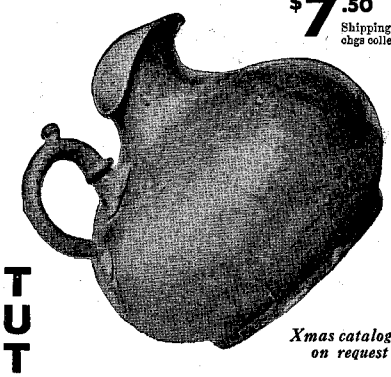

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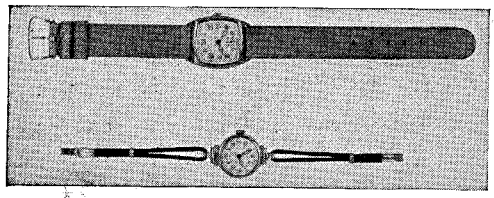

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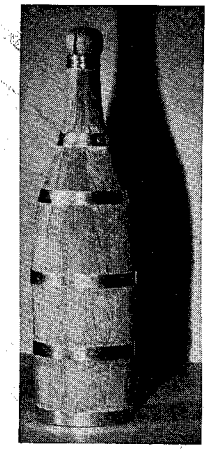

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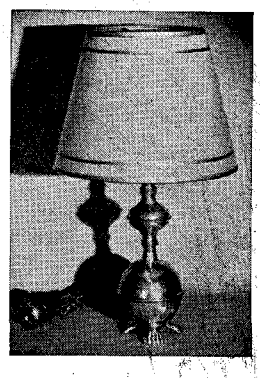

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LITERARY SIGN-POSTS

BERNARD SHAW, BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON. *Appleton.* $7.50.

To one of innumerable invitations to visit America, Bernard Shaw replied by postcard: "Why?" That Shaw's accredited biographer should be a very American young professor of mathematics at the University of North Carolina is an incongruity so whimsical that it elicits, almost reflexly, the same interrogative exclamation. But the reader's doubts and distrusts are at once disarmed by Mr. Henderson's candour and modesty, as he tells, against himself, the story of his vocation and appointment. And, as one proceeds, the manner in which he has performed his task confirms the soundness of Shaw's judgment in setting upon it the seal of his sanction. Both Bernard Shaw and Mr. Henderson emphatically repudiate the suggestion that the book represents the former's estimate of himself. The subject of the biography has merely given his sanction to statements of facts.

The New York public library lists over a dozen biographical and critical books on Bernard Shaw. Several are more brilliant, some are more panegyrical, many are more caustically critical than Mr. Henderson's. But his is, after all, the most complete and the most balanced account. Mr. Henderson understands Shaw. The majority of judgments on that thorny subject are feats of misunderstanding. That is only natural. Shaw is one of the sharpest thorns in the side of Anglo-Saxon complacent make-believe. The victim has defended itself as best it could against the source of irritation by trying to ignore it or by shrill protests, but chiefly by elaborate misunderstanding. Henderson, in an article published in *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1909, was the first in America to explode the usual defense mechanisms set up by Babbittry against Bernard Shaw's devastating directness. By comparison with some of the flights of criticism which profess to analyze or to psychoanalyze Shavian perversity, Mr. Henderson's biography may appear prosy and pedestrian. It is, and is intended to be, a factual source-book rather than a critical estimate. But the fully documented record, dryly set down, affords a sounder basis for judgment than do more picturesque and more piquant portraits and caricatures.

Mr. Henderson's original biography of Shaw was published in 1911. The present work is not merely brought up to date. It is an entirely new book. It is also much fuller and much riper. As Mr. Henderson remarks, "the new Shaw threw the old Shaw out of focus." In the intervening years since his first biography was published the world has changed, and with it the significance of Bernard Shaw. Mr. Henderson's book will help many to measure more adequately than is generally done that significance.

A GUIDE THROUGH WORLD CHAOS, BY G. D. H. COLE. *Knopf.* $3.75.

No other book which offers to lighten our economic darkness even approaches Mr. Cole's guide in clarity, charm of exposition, exhaustiveness of treatment, and, so long as we confine ourselves to the purely economic field, in sanity. The dismal science, and the dismal story of crashing capitalism assume in his exposition the entertaining quality of a delightful after-dinner conversation. Yet Mr. Cole's discussion is more detailed, more fully illustrated, and extends farther and more widely than the majority of pedantic, pretentious, and dogmatic discussions to which a weary public has of late been so abundantly treated. Mr. Cole is a member of the economic advisory council to the British Government, and an Oxford don professing economics.

On the causes of the crash his testimony is that the facile laying of all blame on the war, on Wall Street madness, or on the cyclic recurrence of depression, is nonsense. "I do not believe," he says, "that there is, or that there ever has been, such a thing as the trade cycle." The causes of the breakdown of capitalism are inherent in its operation, and are dependent upon the exhaustion of the sources and conditions of profit-making exploitation.

"It is clear," he says, "that within the next few years capitalism will be either reconstructed on new foundations or superseded by some alternative system, if indeed the destiny of capitalist countries is not to go down in chaos. . . . The work of reconstruction has neither begun nor seriously entered into the minds of most of those who are at present in control of world policy. . . . Even the temporary restoration of prosperity depends upon the adoption of measures which it will go very much against the grain of American capitalism to adopt. . . . Nothing like planning in the Russian sense is possible under capitalist conditions. . . . The United States of America is the one western country which for the present remains securely within the assumptions of capitalism, for the same can no longer be said of any European country. . . . Russia is the most stable of European political systems."

Yet—and this is the real tragedy of the times—a person so acute as Mr. Cole in discussing economic causes and remedies becomes almost as a babe when it comes to the means of applying them. Those means are, in his opinion, to persuade Big Business and little business, through pleasantly written books or electoral votes, to effect the indispensable adjustments, that is, to abandon Business and profits. The position of the economic expert is pathetic. He has not the slightest difficulty in showing how chaos *could* be amended, how world economy *could* be planned, how production *could* be adjusted to consumption. But that is not the question. The question is

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not one of "could," but of "would." And that is not a matter of economics. The way to disarm is to disarm; the way to end chaotic capitalism is to end it.

ROBERT BRIFFAULT.

LIGHT IN AUGUST, BY WILLIAM FAULKNER. *Smith and Haas.* $2.50.

Evaluation of Faulkner's work has followed a prescribed course. "Soldiers Pay" ran into two editions and attracted casual notice; "Mosquitoes," an intensely amusing novel, was still-born; "Sartoris," in many ways his soliest and least self-conscious achievement, reached the second-hand bookstores a few weeks after its appearance, but with "The Sound and The Fury" he forced the attention of the reviewers and a chorus of uncritical approbation arose that proclaimed him an unqualified genius and lavished him with praise that should at least have afforded him the luxury of a wry smile.

The reaction has already set in, and it is now the fashion to say, "Faulkner? Ah, yes; a superb technician, but little more." "Light in August" should supply ammunition for the reactionary camp, for it represents the author at the pitch of his virtuose skill, and it offers little more. Solid criticism, in so far as it is possible to arrive at it, does not always follow the fashion, yet in this instance the latter contains more than a modicum of truth. Faulkner is, however, more than a superb craftsman; he is plainly a story-teller—a narrator of consummate art, and as such is more than amply qualified to make of the thinnest material a tale informed with an art unparalleled in our time. Judgment based purely on his published work (and what else have we to judge from?) can now clinch the case. So far, there has been little behind this intricate façade; his distinctly unusual imagination has applied itself only to gymnastic exercises; his photographic eye has acutely observed and meticulously recorded the appearances of things without troubling with what lay beneath the surface; he has been wilfully perverse and his characters are memorable only when they are grotesque. Pop-eye, Temple Drake, Joe Christmas, Colonel Sartoris, Januarius Jones and the poor white trash of "As I Lay Dying" remain in the memory for the same reason we recall a man of striking features who passes us in a crowd.

ALVAH C. BESSIE.

GROVER CLEVELAND: A STUDY IN COURAGE, BY ALLAN NEVINS. *Dodd, Mead.* $5.

"In Grover Cleveland the greatness lies in typical rather than unusual qualities," writes Allan Nevins, and the same thing might be said of Mr. Nevins's biography. Nothing less than this hefty volume of 766 crowded pages and additional 65 pages of bibliography and index, written with such plodding sincerity and prosaic accuracy, would be a fitting monument to one of Cleveland's massive commonplaceness and stubborn integrity.

Mr. Nevins lists four "striking achievements which must always be associated by history with Cleveland's name." He "restored honesty and impartiality to government," "planted deep in the American mind the idea that the special privilege and the interference with free economic life which the bloated protective system represented ought to be abolished," "saved the nation from abandonment of the gold standard" and by his treatment of the Nicaraguan, Hawaiian and Venezuelan problems "taught the American people that in their handling of foreign affairs conscience ought always to be the one dominant note."

Considering the last several administrations, the American people can hardly be said to have followed through with any consistency on at least three of these achievements. Of course this was no fault of Cleveland's,

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who remains the hero of Mr. Nevins and the petty bourgeoisie, fighting for a government of the "plain people" against a victorious exploiting class with its industrial capitalism and imperialism.

Neither was it Cleveland's fault that under his second administration the Supreme Court handed down a series of decisions—notably those on the income tax and the Debs case—which were notorious examples of class legislation. But the Pullman Strike was a fair test of Cleveland's democracy, and by the use of injunction and federal troops the strike was crushed. Mr. Nevins admits that "the President moved too fast," that it "was not right to outlaw the strike," but blames Cleveland's attorney-general, the unscrupulous Olney, who in this instance was the prime mover behind the government as strike-breaker.

EDWIN SEAVER.

TITANS OF LITERATURE. FROM HOMER TO THE PRESENT, BY BURTON RASCOE.
Putnam's. $3.75.

This book will please all who like their literature discussed in a lively and exciting fashion, whose sense of life is greater than their sense of formal fitness and who are delighted when an author shows plainly that he is full to the brim with opinions about books, life and human history. It will displease all those whose penchant is for the academic, who are more logical and orderly than sensible, and who set more store by accepted and conventional judgments than by heretical and irreverent ones.

Burton Rascoe has, in this bright and shining book, run up and down the corridors of literature examining all the carefully preserved "masterpieces" for himself. He is probably the last of the literary journalists who actually reads Greek and Latin for pleasure and who is capable of writing an excursus on the translation and pronunciation of classical Greek. His unusual equipment has allowed him to examine most of his material in the original languages and by concentrating on texts rather than commentaries, he has found out for himself whether the works are to be pronounced living or dead.

It is surprising how many times Rascoe turns up with a new and vivid report on a writer long since consigned to the category of authors about whom nothing new can possibly be said. Bringing his lively intelligence to bear upon them, he has discovered wherein they are human and just when and in what words they still have something to say to us. Fortunately Rascoe is not entirely literary. Though he protesteth much against the social interpretation of literature (which he does not quite understand) he nevertheless is aware in his own way that literature is continuous with life and that literary values are, after all, life values expressed after a certain fashion. His writers always live and move in a visible world, for he tells you plainly what the world was like when they were alive.

The chapters devoted to the Greek writers are especially to be recommended as full of sense and vigor. Rascoe has had the courage to assign to the Roman writers a low value in general, though he distinguishes those who did manage to say something worthwhile. Dante is ruled out of court with a vigorous reprimand and so, to skip the centuries, is Milton, who irritates Rascoe terrifically. But Montaigne, Rabelais, Villon, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Balzac, Verlaine, Tolstoi and Mark Twain are hailed with enthusiasm. Defoe gets the most enthusiastic tribute I recall ever seeing accorded him. Proust is selected for discussion rather than Joyce and the last figure treated *in extenso* is George Moore. Among the Americans, Whitman, Poe, and Mark Twain are given chapters and in the final chapter Dreiser and Cabell are selected as the living Titans. Naturally I disagree with Rascoe on many points, but I was genuinely annoyed but once and then at his really very funny

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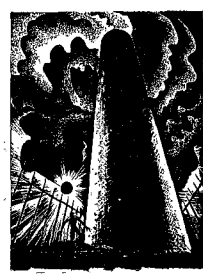

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ROBERT MULLEN.

BEVERIDGE AND THE PROGRESSIVE ERA, BY CLAUDE G. BOWERS. *Houghton Mifflin.* $5.

Albert J. Beveridge probably will live in the popular conception of American history for his maiden speech in the Senate rather than for his really valuable services to the nation. He sounded the trumpet call of imperialism in that youthful speech but his days of statesmanship were overshadowed by Theodore Roosevelt who in the popular mind was *the* champion crusader.

Mr. Bowers has done an excellent if somewhat long-winded job of reporting. The writing is nothing to brag about but he has covered the politics of the period and the activities of Beveridge thoroughly and well. Much light is thrown upon the Roosevelt era and the Progressive Party. Those interested in American politics will find it valuable. The student of human relationships will wish that Mr. Bowers could have seen a way to interpret further Beveridge's character. The reader gains a picture of a man who is honest, as honest as one can be in politics, and really too honest for his own political good. Roosevelt by comparison seems decidedly a political trimmer. Although Beveridge remained loyal and friendly to the Colonel until the latter's death one wonders what he really thought of him.

Beveridge's honesty and his inquiring mind forced him into a continuous shifting of his point of view and led him finally, in the course of his researches for his Lincoln, to denounce the prejudices which he had acquired from the teachings of his childhood. He never completely eradicated his admiration for force nor his love for the glamour of military display. But even after completing his great work on Marshall he altered his conception of Jefferson as the villain of the piece. The story of his difficulties with the Lincoln material and his despair of the task of writing a truthful life without raising a storm of protest from Lincoln worshippers and mid-Victorians generally, lends particular interest to the last chapters of the book.

This story of Beveridge and the political forces which continually beat upon him affords eloquent testimony as to why more first-rate men do not enter public life or, if they do enter, do not remain there.

ALFRED DASHIELL.

THE WIFE OF ROSSETTI, by Violet Hunt (*Dutton*) $4. Doesn't sound so interesting but really a fine book about the Pre-Raphaelites—Swinburne, Rossetti, William Morris, John Ruskin, and all that strange group. Extremely well written.

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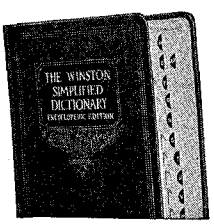

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CHILDREN'S BOOKS—FALL, 1932

By Bertha E. Mahony

PART I—BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Cornelia Meigs' "Swift Rivers" (Little, Brown $2) is a story so truly American and so perfect a piece of writing that if it does not win the one established laurel wreath, a special garland should be made for it. Its theme is the first floating of logs down a small swift stream in spring flood—a perilous and difficult undertaking—the characters involved, and its effect upon their friendships and loyalties.

Every publishing year has its special characteristics. The fall of 1932 has a group of fine books with Russia as background and a group about the Civil War. Of the Russian books "Masha, a Little Russian Girl" (Doubleday $2) by the young artist, Sonia Mazer, has that indescribably true, living quality where nothing is strained or manufactured. It is really a picture of her mother's childhood and youth in a village in Kiev where she went to school. "Mashinka's Secret" by Sonia Daugherty (Stokes $1.75) with pictures by her husband, James Daugherty, has the same quiet tone of a thoroughly known scene and is concerned with a revolutionary group led by the children's tutor. "Nikita" by Frances B. Phelps with unusual drawings by Maitland de Gogorza (Harcourt $2) is a good story of more or less hackneyed plot. These three books are all of the old Russia. Ruth Epperson Kennell's "Comrade One-Crutch" (Harper $2) is a good adventure-mystery story of the new Russia. Comrade One-Crutch, a homeless boy, is co-hero with David the American mining-engineer's son. William C. White's "Made in Russia" (Knopf $2) is a vivid introduction to Russian history. In chapters on the Ikons, Palekh Boxes, Village Woodwork and Linenwork, Kazan Leather, Caucasian Silver, Bokhara Rugs, the author tells much about the life of the Russian people yesterday and today, their history, their stories and their characteristics.

Of the four books about the Civil War, two are written from the standpoint of the South. In Mrs. Emma Gelders Sterne's "No Surrender" (Duffield $2.50) the boy, Chris Thomas, in Alabama took on the running of the plantation almost single-handed after Lee's surrender. Miss Rose B. Knox has written in "Gray Caps" (Doubleday $2) a longer and more romantic story of the great North Carolina plantation, Avalon, and the fortunes of the twins, Cary and Carleton Forrest, during the years of the Civil War. "The Road to Carolina" by Marjorie Hill Allee (Houghton $2) and "The Railroad to Freedom" by Hildegarde Hoyt Swift (Harcourt $2.50) are written from the northern standpoint and in both Quaker character and sentiment are strong.

"Rika, a Dutch Girl's Vacation in Java" by Adele De Leeuw (Macmillan $2) and "Discovering Christopher Columbus" by Charlotte Brewster Jordan (Macmillan $3) each has a point of view which focuses the travel interest and gives the book vitality. Young Christopher from America goes to Spain with an eager interest to follow Columbus's life story, and the reader has considerable history and an account of Columbus's life against the background of modern Spain. A third travel story is Anne Carroll Moore's "Nicholas and the Golden Goose" (Putnam $2). In this second book Nicholas visits children's book rooms in France, Ellen Terry in London, Beatrix Potter on her farm in England, and many other places and people.

Herbert Best and his wife, Erick Berry, have each written two splendid stories of Africa. In "Garram the Chief" (Doubleday $2) that hero of two earlier books by Mr. Best becomes a great leader. In Erick Berry's book "Juma of the Hills" (Harcourt $2) Juma is carried away by slave-raiders but she has a charmed amulet, also courage and resourcefulness and wins her way home.

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Boys and girls will also enjoy Miss Ethel Parton's lively stories of ancient Greece entitled "The Mule of the Parthenon" (Doubleday $2). Some are concerned with the Persian invasion, others with Greek life in town or village. Socrates appears in the story called "A Month of Holidays."

They will like too Helen Coale Crew's "The Shawl with Silver Bells" (Macmillan $2), a mystery story of Elizabethan England and the twelve-year-old Meg travelling through Shakespeare's England with Spanish gypsies. Meg did not belong with the gypsies. In the "Enchanted Sword" by Henry K. Pasma (Longmans $2) Taco has every kind of adventure on Dutch canal boats, along the great dykes of that northernmost peninsula of the Netherlands which was once the independent little country of Friesland, and on the sea, as he searches for the sword which legend says shall restore its lost freedom to Friesland. As for "Lardy the Great" by Reed Fulton (Doubleday $2) no one can resist this red-headed high school freshman. In Will James's new book "Uncle Bill—A Tale of Two Kids and a Cowboy" (Scribners $2) Kip and his sister Scootie from the city learn to ride, to throw a rope and do many other things, thanks to Uncle Bill.

The hardest book to find season after season is the book which is really amusing, which can be read aloud for sheer fun. This year two can be recommended—"The Hay Village Children" by Josephine Siebe (Houghton $2), a story of daily life in a Thuringian hamlet, and Ella Young's "The Unicorn with Silver Shoes" (Longmans $2). In the latter Ballor's son is like many a small boy we all know, eager to investigate everything; Flame of Joy, a lad of Ballor's own age, Angus, a young man eager for change, and the Pooka—all creatures of Faëryland—guide Ballor to adventures in that country.

Rachel Field's range is one of the exciting features of recent juvenile book history. "Hitty," "Calico Bush" and this year "Hepatica Hawks" (Macmillan $2)—to mention only a few of her books. "Hepatica Hawks" is a lovely and moving story of the giant's daughter in Joshua Pollock's World Famous Freaks and Fandangos; how the big girl of fifteen came to find the life of the troupe impossible, felt there was no place for her in the world and then did find an important place where her size was not against her.

PART II—BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

The day after Thanksgiving Day most children begin to think about Christmas and to ask for Christmas stories. There are two new, lovely and distinguished books this year which will stand reading and re-reading—Eric Kelly's "The Christmas Nightingale—Three Christmas Stories from Poland" (Macmillan $1.25)—a book which enlarges both vision and spirit; and Rachel Field's "The Bird Began to Sing" (Morrow $1.75), a story of the little Tilda and of Grandpa Schultz who made a tiny bird inside a snuff box, a bird which was meant to sing but didn't until——!

Other new stories are: "Peik" by Barbara Ring (Little $2), a story of a little boy in Norway. "Yann and his Island" by Esther Brann (Macmillan $2). Yann lived on an island of Brittany and got lost in the fog at the very beginning of the story, when he went for his sheep. In "Jerry and the Pusa" (Harcourt $2) Eleanor Frances Lattimore has told the story of a small boy born in America but living in China, where the Pusa, a little Chinese idol, plays an important part. "Rudi of the Toll Gate" by Helen Hill and Violet Maxwell (Macmillan $1.50) lived in a Nuremberg tower.

This same atmosphere is to be found in certain ways in three stories of everyday life in America:—"The Four Young Kendalls" by Eliza Orne White (Houghton $2) for

(*Continued on page 15*)

FOR BOYS & GIRLS

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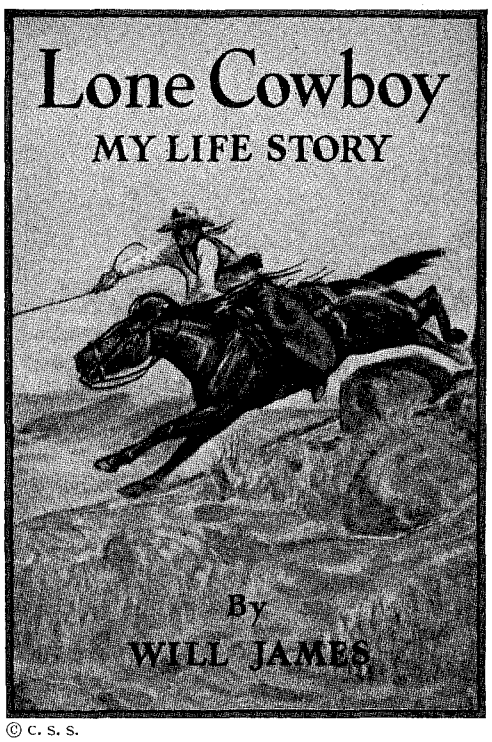

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whom are created home and happiness by a young step-mother. "Two Boys" by Lincoln Fay Robinson (Doubleday $1.50). The author was one of the two boys and this true story of two little brothers on a Massachusetts farm with the author's drawings will delight grown-ups and children too. "The Little House in Green Valley" by Clara Whitehill Hunt (Houghton $1.75), which tells of a city family's wonderful Vermont summer, with more of the same to come.

Every family of small and larger children will enjoy Laura E. Richard's "Tirra Lirra: Rhymes Old and New" (Little $2.50). Frances Lester Warner's "Ragamuffin Marionettes" (Houghton $1.75) will start many new puppet-makers.

Beatrix Potter's new book—"Sister Anne" is a delightful mystery story about cats and a cupboard built upon the old Bluebeard fairy tale. (McKay $2.)

As for picture books, the two d'Aulaires, Edgar Parin and his wife Ingri, have given us a beautiful picture book of Norway; Ingri's homeland—"Ola" (Doubleday $2). The Petershams have a new picture book "Auntie" (Doubleday $2) in which Miki is as prominent as Auntie and properly so because the Auntie in the book is his own. There is another picture book of that ancient flood, "The Story of Noah," with freshly original drawings in color and black and white by Clifford Webb (Warne $1.75). Any child who has ever had to care for a younger brother or sister will sympathize with Nicodemus as he is seen in Inez Hogan's "Nicodemus and his Little Sister" (Dutton $1). The pictures of Carlos Sanchez, the Mexican artist, for "Perez and Martina, A Porto Rican Folk Tale" (Warne $1.75) have a distinctive quality. Martina is a "refined" cockroach and Perez a gallant mouse.

And for those who like picture books with information there are "The Picture Book of Rivers" by Allan McNab (Macmillan $2) and "The Farmer Sows his Wheat" (Minton $2) in which stunning photographs tell the story of the change in farming from the hand method to the present machine process. All the picture books mentioned above have considerable text too.

In the following picture books there is little or no text. Ruth Carroll's "What Whiskers Did" (Macmillan $1.25) tells the adventures of a Scottie and a family of rabbits. "This Little Pig" by Helen and Alf Evers (Farrar $1) wanted his tail to be straight and tried to make it so. Marjorie Flack has made this year the picture story of "Angus Lost" (Doubleday $1) and also "Ask Mr. Bear!" (Macmillan $1), what Mr. Bear suggested to Danny for his mother's birthday present. Lena Towsley who made last year the photograph picture book "Peter and Peggy" has now made "Sally and her Friends and How They Played with Peggy and Peter" (Farrar $2.50). Sally is the children's dog. The Haders have made pictures for Anne Stoddard's "Here, Bingo!" (Century $1).

Mothers or teachers of young children will find Miss Alice Dalgliesh's book "First Experience with Literature" (Scribner $1.25) just the helpful and suggestive book they've been wanting. It has grown out of much experience with children and real knowledge of the old and new in children's books.

THE STAGE IS SET, by Lee Simonson (*Harcourt*) $5. Authoritative discussion of stagecraft, with many photographic examples, carrying the matter from the earliest days to Mr. Simonson's work at the Theatre Guild and with side swipes at Gordon Craig, very enjoyable.

THE SAGA OF FRIDTJOF NANSEN, by Jon Sörensen (*Norton*) $4.50. Not the greatest biography but an excellent one of the explorer who will be known in history as the greatest of all humanitarians for his work in Europe after the war.

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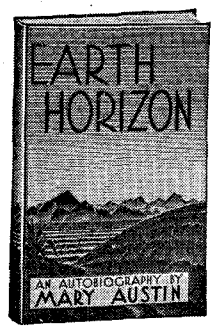

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GOD'S ANGRY MAN, BY LEONARD EHRLICH.
Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

Of all the special qualities that give this first novel its peculiar excitement, the story itself, the simple sequence of described events, is of the first importance. "God's Angry Man" is about John Brown, and what one continually feels is a sort of astonishment that John Brown's story is so remarkable, and that it has been so little known. Surely there are few episodes in American history as dramatic as the wild and desperate raid on Harper's Ferry, and few national characters as complex and enigmatic as the man who led it. Looking back on it now, knowing the odds that were against the raiders and the risks to which they exposed themselves, it seems impossible that a happening of the kind took place, as it seems impossible that Brown was able to make others share his faith and follow him. In a judgment of "God's Angry Man" a distinction ought to be made between what John Brown has contributed to the novel and what the author has contributed to it. Leonard Ehrlich's achievement is in no way diminished when it is said that the best parts of the book are the factual accounts of Brown's doings, and the quotations from his letters and speeches. Brown dominates the novel in the way that he dominated his little band of revolutionists.

"God's Angry Man" is an exciting novel; it is deeply moving; the last chapters rise to an almost painful intensity of expression. John Brown emerges from it, not as an understandable human being, but as a mysterious and incomprehensible force, a "character" in the sense that Ahab is one, or the figures in the Old Testament. His faith in his mission was strong enough to enable him to kill five unarmed men in an act of conscious terrorism, calling them from their beds at night and cutting them down. He was deeply fond of his family, and led one after another of his sons to death. He was able to lead a group of twenty-one men in an attack on the government, striking into the slave country, seizing an arsenal and holding it as long as any one was left to defend it. And then, before he was hanged, he saved his act from being an isolated episode, conducting himself with so much dignity and tenderness that he remained in the minds of the people as a figure to be respected, one whose actions could not be judged by ordinary standards.

Leonard Ehrlich has told this story in terms that are sometimes reminiscent of Melville, sometimes of Thomas Wolfe's "Look Homeward, Angel!"

Unlike Melville, however, Leonard Ehrlich has no sense of wonder at the commonplace details of living to carry the story through the passages of inaction and explanation; the sensuous impressions are not vividly communicated. Very often he takes refuge from the problem of Brown's character in passages of poetic prose, in tangential questions and refrains; very often he throws up his hands in amazement at his hero's career, instead of trying to make it understandable. But "God's Angry Man" is an exciting book in spite of these weaknesses; they are the defects that make it a fine novel rather than a great one.

ROBERT CANTWELL.

MARY LINCOLN. PART I, BY CARL SANDBURG. PART II, BY PAUL M. ANGLE.
Harcourt, Brace. $3.

Probably Abraham Lincoln should not have married Mary Todd. But he did. The man that he was, he remembered and followed his father's advice, "If you make a bad bargain, hug it all the tighter." Mary Todd's story has an interest only in-so-far as it helps to throw the shadowy figure of Lincoln into greater relief. She loved him—in a fashion. That is to say, she was horribly jealous, and would not permit her husband to speak to any other woman

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alone. In this connection, while First Lady of the Land, she was not above making scenes in public and on occasion reviled in terms unprintable the woman whom chance brought into the President's company. Of good family, well-educated, she suffered from an overpowering ambition, and on her husband attaining the highest office she established "court" at the White House and apparently imagined herself an empress of sorts. She also seemed to think that as President's wife she shared the responsibilities of his office and had hysterical attacks when his appointments did not suit her. She was extravagant in dress, frivolous in deportment, and in the grave crises of war often behaved as if nothing but social functions mattered. Nevertheless, between times, we are told, she was a good wife and mother; we are left in no doubt that she was terribly fond of her children; the loss of three of them, leaving her only one, in each case tragically affected her mind, not created for adversity. Mr. Sandburg tries to make a case out for her on the score of her mind, which had an original kink in it, magnified by time and misfortune; she really "never grew up" and was never equal to adult tasks she was called upon to assume. A tragic figure, certainly, much to be pitied; but how much more her husband, destined to bear the common cross of internecine conflict and also the cross of a mate who could not comfort him. The documentation of the book mostly in the form of letters is supplied efficiently by Mr. Angle. Altogether, an important contribution to Lincolniana.

JOHN COURNOS.

EMILY DICKINSON FACE TO FACE, BY MARTHA DICKINSON BIANCHI. *Houghton Mifflin.* $3.50.

As becomes a loyal family member and last surviving witness, Martha Dickinson Bianchi defends her aunt Emily, her grandfather Edward, and herself against Genevieve Taggard's statements. She denies that Emily ever had a picture of George Gould on the walls, or that Maggie carried letters between the two, or that Emily wore white the year round because she had been forced to renounce him. Her characterization of Emily's father is that though he "was formal by nature, his heart was as warm as his manner was cold." And later, apropos of a letter in which Austin Dickinson speaks glowingly of his father, she says in part, "Where now is the grim Puritan caricature of Edward Dickinson, drawn by rank outsiders . . .?"

Unfortunately, though prolific in denials, she is not very successful in building a figure commensurate with the Emily of the poems. Emily was simply remarkable, and if what she did was strange, that was her right. Her white dress?—a matter of what we now call "self-expression." Her unwillingness to see people?—a device to gain time for her work. Nothing is explained. The best that can be said for this book is that it offers a fund of new material from a somewhat prejudiced source. Readers not already familiar with Emily Dickinson's work and the controversies which have embroiled those attempting to tell her life will not find much of interest here.

ARCHER WINSTEN.

FROM FLUSHING TO CALVARY, BY EDWARD DAHLBERG. *Harcourt, Brace.* $2.50.

The characters of Mr. Dahlberg's "Bottom Dogs" were members of a rootless, heterogeneous, unsuccessful, wandering class that is statistically large in American life. In that novel, their shifting environment was the protagonist. In his second novel, Mr. Dahlberg brings his two principal characters, Lorry, and his mother, Lizzie Lewis, into more vivid perspective.

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lem, that of catching on and making a go of life. Lorry works as an assistant shipping clerk, and then he tends a newspaper stand. Lizzie gives violet ray treatments, practises as a quack abortionist, and seeks to catch some sucker through the matrimonial advertisements in the newspapers. They take in a German boy as roomer. He has come to Jack Dempsey's land to make his fortune. After he is knocked out in the first round of his pugilistic debut, he attends a fake musical school to learn how to sing over the radio. Lorry and his associates look for girls at Coney Island. Their experiences mean almost nothing. Lizzie struggles with tense persistency. She likewise gets nowhere. They move from Bensonhurst to a small apartment opposite Calvary cemetery on Long Island. They grow cumulatively nostalgic; Lizzie for those days when she ran a lady barber shop in Kansas City; Lorry for that life he knew in the Cleveland orphanage (which Mr. Dahlberg described in "Bottom Dogs"). Eventually Lizzie dies in a charity ward to which she has gone for an operation. Lorry ventures forth still groping and goalless. He becomes entangled in a Union Square riot, and seeing the red flag, thinks of it as an auctioneer's flag. He is clubbed by a policeman, and runs. As the novel closes, he is walking through Washington Square, the blood clotting on his head as he sings a song he learned in the orphanage:

" 'neath its folds, defeat unknown,
triumph, triumph crowns our glorious way."

This novel is written with a compulsive power. The portrait of Lizzie Lewis is particularly striking. Bitter and uncompromising as is Mr. Dahlberg's work, one can still describe it as poetry.

JAMES T. FARRELL.

THE DISCOVERY OF EUROPE, by Paul Cohen-Portheim (*Dutton*) $3. In which America gets another lambasting for being one of the malignant forces (the other of course is Russia) which Europe, "the mother of civilization," must face and conquer.

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of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1st, 1932

State of NEW YORK, County of NEW YORK

Before me, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared CARROLL B. MERRITT, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the BUSINESS MANAGER of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

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EDITOR: None

MANAGING EDITOR: Alfred S. Dashiell, 597 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

BUSINESS MANAGER: Carroll B. Merritt, 597 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

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CARROLL B. MERRITT, *Business Manager.*

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THE WRITTEN WORD, BY H. A. BATTEN, MARCUS GOODRICH, AND GRANVILLE TOOGOOD. *Greenberg.* $3.50.

Last year a lot of the boys and girls in the racket amusingly called the advertising profession got a lot of fun and, whether they knew it or not, considerable instruction out of the exhibit called, like this book, "The Written Word," which played to appreciative audiences in several large cities. There was a book in it—and here it is. One cannot call to mind a better guide for the young person just delving into the mysteries of "copy" or a better reminder to the cynical oldsters that it is an art after all, and a worthy one. The book takes a lot of the bunk out of advertising writing, is informative, interesting, has more than a little antic humor and should be at the elbow of every advertising man who doesn't think he knows it all. There are chapters on advertising in magazines, newspapers, trade journals, rotogravure, etc., and copious examples of good copy. The book is handsomely made and the typography is admirable—though like so many advertising men turned writers the authors just had to make it a wee bit arty. L. B. D.

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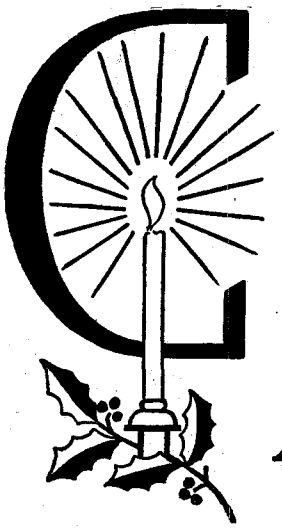

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The White Woman of the Genesee

MARY JEMISON, captured and adopted in girlhood by Indians, with whom she thereafter lived, was born in 1743 at sea while her parents were on their way from Belfast to Philadelphia.

On April 5, 1758, at their Pennsylvania farm, Mary, her parents, three of the other children and some neighbors were captured by a party of Shawnee Indians. Most of the captives were killed, but Mary's life was spared. She was taken to Fort Duquesne, and given to two Seneca women who adopted her as a sister.

For five years she lived in the Ohio country, and in the third year of her captivity was married to a Delaware warrior named Sheninjee, by whom she had two children. She later accompanied three Indian brothers to the tribal home at Little Beard's town on the Genesee River near the present Geneseo, N. Y. When at the close of the French and Indian War a bounty was offered for the return of prisoners, a chief of the tribe wished to take Mary to the English at Fort Niagara, but her Indian family refused to give her up, and she, having developed a deep affection for them, was not unwilling to stay. Some four years later, Sheninjee having died, she became the wife of an old chief, Hiokatoo, by whom she had six children.

At the close of the Revolutionary War, she was offered her freedom by her Indian brother, but preferred to remain with the tribe. In 1797 she was granted a tract of her own choice near Castile, N. Y., where she had lived since the destruction of Little Beard's town by Sullivan's army in 1779. Her second husband died in 1811 at the age of 103; in that year and the year following two of her sons were killed in a drunken rage by the third, who was himself similarly killed a few years later.

In 1817 she was naturalized and her land-title confirmed by act of the New York legislature. At this time she was leasing the greater part of her land to white settlers and living with a married daughter, though continuing to plant, hoe, and harvest her own corn. One of the most extensive landholders in her section of the state, noted for her kindness and generosity, she was a figure of great interest to the settlers.

In 1824 there appeared the story of her life, which went through twenty-two editions in the next hundred years. In 1831, the Senecas having sold their Genesee lands, she moved to the Buffalo Creek Reservation. In the last months of her life she professed the Christian religion, and she was buried near the Seneca Mission Church.

According to her biographer, she spoke English distinctly, "with a little of the Irish emphasis," though she had completely lost the art of reading. "Spirits and tobacco I have never used," she told her biographer, "and I have never attended an Indian frolic." For her husband, Hiokatoo, she had such veneration that she would not speak of his notoriously cruel exploits. She adhered to the Indian customs and manner of dress until her death in 1833.

THE foregoing is a condensation of the biographical sketch of this unusual woman, which appears in the just-published Volume X of the Dictionary of American Biography. There are hundreds of such human interest narratives in each volume of this work, which, when complete, will contain the life-stories of some 14,000 men and women who have contributed something of interest or importance to the story of the making of America.

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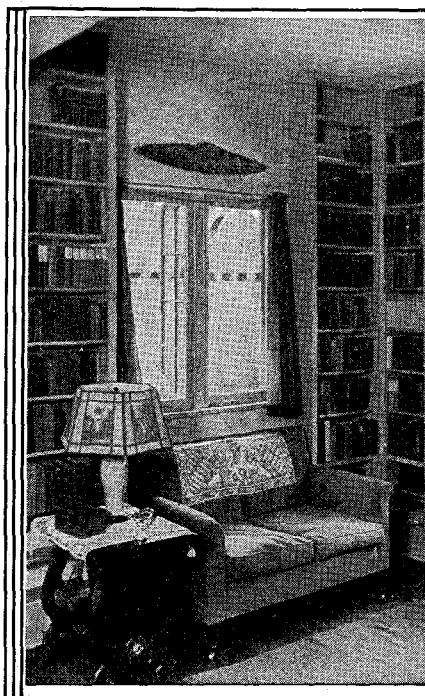

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XCII, NO. 6 DECEMBER, 1932

Government Economy

AN IMPOLITE SURVEY

By Stuart Chase

"Defeat the Bonus!" is the battle-cry of an organized onslaught upon government expenditure—a burning issue as Congress meets. The author of "A New Deal" and "Your Money's Worth," vigorous opponent of waste as he is, looks with a critical eye at the forces behind the attack and its probable consequences.

Our best people, having deflated wages to the satisfaction of all concerned, except perhaps the wage-earners, are now turning their attention to taxes. It appears that strict economy on the part of the several governments, federal, state and local, and a drastic reduction of the "crushing burden of taxation," are at once the royal road out of the depression, and a mandatory policy for the future. It appears that paying the veterans' bonus would bankrupt Uncle Sam. It appears finally that government expenditures have been advancing by leaps and bounds, alarmingly out of line with population growth and the course of the national income. It is difficult to pick up a newspaper without finding a polemic on this sorry state of affairs, delivered by imposing generalissimos of finance and industry, or by public-spirited economy leagues, supported with the most appalling figures.

Mr. Bernard Baruch, in a recent number of *The Nation's Business,* provides a typical example. After stating that government costs in 1932 will eat up 15 billions out of a total national income of 45 billions—one dollar in three—he concludes: "If we balance the federal budget on a billion-dollar cut, there will be no necessity for palliatives. It is the key to economic recovery." Waiving the statistical question of precisely how one billion lopped from 15 can provide a magic key, we are moved to inquire why Mr. Baruch and his friends believe so sincerely that there is a key in the tax door at all. The wage deflation, thorough and workmanlike as it was, did not carry us very far forward. It is arguable that, by annihilating a good many billions of purchasing power, it has carried us appreciably backward. Will a wholesale deflation of government expenditures be any more successful?

As an almost congenital foe of economic waste, I should be the first to welcome a spirited onslaught on any major channel of lag, leak, and friction, whether governmental or private, but somehow this particular campaign leaves me both cold and curious. Are the statements true, to begin with? Why is the attack so sudden and so well organized? What is behind it? What will be its probable economic effect if victoriously carried through? Obviously, with such dignity and talent on the firing line, these questions are not to be roundly answered in the limits of a brief article. We can, however, make a kind of cruising survey, in a preliminary attempt to get the problem into focus.

Our survey will first review the extent to which government expenditures and taxes have actually increased. It will then inquire into the effects of the business cycle on taxes and other fixed charges, and so attempt to find the real motive behind the economy campaign. Next we will ask what kind of services we get for our tax expenditures, how they compare with the goods and services we get for non-government expenditures, and how much waste the former really comprehend. Final-

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ly we will consider the deflation of taxes as a remedy for deflation in general, and, from the longer point of view, the place of government expenditures as an agent to close the widening gap between purchasing power and the ability to produce.

Facts and Facts

Before me is a stout volume entitled *Financial Conditions and Operations of the National Government, 1921–1930,* by Doctor W. F. Willoughby, director of the Institute for Government Research. On page 3 the author says:

"There has been an unfortunate tendency for public attention to be concentrated too largely upon such single items as the total payments to governments in the form of taxes, total expenditures by governments and the like. An increase in taxes has been viewed as, *per se,* an evil. Such a position is wholly an illogical one. Though governments may spend more, they do more; and it may well be that the increased demand made upon the taxpayer is more than offset by the additional service rendered to him. The really important things are not so much the grand totals of government revenues and expenditures as the sources from which such revenues are derived and the purposes to which the expenditures are devoted."

Doctor Willoughby goes on to show how, due to clumsy methods of accounting, the official reports of the federal government may be misconstrued, and highly dubious conclusions arrived at. If, for instance, postal expenses are included with other government expenses, the total is inflated by some 700 millions. Such a total is meaningless. Postal revenues must be considered as an offset.

Indeed it requires a solid book for Doctor Willoughby to analyze the official reports, eliminate the duplications and irrelevancies, and so finally get down to what the United States Government actually costs us, and what we really pay in taxes. Here are his final figures:

FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

	Actual operating costs	*Total expenditures*	*Total net taxes*
	(*in billions of dollars*)		
1921	3.9	4.8	4.9
1922	3.2	4.1	3.5
1923	2.9	3.6	3.0
1924	2.7	3.8	3.2
1925	2.8	3.5	3.0
1926	2.7	3.6	3.2
1927	2.7	3.8	3.3
1928	2.8	3.7	3.2
1929	2.9	3.6	3.4
1930	2.9	3.8	3.5

Since 1921 and 1922 there has been a decline in the actual costs of operating the federal government, a decline in total expenditures—which include refunding operations and investments—and a decline in total net taxes. Operating costs dropped a cool billion dollars in ten years. "Taken as a whole," says Doctor Willoughby, "this showing cannot but be deemed to be very creditable to those having direct responsibility for the conduct of public affairs." He is right. It is a remarkably good showing. Figures on this refined basis are not available for 1931 and 1932, but in view of the hue and cry for economy and balanced budgets, I think it extremely probable that operating costs have not increased to any extent in these years. Total expenditures, on the other hand, are probably mounting, due primarily to the investment in the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. This is a capital, not an operating outlay. Theoretically the loans which the R. F. C. advances will some day be paid back. (Personally I believe that some of them are already decomposed beyond resuscitation, but that is for the future to decide.)

Doctor Willoughby is probably the outstanding authority on federal budget and financial analysis in the country. Frankly I do not see how his unimpeachable figures help the tax deflationists, in their campaign to scare us to death with mounting federal costs. There have been no mounting federal costs in the past decade, but the reverse. Furthermore, from 1919 to 1931, the national debt was reduced almost 10 billion dollars, or at the rate of more than 800 millions a year.

Ah, but the States, the cities, the counties and the towns—one must hold one's nose as he contemplates these reeking cesspools of extravagance! Well, in a sense of course one must. Consider Tammany. But the point we are for the moment pursuing is the alleged ominous *increase* in sewage. No Doctor Willoughby has entered this domain to unscramble all the duplications, capital versus operating costs, and other shortcomings of local government accounting. Here, however, are data on *total* tax collections, including federal taxes, taken from a monumental study of national income and expenditures prepared by Mr. Robert R. Doane and Mr. Virgil Jordan, and published recently by the *Business Week*.

	Total taxes, federal and local	*Total consumer expenditures*	*Per cent of taxes to total expenditures*
	(*in billions of dollars*)		
1921	8.7	67.0	13%
1922	7.5	72.3	10%
1923	7.2	80.0	9%
1924	7.8	81.6	10%
1925	7.9	86.3	9%
1926	8.7	93.1	9%
1927	9.0	96.1	9%
1928	9.4	103.1	9%
1929	9.9	106.1	9%
1930	10.3	90.1	11%

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There is no doubt that total tax collections are increasing, rising from 8.7 billions in 1921 to 10.3 billions in 1930. But if we turn to the second column we find a far more impressive increase, namely total consumer expenditures for everything, including taxes. Against this curve, the tax curve has made no appreciable advance. (The fact that total expenditures exceed the national income in dollars is one of the startling and significant findings of the *Business Week's* study.) From 1922 to 1929, total consumer expenditures increased 47 per cent while taxes increased only 32 per cent. We have been buying more government service, true; but we have been buying other goods and services in even greater volume. One fails to see any devastating trend in these figures at all. In the year 1930, taxes rose a little, total consumer expenditure dropped sharply, and the ratio increased to 11 per cent. Here we note the first actual signs of a relative increase in taxes. This brings us close to the plot of the story—which for the moment I shall not reveal.

Mr. Doane, furthermore, has traced the curve back to 1880. He uses government expenditures in this study, rather than taxes. In the long run the two must roughly coincide, but in any given period, expenditures may exceed taxes, due to the flotation of loans. He finds a striking parallel between the growth of total consumer expenditures and total government expenditures through the last fifty years. There was a little peak in government expenditures during the Spanish War, and a mighty peak in the World War. After 1922, however, government expenditures did not increase so fast as consumer expenditures. "Looking at public expenditures as a part and an indirect form of individual expenditure, it is questionable whether, over a long period, this kind of consumer expenditures has increased any more rapidly than the total of consumer expenditures in this country." If this conclusion is sound, and we have every reason to believe that it is, we can only conclude in turn that the tax deflationists have been frightening themselves and the public with a threat which, through 1929, was largely non-existent. In 1930, however, a new condition became apparent. We approach the plot.

The economy gentlemen, furthermore, have been careless about their accounting. Mr. Baruch claims a 15-billion cost of government in 1932. He can only mean total *expenditures,* but the impression he gives is total *taxes*—"15 billions which must be taken out of a probable income from wealth-producing effort of 45 billions." Total taxes, direct and indirect, in 1932, will not reach 10 billions, in my opinion, and in any event will be far short of 15 billions. Expenditures may or may not reach 15 billions. The difference between total expenditures and taxes, as Doctor Willoughby so painfully worked out, is made up of capital outlays, loans, refunding operations and the like. Mr. Baruch and his friends lump operating costs and capital outlays together to make an impressive total. In 1932, national and local governments are borrowing respectively for the R. F. C., for public works, for unemployment relief, for operating deficits. The first is theoretically self-liquidating, the second is a capital outlay—the sort of expenditure which no business ever dreams of classing with operating expenses—the third and fourth are operating costs which must be met out of *future* taxes, but which are not a load—save for interest charges—on the taxpayer today. Such loans come from national savings, even from hoardings, not from current national income.

In 1919 federal expenditures alone were some 19 billions. Would Mr. Baruch claim that this was part of the tax burden for the year? Most of it was met by Liberty Bond sales. Well, we are in another war now, a war against starvation, and the government is repeating the 1919 financial formula, though on a far more modest scale.

Taxes and the Business Cycle

Up to the time when the current depression became acutely painful, there were no vociferous economy leagues, and no outcries against the "crushing burden of taxation"—save from those congenital rugged individualists who sit in club windows year in and year out, chanting, with just a touch of monotony, that the world is going to the dogs. Indeed, as we have seen, there was really very little to cry out about. In 1931 and 1932 taxes—though not government expenditures—have possibly even declined a little. But—and here we come to the point—*they have not come down so fast nor so far as wheat, hogs, rubber, coffee, copper, and gents' furnishings; not nearly so far as wages.*

In the downswing of the business cycle three classes of things refuse stubbornly to join the dive to the centre of the earth: (1) interest and long-term leases, (2) public utility rates, and (3) taxes. While raw materials, wholesale prices, security prices, profits, wages, retail prices, go over the precipice, one after another, the bondholder, the landlord with a long-term lease, the utility companies, and the government cling to the side of the cliff. Interest and leaseholds, which may be in the aggregate 15 per cent of the national income when the latter is 100 billions, leap to 30 per cent when it gurgles down to 50 billions. Similarly taxes, which may be 10 per cent, climb to 20 per cent. Furthermore, as prices fall, the interest dollar and the tax dollar themselves grow heavier.

The nation becomes acutely aware of the painful implications of fixed charges. When the command is "down," they stiffly stand up. It is true that all have been forced down a little—through repudiations, bankruptcies, dispossessions of tenants, inability to pay taxes

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on the part of many farmers—but the net decline has not been great. Out of a total bonded and mortgage indebtedness of some 200 billions, Mr. Lawrence Dennis estimates a shrinkage due to repudiation of only 10 billions for the depression to date.

The reason for the lamentations, on the part of our best people, now moves sharply into focus. Their incomes have steeply receded, while their taxes have remained practically at par. Their coal bills and chauffeurs' wages have come down, while their property taxes and assessments have not. On the profit and loss account of nearly every business enterprise, taxes, together with interest and long-term leases, stand armored against the pruning to which all other items of outgo have been rigorously subjected. (Taxes on income recede with income—unless rates are drastically raised—but other forms do not. The really tremendous decline in income taxes seems to have escaped the notice of the economy committee altogether.) The drive for the deflation of taxes is thus clearly a phenomenon of the current downswing of the business cycle, and not a cumulative historical grievance. It is safe to say that if normalcy came coyly dancing in tomorrow, the overworked secretaries of these busy leagues would be presently out of their jobs.

In the present impasse, we can readily see the point of view, and sympathize with it to a degree. A somewhat puzzling factor initially, however, is that we hear so little about fixed charges *other than taxes*. The burden of interest has grown even faster than total consumer expenditure in the past ten years, and constitutes from many points of view—particularly the farmer's point of view—a more ominous threat than taxes. I have yet to hear any organized clamor against the fact that railroad rates, telephone charges, power and light rates, gas bills, remain largely undiminished. And how about long-term leases? I audit a company in New York, paying, on a ten-year lease, $4 a foot for office space. Across the street we are offered far better space in a brand new building for $1 a foot. But squirm and wriggle as we may, so far we have been helpless.

Why pick on taxes? Well, I will tell you why. Our best people are by definition members of the creditor class. They hold the bulk of the 200 billions of bonds and mortgages; they hold the long-term leases, the stock in the railroads and public utilities. It would hardly do for them to cavil at their major sources of income. So with the utmost logic and consistency they concentrate the attack on the one fixed charge which does not appear on both sides of their balance sheets. (They may wake up some day, however, to find that it does.) This is all right for them, but is it all right for the rest of us? How will the deflation of taxes affect the common run of citizens? What will it do to the economic system as a whole?

What Do We Get for Our Taxes?

We remember that Doctor Willoughby pointed out in strong terms the illogic of the notion that an increase in taxes was *per se* an evil. It is as absurd as holding that increases in health services or education are, *per se,* an evil. It all depends on what you get for your money.

We should also remember that the tax-deflation drive is engineered chiefly by men who still live in the nineteenth century, that period when the most important thing in life was to save, invest, produce, conquer a virgin continent; men who have never grasped the implications of the twentieth century, with its ever-widening gap between purchasing power and technological advance. Fifty years ago there was something to be said for the idea that government expenditures were largely non-productive, and hence wasteful from the business point of view. Today that idea has passed into limbo. With a capital structure built vastly in excess of the available purchasing power, government expenditures, so far as they can put purchasing power into circulation, may be vital not only to society at large but to business itself. This increasingly obvious deduction the good Victorians have never made.

Suppose for the moment we assume that government costs are in the nature of an extravagance and a luxury. Have the Elder Statesmen ever paused to consider the phenomenal increases in other luxury trades in recent years? While taxes moved sluggishly forward after 1922, motor-car expenditures jumped from 5.9 billions to 11.4 billions by 1929—a gain of 93 per cent. The greater proportion of this traffic is a pure, pleasurable luxury. The drink and narcotics bill in the same period increased 81 per cent; jewelry and gadgets 44 per cent, personal adornment (chiefly beauty parlors and cosmetics) 81 per cent.* Is it soberly held that expenditures for luxuries and gimcracks of this nature are wise and fruitful, while government expenditures are wasteful and pernicious? The protesting gentlemen seem to have lost a sense of proportion. Incidentally our total recreation bill, private and commercialized, is about equal to our total tax bill. We spend as much for fun as for running the government.

Well, what *do* we get for our taxes? For local taxes we get primarily schools, roads, police protection, and the services necessary to keep people from trampling one another to death in the congestion of great cities. By and large I think these fully as important as chewing gum or beauty shoppes. For our national taxes we get primarily an army and a navy. Whether this service is important depends on one's point of view.

We have no conception—unless we stop to think for a moment—of how the automobile, electric traction,

*Figures from the Doane-Jordan study cited before.

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and the elevator have demanded an enormous increase in government expenditure in the departments of road building, traffic regulation, water supply, fire protection, sanitation, health protection, and congestion antidotes generally. Without these antidotes, Megalopolis would go to pieces in half an hour. They are a stark matter of life and death to city populations. To talk of abolishing them is suicidal nonsense; even trimming them is dangerous business, not to be undertaken without the most exhaustive analysis.

In addition the government furnishes many other things which I, a hound for waste, find difficult to place in the category of economic extravagance and loss. Here, for instance, are playgrounds, parks, recreation facilities, child welfare, the postal service, the Bureau of Standards, the constructive work of the Department of Agriculture, the Forest Service, the administration of justice, the pure food and drug control, the Census, the Geological Survey, the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the Coast Guard, the Library of Congress, the Federal Trade Commission—where once upon a time I labored for four years. Such services—only a small fraction have been named—not only represent sounder economic activity than cosmetics and Rolls Royces, but some of them represent activities absolutely indispensable to the public and to business itself, in a complicated interlocked machine civilization. It was all very well to confine government to police power, national defense and the currency in 1832, when every local community was largely self-supporting. To wish to do so today is an impossible nostalgia. We cannot function as a nation without extensive social expenditures.

The Real Tax Waste

So far so good. There remains in government expenditures a definite overlay of waste and loss which every honest citizen and taxpayer would be only too glad to see liquidated, in due course. We shall return presently to the phrase, "due course." Already the army and the navy have been mentioned. Replaced by an airplane service, the national defense would be strengthened at a tremendous decrease in taxes. Corruption in local government costs us a pretty penny, and its elimination could only be welcomed. There is a wide margin of waste in duplicate bureaus and commissions. Mr. Hoover's programme for consolidation of public works strikes me as fundamentally sound. Local post-office appointments could stand a deal of profitable reform, as could the time-honored pork barrel of river and harbor appropriations. Mr. James M. Beck in his *Wonderland of Bureaucracy* brings into focus innumerable petty grafts and sinecures, the luxury of which the taxpayer could well forego. There is plenty of waste in government, but hardly more than in manufacturing, in oil drilling, in transportation, in distribution, in high finance.

War Heroes

In one department particularly, the tax deflationists have a very strong case. Reference is made—as the New Era vice-presidents used to say—to the spirited attempt of the doughboys of 1917 to take a mortgage on the national treasury, precisely as the martyrs of the Revolution, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Civil War, the Indian Wars and the Spanish War took mortgages. They follow in heroic footsteps, but when all is said and done, it is a low, despicable racket. Mr. Ernest Angell, himself a veteran, has shown it up in meticulous detail. The cost is already rising towards 700 millions a year. The bulk of it is utterly unwarranted from any point of view. The economy gentlemen have my heartiest endorsement in this department. To pay the bonus now would not bankrupt Uncle Sam and would add to purchasing power to a degree. But as well over half the veterans are still employed, much of the payment would go into savings, and thus help us not at all. Far more just, and far more effective, would be the same sum devoted to public works.

But the attack on the veterans is, I fear, only the spear point for a general onslaught upon government expenditure as such. The National Economy League, for instance, lists elimination of all unnecessary government expenditures as its prime objective and the veterans' subsidy as its first specific objective. If wholesale progress is made with the major objective, we may see all kinds of social legislation, health and recreation services, vital public-works programmes, bureaus of standards, children's bureaus, public-employment agencies, educational and research work, hamstrung and crippled for years to come, while expenditures for personal adornment and narcotics and drink will pursue their businesslike advance. Already education, health and research have begun to suffer seriously. Indeed it is quite possible that many of these cardinal government functions will be quietly starved out, while the war heroes work their feet ever more firmly into the trough. Foiled by the strong political trenches of the veterans, the Elder Statesmen will take what satisfaction they may by sniping operations in health and social legislation.

The Balance Wheel

Finally we come to the basic problem of government thrift and economy in a period of serious deflation. Admirable as the elimination of waste may be in the abstract, it is a question how far governments should

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prune their budgets—which always means throwing men and women on the street—at a time when upwards of one quarter of the normally "gainfully employed" are totally unemployed. Is the present the psychological moment for drastic government retrenchment? Faced with a like question in England, Mr. J. M. Keynes, perhaps the world's foremost economist, has this to say: "If we carry 'economy' of every kind to its logical conclusion, we shall find that we have balanced the budget at naught on both sides, with all of us flat on our backs starving to death from a refusal, for reasons of economy, to buy one another's services. Economy is only useful from the national point of view in so far as it diminishes our consumption of imported goods. For the rest its fruits are entirely wasted in unemployment, business losses and reduced savings."

It so happens that the government is the one employer in a time of tragic deflation which can carry its force; by means of public works it can even add to its payroll. No private business can afford to do so. The government is the one hope of maintaining purchasing power. It can, if it must, borrow and inflate; it can order a capital levy, it can step up tax rates upon incomes and inheritances in the higher brackets. That such action connotes a certain risk is manifest, but emergencies require drastic remedies. Says Mr. Keynes: "The idea that a public-works programme represents a desperate risk to cure a moderate evil is the reverse of truth. It is a negligible risk to cure a monstrous anomaly." And again: "To bring up the bogy of inflation as an objection to expenditure [by the state] is like warning a patient who is wasting away from emaciation of the dangers of excessive corpulence." Prosperity can never be restored by spending less but only by spending more.

When the state spends money for operating expenses or public works, it at least secures something for its outlay. A rigid programme of economy might so far shatter purchasing power and provoke unemployment that the dole, naked and wholesale, would be the only substitute for revolution. With the dole the state secures nothing useful whatever for its money. But for its own preservation it may have to pay the dole, not only to unemployed veterans but to all unemployed. Something for something is a sounder economy programme than something for nothing.

Granted that this balance-wheel argument is well founded, what if we simply cannot pay our taxes? Uncounted thousands of farmers cannot pay them today, nor can a good many city folks. If we cannot pay them, we cannot pay them. The government, however, can still carry on by stiffer income taxes plus loans, plus inflation of the currency. This is precisely what we did in the War. Economy, admirable as it may be in theory, has the clear possibility of making the depression worse—precisely as wage cutting made it worse. Do we want to do this; do we want to reduce government expenditure at the risk of further reducing purchasing power, which will result, among other things, in a still smaller fund with which to pay taxes? This is the real question which the tax deflationists must face. They certainly have not faced it yet. They have looked at only one side of the equation.

From the longer point of view, a programme of rigid government economy may turn out to be a mistake of the first order. The one major means for balancing the tipping scales between production and purchasing power, in the years before us, is quite possibly government employment—particularly in the public works division. Industry has solemnly guaranteed to produce the same output with increasingly fewer men. In some modern automatic plants, there is not a human being in the factory. Machines, directed by remote control, do the entire job themselves. Mr. Howard Scott estimates that, if we return to the 1929 level of output, we can absorb only 55 per cent of the present unemployed, so great has been the march of efficiency and labor-saving devices during the depression.

What do you propose to do with the other 45 per cent, Mr. Down-with-Government-Activity? It is distinctly conceivable that there may be just three things you can do with these men and women: give them useful work in public employ, put them upon the dole, or chloroform them.

THE TAX PROBLEM
and Those Who Escape It

by Henry Hazlitt

—another in the group of discussions of business and government such as W. Z. Ripley's article on speculation in the October SCRIBNER'S *and Mr. Chase's article above—will appear in the January* SCRIBNER'S.

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The Gizzard of a Scientist

A STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF "DRUMS" AND "MARCHING ON"

James Boyd

He leaned forward under the light and marked a cross on the frosting of the julep glass.

"If anything ever gets me," he said, "I reckon it'll be this."

Outside, the evening breeze off the harbor made the palmetto leaves in the garden clash together like light strips of wood.

"Well, if it don't," I said, "you're bound to be quite a doctor."

The breeze came in through the lattice and stirred gently, soft and warm.

"Yes," he said, "it'll be this. The women I can leave alone."

"You surely can," I said.

"Well, they've no complaint," he said. "They know me."

"Yes, I reckon they do."

He did not look pleased. His hair was coarse and bushy and his black eyes stared at the bottle, under bushy eyebrows. His nose was narrow and fine, but the rest of his face was blunt and his broad ruddy cheeks showed he came from back up in the State. Along the coast the men's faces are white and the more they drink the whiter they get.

He never was one of us. A coarse streak of the country man, a hard-bitten earnestness; and a way of saying the wrong thing. He knew he did it. But he didn't know how not to. And he didn't care. Not much anyhow. If he felt he was a little queerer than other people, he figured, too, that he was a lot more sane.

"It won't be the women," he said.

He stared at the bottle with a hand on his plain chin. "Southern chivalry," he said. "It don't fool me. It's just a high-toned grade of rootiness."

"Oh, go to hell, Rennie," I said. "You're a back country man and always were. You don't know what it's all about."

"Don't I?" He looked at me and wiggled his eyebrows, very earnest and uncouth. "It's you sweet-scented cavaliers that are the suckers. Diddling around with your notes and flowers and valentine poems. And what do you all amount to?"

"Just a back-country Presbyterian," I said.

He pounded his glass on the table; ice tumbled down. "Women are for men who haven't anything else. I have."

"You have liquor," I said.

"I've got science." He looked on through the frosted glass as if he was reading something. "I've got the gizzard of a scientist and I know it," he said. "And women aren't in the picture."

"What about a woman?" I said.

He looked up, absent-minded and impatient, like a man who has been disturbed in his work. "It's all the same," he said.

"No," I said. "It's not."

He thought about it. They were my juleps and so he had to consider what I said. "Oh, well," he said, "if a man wants a woman for intercourse, cooking, and children let him marry a farm girl like some of those French painters. Aught else just bothers his work."

"What about Madame Curie? Wasn't she a help to her husband?"

For the first time he looked pleased. "She surely was," he said. He stopped to give me a chance to look pleased myself. "And the help she was," he said, "proves what help he needed. A man don't need help."

"Rennie, talk sense," I said. "You know two heads are better than one."

"Not when it comes to thinking," he said. He stuck a square finger at me, as cocksure as a country preacher. "No two heads are better than Pasteur's," he said, "and they wouldn't be even if his was one of them."

"What about the woman who don't ask anything for herself, just worships the man?" I said.

He shook his head. He was sad and pitying. "That's bad."

"Well," I said, "you're bound to suit yourself, but it sounds like a lonely life to me."

"That's what it is," he said, "and that's the beauty of it." He was joyful. "Every man is alone in this world and the sooner he knows it, the better he is off."

"How about every woman?" I said.

"Oh," he said, "damn the women." He looked at the bottle. "This is surely good liquor."

"Jamaica rum makes a good julep," I said. "You don't have to put in hardly any sugar."

He finished the julep with his head back. A little

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piece of ice fell on his face. He stood up, dusting at his linen suit with his hands.

"The tail end of a julep is never much," he said.

"That's a fact," I said.

"Just ice water and mint," he said. "Those were good juleps, though." He studied about it. "The trouble with juleps is you always quit right at the tail end of one. The place to quit would be right after one swallow of a fresh julep."

"That's a fact," I admitted.

He shook his glass and made the ice rustle down. "A julep's an anti-climax."

"I'll wake up Cicero," I said, "and get more ice."

"No, we wouldn't do it," he said. "We'd go on to the tail end of that one. I would. And I've got patients tomorrow." He turned his square back and tramped out the door.

"I'll walk down to the gate with you," I said. I didn't want to say it, but he was a man you never treated as he deserved.

Outside, the palmettos made their rustle in the night air. Through the bars of the iron fence we could see the fixed light on the breakwater and the live oaks along the water-front.

"You know, I don't like this place," he said. "The air is no good and the water is no good."

"How do you know about the water?" I said.

"I've washed in it," he said. "It don't even feel good."

"What did you settle down here for then?" I said.

He turned around in the dark and looked at me as though I lacked sense. "A man needs hospitals and plenty of niggers to work on. Up home everybody would be my friend. I couldn't try anything."

"Lord A'mighty," I said, "you don't need to try things. You know enough now."

"Brother," he seemed to be brooding over me, suddenly affectionate but still hopeless, like the father of an idiot child. "We don't know a thing," he said. "Not even the big fellows. Not yet. Bio-chemistry—" He turned the handle of the iron door. "Good night, Cass."

About a month later he telephoned me. "Come over to the place," he said. "We'll have some juleps."

It was only around the corner in a narrow street that led back from the harbor between high white walls and the ends of galleried houses. The street lamps, swaying in the regular night breeze, made black shadows of porches and lilac trees. His whitewashed house and office were the old slave quarters of the L'Estrange place and stood flush with the street. There was a carved brass knob on the blue door.

He had on a fresh linen suit and a bright blue tie. Right away, I knew by the way he talked that the juleps were not going to be a frolic.

"Come on in." He shut the door on the office side of the hall. It must be one of his scientific problems.

He opened the other door. I started for it, wishing there was some other place where we could sit. Rennie's notions of a parlor were pure back country—a couple of mail-order tapestry chairs, a frosted ceiling light and some hand-colored photographs in gold frames.

Under the light, looking straight ahead, sat a white-faced girl with soft black hair. My Lord, I thought, she's in trouble. But why me? And why Rennie? She couldn't have picked a worse bet. Maybe he expects me to fix her up with one of the other doctors. I got pretty sore. A fine occupation.

"This is my wife," Rennie said. I reckon he must have said it although it is one of those things that destroy themselves in the confusion that follows. I had, at one moment, a dim notion that he was being funny and I might have said something fatal. But he came into the room and I saw she was his wife. She half rose from her chair. She was soft and slim. Her black eyes, under her mist of black hair, looked at me with a sort of shy reverence. I felt like something between a royal personage and a damned fool. So just being a friend of Rennie's made me a prince of the blood? Her white dress was nice in a home-made way. She was a country girl but no idiot. Not with that pale, half-smiling mouth. I looked at Rennie. In his new suit he looked like a square, cast-iron man. He just stood there with his blunt hands curled under the edge of his coat and looked at her. Now and then he would twitch his earnest brows. He was not excited or shy or sentimental; he was just a country scientist in front of his great discovery.

I reckon I must have said something because she was speaking. "Yes, sir," she said, "we were married yesterday." I knew by her talk that she had been raised on an island plantation.

"Now," Rennie said, "what about the juleps? I owed it to you, Cass, to ask you here first after that last talk of ours."

"Maybe so," I said, "but what about the lady? You didn't owe it to her to ask me——"

The girl had sat back in the mail-order chair and was looking at us about equally distantly.

"Rennie was talking foolishness one night at my house," I said.

"No," Rennie said, "the principle remains. I'll get the glasses."

"I'll do it," she said. "I make a good julep." She had on a pair of small-town, white-kid shoes that bagged around the tops, but her ankles were slim and she walked like an Indian. Some of those run-down old island families surely hang on to their quality.

Rennie tramped out after her. I heard them pounding ice in a bag. Once I heard her laugh. Her laugh

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was hushed and much lower than her speech, though that was low, too.

Her heels tapped in the hall. She came in with sugar and the bottle and a bowl of mint on a tray.

"No," she said. "Much obliged. I can do it. Rennie's still cracking ice."

"Rennie surely kept close about you," I said. "I didn't know a thing about it till right now."

She sat down and looked away but her voice was tranquil. "Well, I only beat you myself by a day or two."

"Is that a fact?" I said. "Hadn't you even seen him before?"

"Oh, yes." Like country folks, she was surprised I didn't know about her. "He was coming out to look after my father until he died."

"Oh," I said, "I'm mighty sorry to hear about that."

"It was for the best," she said. "My father had a cancer. I dreaded it for him."

"Yes indeed," I said. "I know. I'm sorry I mentioned it."

"There is no harm done," she said. "Since he don't have to battle it more, I'm glad."

"I expect it was hard on your mother, though."

"She died when I was born."

"I declare, I seem only able to bring up sad things."

"They're not sad to me. I'm used to them."

"Well," I said, "you're happy now."

"You know," she said, "I never thought it would turn out like this."

I said nothing.

"Whenever I first saw him I had to tell myself that he surely had a girl in the city."

"If you'd come to me, I'd have relieved your mind," I said. "He's never looked at a girl, here or anywhere."

"Is that a fact?" She thought about it. "I don't know whether that would have relieved my mind or not, to know that."

"Well, your troubles are over," I said. "As soon as you get acquainted around town you'll find a mighty pleasant lot of folks."

"I dread that, though. I don't take to strangers."

"Well, anyhow," I said, "you needn't to worry about it. Rennie never was much to go around."

"I saw that when I went over his things. There's weeks of work on his clothes." She looked contented. "And some of the coats are burned with acid."

"That's where he spends his time. In that laboratory upstairs. He'd rather do that than go out anywhere at all."

"He says that's the one place I'm not to come. Anywhere but there."

"Bluebeard's wife," I said.

"Is that a fact?" She was vague about it.

Rennie came in with the glasses.

"Look at that ice," I said, "it's as fine and dry as feathers."

Rennie wiggled his eye-brows at the ice. "You can't have good juleps," he said, "without you have good ice." He was like that; he knew more than any man in the city unless it was old Judge Burgaw, and probably more than him, and yet he talked bad grammar. He pulled up a straight chair beside me and looked at his wife. A careful satisfied look as if he was just checking up on everything to prove that it was so. "You can make them," he paused as if he didn't know what name to call her, "—Cass and I will talk."

She sat dropping the Bourbon out of a teaspoon on the cane sugar and ice. When Rennie was speaking she looked up, from time to time, as though she wanted to make sure that he was getting along all right. After the julep, I said I had to go. She stood up and seemed surprised when I held out my hand. She let her hand lie limp in mine. It was firm and there was a callous on the heel, but it was soft and warm and, even lying limp, had more life to it than the hands of most of our own girls; about which I ought to know, I reckon. All the way back down the street I thought about her hand and her and Rennie. It surely takes a man who don't know a thing about women to pick a good one. I've noticed that.

Well, that was the last I ever did see of her. She kept at home for a couple of weeks, fixing up his things, I suppose, and satisfied with that. Then I heard that he had taken her to the hospital to have her tonsils out. I had to laugh. It was like Rennie not to rest while there was a scientific error in his neighborhood. But something went wrong; whether somebody made a mistake, I don't know. You never can find out from those hospitals. She was to have come home the next day—the operation was nothing—instead she died in the night, a hemorrhage, I reckon; all alone. It was a scientific error.

While I was wondering whether I had better not go around and call, Cicero came in the big room and said Mr. Rennie was on the 'phone.

"Rennie," I said when I got to the phone, "I certainly——"

"They buggered things up," he said, "completely. I'm having the funeral this evening at four. You come, but if any other folks want to, ask them not to." He hung up.

In the room where we had drunk the juleps the shutters were drawn; the table, set back against the wall, was covered with flowers; three men in black were near the door. At the other end, a plain coffin rested on a light nickel-plated carriage with rubber wheels. Two of the men were young with buttoned-up coats and little black bow ties; they were the undertaker's men and they just bowed. The other man, with a white

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lawn tie and a brush of pale-gray hair over light eyes, stepped up and took my hand.

"The Reverend Boyer, friend," he said. "I never did know the unfortunate deceased," he said, "nor even the good doctor, but she was of our denomination, Baptist."

"A saintly person, I understand," he said. "Mighty sad. God's will." He let go my hand and looked at the door. I heard Rennie coming down the stairs.

I dreaded to see him. I was ready for anything. But I wasn't ready to see him unchanged. He came through the door in his linen suit and blue tie, as busy and eager as if he had a case on his hands. "Howdy, gentlemen, Reverend," he shook hands, quickly and awkward, all around. "Boys, you got the hearse ready? All right then. Reverend, I reckon you can do your part at the burying ground." He turned to me, "We can all go in my car. Never mind the flowers," he said to the undertaker's men.

We heard the motor of the hearse and then the undertaker's men came back and wheeled the coffin out the door. Rennie followed right after them. He stood looking on with his square hands at the edge of his coat. They ran the coffin up to the back of the hearse, then they got on each side of it and took hold of the nickel rails it had. They began to lift. Suddenly they looked at each other across the coffin and one's mouth flew open as if he were going to say something. He shut it, though, and they rolled the coffin into the hearse and folded up the nickel carriage. Rennie climbed into his little old Ford sedan and we got in the other side, the Reverend in the middle, trying to keep his feet out of the gears.

On the way out no one spoke. The Reverend cleared his throat a couple of times and then thought better of it; and once Rennie blew his horn till one of the undertaker's men looked back from the front of the hearse; then he waved to him to drive faster.

Just before we got to the cemetery Rennie turned to me. "You know," he said, "the city ought to inspect these outhouses here where they haven't got the sewer yet."

Beyond the cypress and yew trees of the old family plots there was an open grave with an old Negro leaning on a shovel beside it. He took off his hat and laid the shovel down. Rennie walked up and looked in the grave. "That's all right," he said. He pulled a dollar bill out of his hip pocket and gave it to the Negro. "You can go."

The undertaker's men set up their little carriage and rolled the coffin to the edge of the grave. Two nickel posts had been set at the ends of a sort of web sling. With a quick lift they moved the coffin onto the sling. Then they straightened up, very respectful and proper, and stood for a moment.

"That's all right, boys," Rennie said. His voice sounded loud. One of them folded up the carriage and started back to the hearse with it. The other stepped up to one of the nickel posts. He gave the other one a quick look.

"All right, Reverend," Rennie said.

The preacher bowed his head and started on the burial service. I bowed mine, but after a while I looked up. The undertaker's man had turned a little knob on the nickel post and the coffin was slowly settling into the grave. The preacher's head was low and his eyes were closed, but Rennie's head was up; he seemed to be studying about the machinery that made the coffin go down so smooth and slow. The undertaker's man's head was bowed, too, but once under his thin black eyebrows I saw him sneak a glance at the other one who was standing at the back of the hearse. The one by the hearse was staring at Rennie and his mouth was open again.

"Amen," the preacher said.

Rennie fished a ten-dollar bill out of his hip pocket.

"Preacher," he said, "I'm much obliged."

"Why, Doctor," the Reverend said, "that's not necessary—any time will do."

"Better do it now," Rennie said, "because I'm going to ask you if you'd mind waiting a minute and ride back on the hearse. I've got to hurry home. Cass, I'll drop you by your house."

I really felt sorry for that old preacher.

Rennie swung the corners and blew his horn all the way through town. About twenty feet in front of my house he locked his wheels and stopped in a cloud of dust. I got out.

"Anything I can do, Rennie," I said, "you know——"

He turned toward me. "You know that talk we had at your house?"

"Oh, well," I said.

"I was wrong," he said. He hit the wheel with his fist. "I was wrong." Suddenly his eyes looked very dark and sunk back in his head. "I should have done it myself. Those jack-leg hospital plumbers—" He stepped on the gas.

It was about five o'clock when we got back from the funeral and by eight I began to wonder whether I had not better go round to his house. Maybe he might even want to come back and stay at my place.

The night breeze was blowing and the street lamps were swinging and throwing their sharp shadows on the white, empty street.

There were no lights showing in his narrow-fronted house, but I stopped in front of the blue door. Was he in the house? Standing in front of the door, I felt that

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I ought to be able to tell. Then I felt that I could tell and that he was there. Perhaps he had gone to bed. I ought not to knock then. I ought to go quietly away. But maybe he was still awake. Maybe, even, he was sitting alone in the dark house and had been sitting there since night. Or maybe—it would be like him—he was working in his laboratory in the upstairs back-room. That would surely be like him. I smiled. Then I stopped smiling. Bluebeard's room I had called it that one time I saw her.

On tiptoe I went up a narrow alley-way that ran beside the house, straddling the narrow gutter down the middle. In the dark of the alley I could see that the white doors of his garage were closed. He was in, then. And on the big jasmine bush that stood beside it, lay a narrow thread of light which must come from one of his back windows. He was up there, tinkering; probably the best thing he could do. Even so, it would do no harm just to let him know that I had come by.

"Rennie," I said.

The bar of light on the jasmine tree went out.

I passed beyond the end of the house and looked up at the windows. They were dark.

"Rennie." I stood in the alley listening. There was no sound. But he was there. "Oh, Rennie!"

He surely could have heard me that time; and that was all I wanted. Just to let him know. There was no use to tiptoe now. I walked down the alley-way and home.

I didn't hear anything from him next day, so that night I went back again. Fast low clouds were coming in from the sea. Through the holes, stars showed and then went out like signal lights. It was all going on up above, though. Down below there was no wind and it was hot.

The street makes a little bend before it comes to his house. I was almost on it before I saw the two men in front of his window. They were huddled close and were trying to look in through the pane. Their shadows, thin and sharp and tangled together, ran way down the street and swayed. I stopped to see what they would do. They just stayed there, crouched with their faces close to the pane. Looking for something; or looking at something. I went ahead stepping soft. As if there was a secret in that street.

I was right behind them before they jumped up. They stood side by side in front of the window looking at me, both in black with black bow ties. I knew them then: the two undertaker's men.

"What are you looking at?" I said, and I expect I sounded rough.

They looked at each other. Then one said, "We were looking at the notice."

"What notice?" I said.

They moved apart. A white piece of paper showed in the window above Rennie's doctor's shingle. I went between them and looked at it. Something was written on it. But the street was too dark. I pulled out a match and lit it. The undertaker's men stood there, looking at each other and then at me. One of them had his mouth a little open. I held the match to the window and read:

"Will be absent from the city for a few days."

It hardly looked like his hand-writing. I lit another match. I could see the reflection of the undertaker's men in the glass. They were watching me.

It was his writing: but not neat, a wavering scrawl. So he was really gone then. But why all the secrecy the night before? And was he gone? The match went out, but I kept peering through the window-pane as if that notice, or the room, his office, behind the drawn shade, might have something more to say.

Then I turned round.

"Did you want to see the doctor?" I said.

They moved together in front of me.

"No, sir."

"All right," I said. "Good night."

"The doctor will be back in a few days," I said. "Good night."

The one whose mouth was open turned to me. He shut his mouth.

"Mr. Cass," the other one said. "I don't want to say anything—" He pulled out a cigarette and rolled it in his white fingers.

"Well," I said, "what is it?"

"We were coming to see you," he nodded at the other one.

"What about?" I said.

He studied his cigarette.

"Well, this fellow and me—naturally we handle right many coffins. You know."

"Yes," I said, "I expect you do."

He tapped the cigarette on his thumb-nail.

"Well, whenever you handle a coffin, there's a way it feels."

"Yes," I said, "I expect so."

He threw a quick look at the house.

"That coffin didn't feel that way."

"You mean it didn't feel right?"

"No, sir, I wouldn't say that. No, sir, I—" he was nudged by the other one. "Well, I expect we have to be going." He raised his hat. The other one raised his. "Good night, Mr. Cass."

"Hold on," I said.

As they passed around the bend in the street they turned and looked back at me. I could hear their footfalls for a long time.

I still stood in front of the door. The wind was beginning to reach down lower. In dark gardens beyond

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the walls the palmettos gave a rustle now and then. You could just hear the automobiles and trolley-cars uptown and see, above the roofs, the light from the movie houses. I got out a match and a cigarette so that if any one came by I would be lighting a cigarette and not standing there looking at the house. After a while I went down the alley-way to see if the bar of light still lay against the jasmine bush. But there was no light there or in his windows and I went on past a wooden door in his backyard fence, to the garage. I lit a match and shaded it with my hand and when I put my eye to the crack beside the hinges I could make out the nickel headlight of his car. I threw the match down and went back to the corner of the house and listened. Then all of a sudden I was calling his name; over and over. My voice sounded loud and scared in that narrow alley. I kept my eyes on his back windows; though now I did not want to see anything there. Then my throat shut like a trap and I whirled.

He was right on top of me.

"Hello, Cass," he said in a kind of wheedling whisper. And I knew right then that he had meant to do something to me.

"Hello, Rennie," I said, watching him close. "How you making out?"

His face was dead white above a two days' stubble and his eyes were bright, and far away. He had on his white doctor's coat and over the front of it were big dark stains.

"Rennie," I said, and I whispered too, "what's the matter?"

"Boy," he said. "Don't bother me. You understand?" He took a step toward me and I stepped back. "I'm working night and day," he said. "Night and day. Don't bother me." He stepped through the gate as quick as a cat and closed it behind him. I heard him stumble on to the back steps.

I started to whisper, "Rennie!" But what if he heard me? What if he came back? The door closed behind him. I got out of the alley-way.

I woke up the next morning early. A thin, green summer dawn was at the windows and the birds were bustling around in the last coolness of the night. As I went by the dining-room downstairs, I stopped and poured out a drink from the bottle of corn in the sideboard. That is something I rarely do before breakfast. Out in the street the liquor hit me in the middle with a kind of hard hot spasm. But by the time I had gotten to his house I felt all right.

In the daylight things seemed clearer and simpler. I figured that by now he ought to have passed out and that I could get down to business and sober him up. I hated to go in there by myself but I didn't want any one else to know. News travels fast around our town. Every one knew he drank but he was noted for holding his liquor. Certainly he had never been in any fix like this before. Well, he had to be taken care of and I was the man to do it. Only what about the undertaker's men? I felt the good of the liquor leave me. What had he been up to?

I just looked at the front of the house to make sure that nothing was changed and went down the alley-way. The first rays of the sun were overhead and all the birds had started singing. The air was dead still and you could hear one lone automobile horn way up town and a ship's bell in the harbor.

I pushed open the door in the white-washed fence. The yard was long and narrow between white fences, with a pear tree at the far end and, near the kitchen, a new clothes line on new poles. She had bought that, I expect. The grass in the yard did not amount to much at best and near the house it was dug up in a half dozen shallow holes. They were fresh too. It was those holes that had caused him to stumble. But then, had he been drunk after all? And what were those holes doing? They were dug anywhere, and the earth from them was gone. I looked. There was nowhere in the yard where it had been put. And a man would not carry earth into his house. But some one had carried earth into this house. You could see the trail on the kitchen steps. Right then like a sort of dull explosion down in a mine, I knew everything that had happened and what I was going to see. But I could not go back. Maybe it was that early morning shot of corn that held me to it. I only wished I had brought my gun—that was all. Instead, I picked up a knot of pine-wood as I went through the kitchen door.

The dishes were neat on the shelves. No one had eaten there since her last meal. In the dim parlor the flowers were withered on the table against the wall. On the floor were the tracks of the nickel carriage's rubber wheels. I stood at the foot of the narrow stair and listened. Then I unlocked the front door. The cool early light came in. You could hear the birds all over that part of town, where so many gardens are. I went up the carpeted staircase, stepping close to the wall. It was still dark up there. In front of me the laboratory door was a little open. Through the crack a white electric light was shining on bottles and globes of glass. I took a grip on the pine knot and pushed the door back with my other hand. As it swung, he came in view, slumped stiffly in a chair and whiter than any dead man ever was before. Around his left arm was a bandage and blood was drying on the floor. I pushed again on the door. From the bandage around his elbow a thin tube ran to a sheeted figure on the table, to the sharp white angle of a woman's arm. There was a drift of dark hair.

I went down the stairs. The sun was coming in and the white street looked pink below the fresh new sky.

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Recovery—A Longer View

By Christian Gauss

Dean Gauss here offers a new method of approach to the problem of civilization, and points a road to recovery by analysis of our present methods of resolving the crisis —Secretary Doak's ruling on foreign students in American colleges among them.

In any attempt to take a longer view of recovery we must first try to set our problems into that perspective in which later historians will see them.

There were many so-called leaders, there are still some, who told us that the depression was merely psychological. In one respect they were right. It was psychological. In a far more important respect they were wrong. It was not psychological merely. Every student of civilization will admit that there is a "war psychology" and a psychology of depression. They are similar in one respect. In such crises, men's responses to situations are dictated to a much larger degree by instinctive and emotional considerations than by the deeper logic of events. Nationalistic attitudes or prejudices may safely be called a part of this instinctive, or at least emotional, nature of the modern man and we must be prepared to have it express itself. These first responses, like the "Hang the Kaiser" attitude of 1918, rarely point the way toward eventual solutions. Such attitudes are consequences and not causes, and the causes, the sources of irritation, must be removed before we can begin effectively to treat the resultant psychosis.

As an index of what is actually happening, let us turn to the recent action of a cabinet officer, the Secretary of Labor, which bulked large in the news of the colleges during October. The Secretary had ruled that the young foreigners who had previously been admitted under our immigration laws, in order that they might study at approved institutions in this country, could no longer remain in cases where it was necessary for them, as it often was, to "work their way through college." The Secretary's intention was of course laudable. He wished to preserve every possible job for our own American students. However, as there are ten million unemployed and on the whole only ten thousand such foreign students, only a fraction of whom would be affected, the immediate result could only be minimal. Just because it could be only a drop in the very large bucket of our unemployment difficulties, the action is all the more significant as a symptom and may well be regarded as a straw which indicates in what direction the flood or swirl of forces eddying through our relief programme is carrying us.

The act and the response to it were significant for two reasons. The Secretary's decision was received with enthusiasm by many older and responsible persons, who hailed it as an important step in the right direction. Curiously enough, however, on no single campus did the American students who are working their way through and whom the Secretary was trying to protect against foreign competition, approve of his action. By these very groups it was unanimously condemned. This indicates a serious difference of attitude between age levels and proves that the post-war generation now in the colleges senses a promise in our present civilization and already sees in the dim distance a new way of life quite other from that to which their elders wish to return. Of these two conflicting forces or attitudes, one or the other must eventually prevail.

II

The average intelligent man called upon to predict the probable course of America's future development in the summer of 1929 would have put the situation somewhat as follows. Omitting sudden ups and downs, our national production of basic commodities had been increasing at the rate of four per cent a year. The birth rate and death rate nearly balanced; immigration had been restricted to a relatively unimportant quota; the rate of increase in our wealth would be considerably accelerated by further improvements in production and, with a fairly stable population, we might, therefore, count upon it that every twenty-five years at least, the "holdings" of the average American would be doubled. He must hasten to buy common stocks and obtain an equity in America's future. It was this situation which begot the so-called New Era philosophy and seemed to justify prophecies that the poor would now inevitably disappear and "prosperity" become general. These gratifying expectations have been rudely upset, and the

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American attitude as reflected in the highest official circles has since passed through three stages.

The first stage need not detain us. It was characterized by shock, disbelief, and what, for lack of a better word we may call moral indignation. We hunted for the villain. This has occurred in virtually every war and in every serious crisis.

The second stage marked the first positive reaction when "Don't Sell America Short" posters appeared upon our billboards. This was the period in which the crisis was described as merely psychological. It was still assumed that determined business men could end it; all we needed was to keep a stiff upper lip, and the aim of the President and of his committees of leaders in industry was to maintain high wages. If the high wage level we had achieved could be maintained, consumption would soon be resumed at the old rate and our troubles would be over.

When the policy we had followed in the second stage of the depression had proved ineffectual, we passed imperceptibly into the third stage in which we still remain, that of "controlled inflation" and of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. All this was accompanied by desultory sniping and sharp-shooting like that directed against foreign students by the Secretary of Labor. Without drums or trumpets the attempt to maintain wages was abandoned and the activity of the R. F. C. was directed to saving banks, railroads, and corporations which might, in what was now recognized as the natural course of this depression, have become bankrupt and whose collapse, if not prevented, might have brought the old era disastrously near its end, at a time when we were certainly not yet ready for a new dispensation. This laying down of a cushion may be regarded as a wise precaution but it cannot be classed as preventive medicine which will insure us against the possible future impact of the same forces which brought us to this pass. If the depression had real causes they are as yet untouched and have been left to cure themselves if they will.

The "Don't Sell America Short" attitude, like the Secretary of Labor's action, is still based on the assumption that prosperity, to put it so, can again be made to climb the flag pole.

III

When every individual in a community is suffering from the same ailment, the physician does not explain it on the basis of the personal idiosyncrasies of each patient, but looks for a common source of infection. Similarly, when all nations are suffering from a "world depression," it is reasonable to look for a common cause against which frontiers no matter how well "protected" are no longer an adequate defense.

In the nineteenth century, after the industrial revolution had increased wealth considerably, a school of historians discovered the "economic interpretation of history." It insisted that every civilization revolved upon an economic axis and that all of its phases could, therefore, be explained in terms of economics. This is illustrated by the belief of the practical man that money makes the world go round and of the moralist that money is the root of all evil. Both may be wrong. At any rate, by far the most influential of these historians was Karl Marx, whose doctrines have now been transformed into the Soviet's political system. There are many of us who cannot altogether accept the Marxian programme. It should be remembered, however, that every action we have so far taken, and virtually every action taken by foreign statesmen, indicates that our political leaders are also economic interpreters of history.

No student will deny that there are junctures in history when serious crises have been precipitated by causes of strictly financial or economic nature. It is, however, possible that contraction or expansion of credit, inflation or deflation of currencies, serious and disastrous as they may often be, are sometimes only minor phases of major movements as they were in our American Revolution when the proverbial "continental" became worthless. Let us assume then that it is possible that the theoretical economic interpreters of history, like Marx, and the practical economic interpreters like the statesmen here and abroad, who are trying to cure our ills on the assumption that they are purely economic, may, conceivably, be wrong.

IV

For the sake of directing discussion to the wider aspects of the question I am willing to propose a new and quite different method of approach to the problem of civilization in general, which will, if correct, help us to diagnose our present situation. It is this. *The student who wishes to understand the direction in which any civilization, even his own, is moving can do so if he has wit enough to discover the major force making for change.*

When a physician is called upon to treat a patient suffering from high fever, he must proceed in much the same manner, and there is of course the serious possibility of error. When in doubt, he begins by a process of elimination. Let us do the same, and for safety's sake, perform a few preliminary experiments upon the past. During the French Revolution in 1796 there had been going on in France a serious process of inflation and it took hundreds of *livres* in assignats to buy a pound of sugar or cake of soap. Distressing as this situation was in itself, it had little effect upon European civilization and is now correctly regarded as a minor incident. Though economic changes occurred, the major force making for change was really the new French military

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establishment which had increased immeasurably the effectiveness and prestige of revolutionary France. It alone could make Napoleon Emperor and enable him to dominate Europe. Such change in military effectiveness has little or nothing to do with America's present situation. We must look elsewhere.

There have been other periods when religion has been such a major force. This, for instance, was true in the Roman Empire in the time of Diocletian and Constantine, and the central problem which those emperors had to solve was whether the state should persecute or embrace Christianity. After Luther and Calvin in the period of the Wars of Religion, it was again the dominant force making for change and this was true even though we admit that the Wars frequently involved economic interests and had important economic consequences. We might as well, however ruefully, face the fact that modern political establishments have virtually ceased to be Christian, if ever they have been. Where they come into conflict, nationalism prevails over the brotherhood of man. The attitude of a non-Christian state like Japan does not differ in essential respects from the attitude of a state predominantly Christian, like Italy, for instance. Everywhere the movement has been toward the separation of Church and State. Much as we may need religion, to the student of modern civilization it cannot at present be regarded as that major force making for change.

V

What then is this major force? It can easily be discerned if we contrast for a moment the life of the average American in 1880 with his life today. It has undergone profound changes with which presidents and political parties have had absolutely nothing to do. It is a commonplace to say that we are in the machine age. The modern manufacturing plant, the automobile, the telephone, the radio, the airplane, the skyscraper, are its outward signs. The New Yorker who died in 1880, if he were brought to life today, would not recognize his own city though he would soon learn that Tammany Hall is still a force in her government. We are not only in an age of production but of overproduction that has extended throughout the civilized world. It has been said that we would, if every wheel started turning, again within three years be confronted with another undistributable surplus. There should be nothing distressing in this situation. No one need starve or go unclothed. We have really achieved what past ages have dreamed of. The cornucopia was often taken to symbolize the Roman peace, the aim of the Roman Empire. We have filled this horn of plenty to overflowing. Even if we empty it we can fill it again very quickly and easily. We have filled it so full that we cannot even tip it. This is the central problem of the civilized world today. New forces have evidently been at work. What are they? What do they signify?

This new force is clearly science and its derivative technologies. Our time is often described as the age of invention. It must not be forgotten, however, that the wide range opened to inventive genius we owe in the last resort to science. Our modern systems of communication and transportation, the automobile and the radio, for instance, would never have been possibilities except for a long series of previous purely scientific discoveries. The new source of power, electricity, was largely the gift of the scientist Faraday. Science is what has raised the individual man's productive capacity to a higher power by placing at his disposal and under his control new sources of energy, and it is the major force making for change today.

VI

In attempting to make any prognosis for a civilization, once the major force making for change has been discovered, we must examine the spirit or nature of that new force and see whether or not it is consistent with the spirit of the civilization into which it is forcing its way. Where it is not, three possibilities are open. Either the existing civilization will transform itself into the spirit of the new force, or the new force must be transformed into the spirit of the existing civilization, or else these two antagonistic elements must continue at war and beget ever recurring crises. What is the possible future for a nationalistic, competitive, individualistic, industrial civilization, in an age which every one will agree in calling predominantly scientific?

It has become proverbial that competition is the life of trade. The president of a great corporation is successful so long as his company sells its products in sufficient quantity and at a sufficiently high price to turn in profits. His reward, his salary, is often conditional upon his raising the dividend rate and he may receive and has received bonuses for rendering such effective services. Under the system as such, he has no immediate responsibility to his peers—the big business men in similar organizations in his own country—to say nothing of any responsibility toward the presidents of similar corporations in other nations. He patents every process, he keeps his trade secrets to himself; his primary responsibility is to his stockholders. To his laborers, his relationship is a different one. He can, indeed he must, if "conditions no longer warrant," drop them from his payroll. As a business man, his responsibility toward them ceases when he begins to run into the red. As a private citizen he may and often does contribute liberally to their support, after they have been forced into the bread line. When conditions have reached this state, he is not concerned further with the advance of steel production, let us say, throughout the world, or the

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further dissemination of shoes, textiles, or automobiles. The responsibility of the president of a corporation is economic and individualistic rather than social, and a recent student of the problem has declared that if capitalism is to survive it must be in the form of a "socialized capitalism." If this is correct, this larger socialization as we shall see will only be possible on an international or perhaps rather on a non-nationalistic basis.

Let us see now what is the ethics of science, or rather of the scientist. His first responsibility is to his peers, to other scientists, and if competition is the life of trade, the fullest and frankest co-operation, co-operation to the exclusion of private profit, co-operation even beyond national limits, is the life of science. Its triumphs have been made possible only on this basis. The ethics of the scientist, therefore, prescribes that under no conditions will he conceal or misrepresent. He will communicate his discoveries to all other scientists so that they may use them as well as he. His aim is completely identified with theirs; his success, his standing, is bound up in the advancement of science, and depends only upon the accuracy of his methods and the importance of his discoveries. He should be and he usually is worlds removed from considerations of personal financial profit or nationalistic advantage. These two major forces, a nationalistic, competitive economy and a non-nationalistic, co-operative science, are now brought face to face. Their conflicting spirit has become the more evident just because science and her derived technologies have released energies and have advanced industrial processes to such a point that the condition which existed fifty or even twenty-five years ago has been reversed. Competition was once necessary since it stimulated production under conditions described as the "economics of scarcity." With the new energies released by science and placed at the disposal of industry, we have now reached the "economics of plenty" in which the problem seems to be to prevent over-production and waste. The implications of this situation are only beginning to dawn upon us. A concrete illustration from the past may help us to understand one danger in nationalistic economics.

In the sixteenth century at the beginning of what is sometimes called the Modern Age, Philip II of Spain was involved with England in one of the early nationalistic struggles for the control of the sea. It ended, as every schoolboy knows, with the defeat of the Armada. It is not so generally recognized that Philip had ruined his country long before his fleet was destroyed. To raise money for his wars he had levied a tax, the *alcabala,* of ten per cent upon every article sold in Spain. This sales tax did not operate only once, it was taken every time the commodity changed hands. Any intelligent historian could have told him this was bound to ruin his country. Spain, then the symbol of riches and plenty, was reduced to a condition of poverty from which she has not yet fully recovered. What happened was inevitable. The tax "snowballed" the cost of commodities, for the cost mounted as the commodity in its various forms rolled along, and soon became prohibitive. This meant that goods no longer circulated and traffic in them was more and more restricted to a narrowing zone around the locality where they were produced. The distribution of goods made in Spain as well as of those coming in from outside was so seriously interfered with that it paralyzed not only commerce but industry as well and Spanish craftsmen were reduced to idleness.

Let us admit that this is far from an exact parallel to our own situation. It should be remembered, however, that the possible effective range of commerce is immensely wider in our time than in Philip's. The cost in human labor of transporting goods by modern methods from New England to Italy, Japan or India is probably considerably less than the cost of moving goods by cart or pack animal over poor roads from one corner of Spain to another. We interfere with this wider distribution by the imposition of tariffs often far higher than ten per cent every time the commodity encounters a frontier, and this operates upon its cost from its appearance as raw material through all the various stages of its manufacture. Our markets are not really glutted with automobiles and radios, for instance. There are vast numbers of men in our armies of the unemployed who eagerly desire them and who would gladly work to provide themselves with these and lesser commodities, but our restrictions upon distribution make it impossible for us to employ willing and available hands.

It would, of course, be impossible for any one nation to tear down all its tariff walls and lay itself open to flooding from its competitor nations. It is, however, equally true that this competitive nationalism is defeating its own aim of stimulating production since it limits distribution. Increased tariffs like our own and the appearance everywhere of slogans like "Buy British" show clearly that we are moving in the wrong direction and with the idea of saving ourselves we are ruining that larger world to which science and all modern nations belong and in which they must live and move and have their being.

VII

Unless this contradiction is resolved, the scientist may very readily become the enemy of his country. He gives his discoveries to the world. They should, of course, be of use to all men, but the profit which one country now draws from any particular scientific discovery may, under our competitive nationalistic economics, result in very serious damage to the scientist's own fatherland. Many may feel that this possibility is re-

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mote. They are mistaken. It has been happening with increasing frequency. As a single instance must serve, we shall choose it not from the field of technology, but from what is known as pure science. One of the most appealing figures in modern science is that of Gregor Mendel, the Austrian monk. He studied natural science at Vienna and as a result of his now classic experiments in hybridization discovered the "Mendelian law" and published his results. Nothing was further from the intention of this loyal Austrian subject than that his discovery should bring hardship and disaster to his countrymen. This, however, is what has happened. Until 1914, more than one-half of the sugar used in the world was beet sugar, and Mendel's own country, Austria-Hungary, was one of the largest producers of this commodity. When, as a result of the World War, the supply of beet sugar was reduced and then cut off, certain Dutch planters in Java, having heard that there was such a thing as Mendel's Law, had the matter investigated. It was soon apparent that by applying its principles it was possible, in tropical countries, to increase the yield of cane sugar to such a degree that it could be produced at less than one-half the cost of beet sugar in Mendel's own country. It followed that this industry, which once contributed an appreciable share to Austria's agricultural wealth, was ruined and is now a liability. In this case the circle was complete. The work of an Austrian scientist, freely given to the world, was to prove a boomerang to Austria.

There are further chapters in the story of sugar which the historian of a century hence will regard as unbelievably paradoxical. For sugar beets are also grown in other sections of the world, like Germany, France, and Colorado. In spite of the increase in the yield of cane sugar through the application of science, England, to protect herself against the possibility of being cut off in some future war, introduced a premium on the raising of sugar beets in that country. Other countries, including our own, continued the same policy. The world supply of sugar naturally increased beyond all possibility of consumption and off Hawaii they dumped sugar, as off Brazil they were dumping coffee, into the sea, not to protect the people of the nations involved, but to "protect the market" which these nations collectively had vitiated. Much the same had happened with rubber, with innumerable manufactured products, and our own cotton growers were advised to plough under every third furrow. At the same time in New York we beg clerks to share with the unemployed, to contribute ten cents a week for the relief of the destitute jobless, so that they may be able to buy sugar and cotton cloth and coffee. While American storehouses are bursting with wheat, France and Germany are taxing their nationals in order that peasants in those countries may receive for wheat double the price that it brings in the world market and thus continue to produce what the world already possesses in superfluity. There is no end to these contradictions of a competitive economic system attempting to remain nationalistic, when the major force operating to create this surplus, to fill the cornucopia, is a non-competitive, co-operative world force ever releasing new energies and multiplying the yield of all agencies of production.

This surplus has precipitated a crisis. The horn of plenty is too heavy upon our hands. We have seen that our first responses in times of crisis are instinctive. With the habits and attitudes begotten in us when the struggle for subsistence was fiercer, our first reactions were, as they were bound to be, self-protective, individualistic, nationalistic. The three stages through which we have so far passed have all been based upon these conceptions. In an age in which it is possible for Dutch planters in Java to use the discovery of an Austrian scientist and ruin an industry in Austria, France, Germany and Colorado, it is clear that nations acting alone and in competition can no longer solve their problem. When the historian attempts to set this situation in its longer perspective, he sees about him new phenomena which mark not only the end of an era, but the dawn of a new age full of richer promise. This promise, however, cannot bear fruit until the great central contradiction is solved. It may be we shall find that we can no longer distribute the increasing benefits of civilization in terms of private profit. They may have to be translated into terms of social benefits and longer hours of leisure for all. We have as yet taken no step which will prevent the recurrence of this crisis of overproduction and too limited distribution. The forces that begot it are now clearly evident. They will continue to operate with increasing effect and, as they are opposed, must inevitably beget similar or more serious crises of unemployment and hostile nationalistic alignments in twenty years, or ten years, or five years, or three. If we are right, the fourth stage in any programme of recovery must take a different line. A world war and a world depression in a civilization in which the major force still actively making for change is non-competitive and non-nationalistic, point to the crying need of a true world economy. This alone can begin to harmonize the forces whose conflict has been our undoing. Lincoln had said of the Union that it could not survive half slave and half free. The same is true of western European civilization, to which we belong. It cannot survive torn by the conflict between a major force, science, that is non-competitive and non-nationalistic, and an economics which seems to have outlived its purpose, the cut-throat, competitive economics of nationalism.

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Hill Idyll

A COMPLETE SHORT NOVEL

By Emmett Gowen

Of this story, selected in the $5000 Prize Contest, one of the judges says: "This, I think, is a perfect thing. It will be in the first rank. . . . The whole story of a hill country romance is told here with marvellous authenticity of detail, concise and moving. The lovely language of the people is done with fine effect."

Weary from travelling, Andrew Neil lay on his belly at the creek and supped up a mouthful of the brackish water. The pool which the stream made here lay as a sheet of copper in the red tranquillity of sunset. Beyond this the road rose steeply to a log house near the top of the hill, the road marking a place where the sun-burned green of the woods was divided from the brown-and-yellow of a field of corn. Spitting out the creek water, Andrew saved his thirst for the cold well water he would ask for at the house. He crossed on stepping-stones where the road became a ford at the head of the long pool. On the way up the road, which was steep and rocky and gullied and but faintly marked with tracks, he saw a girl drive a cow out of the woods and through a gap of the fence into the yard. He walked slowly through the heat and dust of his own walking, his steps plodding and monotonous. Over his shoulder he carried a sugar sack with his extra clothing in it. He walked with his knees loose-jointed, flinging each step limply forward, knowing tiredness through the full length of his long legs.

He watched the girl bend and straighten, bend and straighten, to lift back into place the drawbars of the gap. Then she stood behind the fence with the cow. She was as if paralyzed with shyness and yet she withstood his approach timorously, poised for flight.

Up the hill toward her, he felt the quickening of that profound expectancy a traveller has coming upon a woman in an unfamiliar place. He saw that she was pretty, a bare-footed girl just in the flowering stage of becoming a woman, her figure showing contours under the bedraggled old dress.

Beyond the zigzag rail fence, over the goldenrod of the fence-row, over the blond tassels of the ripe corn, he could see across a corner of the field to the house. It was of two cabins end to end, a little distance apart, with a sway-backed roof over both and over the porch between them. A stone chimney stood at each end. A gray plume of smoke, implying the cooking of a meal, rose from one of these, curling upward against the sloping woods beyond. Back of the house was a cluster of pens and outhouses, a brood of ancient, ragged structures dominated by an old log barn, tumble-down and desolate among a rank growth of jimson weeds.

When he had come close enough he hailed the girl, but she merely continued to stare at him, her eyes large and her face expressionless. A young hound ran out from somewhere and barked and growled from a place under the fence.

"Hidy," Andrew repeated, and then: "Does that-there dog bite?" Finally, teasing: "So that cat's cotched your tongue, ay?"

He stopped and put his sack of clothes down on the ground and leaned against the fence. In embarrassment he took his knife and a plug of tobacco from his overalls pocket and trimmed himself a fresh chew. The dog ventured under the fence, bristling and snarling and baring his fangs, the tone of his noise bringing a man to the door of the cabin, then a woman who looked out from behind the man.

"Hidy, stranger," the man said.

"Hidy," Andrew said cheerfully. "I 'lowed you mought give a tar'd traveller a drink of water."

"Shore," the man said. "Come in, come in."

"Does your dog bite?" Andrew said. He threw a leg over the fence and thus aroused the dog to greater fury.

"Hyar! Hyar!" the man yelled at the dog, and then threw a rock at it, silencing it completely and sending it with tucked tail between scudding legs around the corner of the house.

Abustle with the hospitality of the lonely, the man received Andrew. He cursed the dog, gave orders to the woman who remained standing in the door, commanded the girl, who stood solemnly, as if transfixed, having turned a little to watch Andrew where he now stood in the yard. The man said: "That durn dog is

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all fuss and no bite, durn his hide," and "Put the big pot on, Nettie; we got company," and, "Git on back o' the house and milk that-there cow, Ersie, 'stead o' standen there like the dead lice was droppen offen you."

The girl put her hand on the cow's hip and followed it on around the corner of the house, coming back once to take another look at Andrew. Her staring was deliberate and without self-consciousness.

"Who and whar from?" the man asked Andrew.

"Andrew Neil," he said. "Eph Neil's boy, from over to Little Jericho."

"Never heared tell o' neither one," the man said. "Where abouts is that place at?"

They were at the well now, with water drawn up by a creaking windlass from a cool, stone-walled depth. Andrew dipped the gourd dipper into the well-bucket and felt the comfort of long swallows of cold water in a dry, dust-parched throat. He took the dipper away from his dribbling chin, gasped a quick breath and answered.

"It's a fur piece back yonder, let me tell you, sir. Ever bit of forty mile."

"How long it take you?" the man asked.

"Since day 'fore yistiddy," Andrew said. "Only thing, I didn't come straight along. A man give me a ride in a truck one direction, and then a man give me a ride off t'other way in a patent medicine waggin. Then I walked back this way all this evenen, twell I see your house up here on the hill."

"Whar you bound to?"

"Nowheres, for certain. I ca'culated I might travel some and then, maybe, find me a job of work wher-e'er I come to."

"That-there's a good way," the man said. "Good a way as any, I reckon. I could do with a hand myself, 'cept I fail of knowen what I could pay ere a hand with. Money's might scaice 'round here, no two ways about it."

"'Tain't none too plentiful where I come from, neither," Andrew said.

The man took the water bucket to the porch and set it on a shelf which had been put up between two posts. Then he went to a chair under the locust tree in the yard and sat down.

"Well, make yourself at home and set," he said. "The old woman will have supper fixed now-directly."

Andrew sat in an old split-bottom rocker, which rocked unevenly on the bare ground. He crossed his legs, flicking idly with his fingers at the dust which coated his brogans and the legs of his overalls. The man, who said his name was Tom Ragland, talked of how hot and dry the weather was, and of how puny the crops were owing to drought, and how if a man wasn't careful where he threw the match after he lit his pipe he might set fire to the dry grass and it spread to the house.

"This-here's a fur piece from anywheres else, so you best take the night here," Tom Ragland said.

"I'd be mighty proud to, Mr. Ragland," Andrew said. "Many's the time I slept out in a fence corner, but I ain't partial to it. I could pay you for your trouble."

The sun had soon set behind the opposite hill and the evening star hung high and lonely in dark blue above the purplish light which lay along the ridge beyond the creek. Bullbats zoomed and thrummed, diving for insects in the fading light above the field. In the trees to the east of the house the hens were gone to roost, making their last sleepy noises. A lamp inside yellowed the kitchen window. Andrew smelled meat frying, and the aroma of coffee, and felt a quivering, desirous emptiness in his stomach. He identified sounds from the kitchen—the clank of a stovecap, the clatter of milk vessels, the rumor of a whispered conversation between the woman and the girl. One part of him carried talk forward between himself and his host, but his inner part hearkened to the murmurous peace of homeways at nightfall, peace with some slight quickening in the presence of a visitor.

Tom Ragland got up, pushing his chair backward from him, and said:

"Well, le's wash and red up some."

They went onto the porch between the two houses, where the supper table had been put out away from the heat of the kitchen. By the light of the lamp, which the girl brought out and placed on the table, they washed in pans on the water shelf. Andrew cupped the cool water to his face repeatedly, feeling it wet and soothing on his skin and not minding that it ran down his neck. Tom Ragland washed briefly, dried on the roller towel and went on talking about how hard times were. The girl came out of the lighted kitchen door, bringing dishes and then food. Her bare feet whispered on the floor. Each time she came out, she stared at Andrew, deftly setting the things on the red-checkered cloth of the table without seeming to look at what she was doing.

In that sure way by which people who think little come quickly to know things, Andrew knew that he would end his journey here, at Tom Ragland's place. He knew it, without knowing just how Tom Ragland's consent would be obtained, while he combed his hair in the mirror above the shelf. He saw his image but dimly in the cracked and whorled and fly-specked glass, plastering his hair down from a part in the middle more by guess than by sight. Because of the girl, Ersie, he would stay here a spell, working for his welcome with her father. As he turned away from the mirror, handing the comb into Tom's big-fingered

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hand, she came out from the kitchen again, looking at him from the place she stood just where the light from the kitchen door cut across the light that lay on the floor from the lamp on the porch. She gave no sign when he smiled at her. And yet she was for him, he knowing it, and it was as if some unknown part of her touched something of his own—something that reached out to him willingly, eagerly, even before she was familiar enough with him to speak to him.

Then Tom Ragland's wife came out, bringing a platter of fried bacon floating in gravy, and they all sat down at the long table that was placed against the wall. Tom Ragland sat at one end, his wife and daughter along the side, and Andrew at the other end. Mrs. Ragland was tall and thin, with fair hair plaited up on the top of her head, her face of planes receding downward. Her fragile hands were ever aflutter, helping the plates, brushing away the night moths which came flicking to the light and plagued their meal.

"We'uns commonly eat 'fore dark," she said, "but I just got late with things tonight. I declare, I don't know what got into me. Seems like sundown snuk up on me before I knowed it."

"The days is gitten short, nothing like the long they was a spell back," Tom said.

Andrew bent low over his plate and spaded the greens and boiled potatoes with the flat blade of his knife into his mouth. He used a fork only for the thick greasy bacon. The gravy he ate by sopping it with corn pone. Mrs. Ragland asked him how much sugar he would take and he said two. She stirred the coffee for him and gave it to him. He poured some into the saucer, setting the cup aside and drinking with a sucking noise from the saucer. He could see out of the corner of his eye that the girl was still watching him while he ate.

They were finished soon, Andrew first. Tom Ragland sucked the gravy out of the ends of his moustache, brushed the crumbs out of the black beard that hung like a bib over his chest and pushed back his chair. He went with Andrew back to the resting-place under the yard locust, to take comfort in the cool of the evening. The woman and the girl stayed to clear away the dishes. The moon had come up and a silvery patina of its light lay on the grass and along the top of the dark line of woods across the road.

Andrew rolled a cigarette and offered the makings.

"Thankee just the same," Tom Ragland said, "but I always figgered a man had better eat his baccy than set it afire." He took a chew of twist.

"I couldn't do without ere a one," Andrew said. His face showed ruddy with shadow-hollows in the flare of the match.

They sat without speaking for a while. Tom Ragland leaned his chair against the tree, sitting with his heels hooked over a rung, motionless except for a turning of his head and a movement of his hand to his beard when he spat. In the silence was the sound of the dog gulping the supper leavings which had been placed on a rock in the yard for him. Over the field came the sound of bullfrogs booming down at the creek. A distant whippoorwill sang its melancholy song in the night.

Mrs. Ragland and Ersie came out, the dishes finished at last, and when they had settled down in the chairs they brought out with them, Andrew noticed that Ersie was smoking.

"Now that-there's a thing!" Andrew said. "I never seen ere a young girl smoken a pipe before. I seen old women do it, but nere a young girl."

"Ersie, she smokes on account her health," Mrs. Ragland said. "She been smoken ever since she was a little-biddy youngun."

By means of this, Ersie came at last to speak. She said:

"Hit's for a phthisic."

"I wouldn't say you looked like you had a phthisic. You look plumb healthy to me," he said, his spirit lifting that simply, as to a beginning of love.

But the mother took the talk there, not giving the girl the time she would have needed to think of an answer.

"She had a phthisic when she was little and I give her the pipe to cure hit," Mrs. Ragland said. "Course, hit ain't becoming to a young girl to smoke, even though they done it in my young days, but ever time we taken the pipe away from her, seemed like her health got porely again. I declare, it seemed just like the good Lord wanted her to smoke, and iffen He wants, I ain't the one to tell her to stop."

In the moonlight Andrew could see that Ersie was looking at him sharply, as if wondering what he thought about her smoking. Then she put the pipe abruptly down on the ground beside her chair, doing it as if putting it away from her forever, he alone noticing.

"Ersie was a porely baby, but she soon made out to be strong."

"But powerful lazy," Tom said.

"You heish, Tom! There never was a willinger girl than my Ersie here, was they, hon?"

"I ain't a bit partial to work," Ersie said.

"She was always mighty willen, irregardless of what that-there contrary Tom says. Onct, when she was eight, I loaned her out to Cousin Nancy for a baby watcher, but it just seemed like I couldn't get along without her. I missed her a heap, that time."

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"I went off another time, to pick cotton for Uncle Jack," Ersie said.

"But she wa'n't gone more'n a week, that time," Mrs. Ragland said. "She was away a whole month, layen-by time, the time I loaned her out to Cousin Nancy to take keer their baby whilst they was all out in the fields. I just couldn't do without her, Lord knows. Another time a man come here and wanted to take her off to some school, or somethen, but Tom he just told that man plain out he wouldn't lief her go. He let on he was comen back to make us do it, but he must of lost that out of mind, causen he never come back. Tom, he was all sot to shoot him efen he ever come back."

"The time'll come when she'll be wanten to go off with some young peckerwood or other," Andrew said.

"I rue that day," Mrs. Ragland said. "Lord knows."

"I'll shoot the man that tolls her off," Tom said.

"A girl what's been learned to work and mind and all will make some man a mighty good wife," Andrew said.

"You married?" Mrs. Ragland asked.

"No'm. Come pret' near being once or twice, but it never taken me long to lose the notion out of mind. Up to now, I always reckoned I might as well wait till I got a little bit older."

"You got a home and folks?" she asked.

"Well, in a manner, no. My old pa, he's still liven, but we fail of getten along right good together. Last thing happened, I turned loose and told him what was on my mind, and he up and told me to git."

"Tch, tch! Ain't that a shame?" Mrs. Ragland said. "It's a pretty come-off when a father can't make his own boy mind."

"I don't misdoubt but what it's my fault as much as his'n," Andrew said. " 'Bout time I was going forth to shift for myself, anyhow."

"I bet it wa'n't no fault of your'n," Mrs. Ragland assured him. "You look like a good, quiet, hard-worken boy to me."

"And big enough to get a heap done," Tom said from where the tree-bole's shadow darkened him. "They sure do grow big ones whar you come from over yonder."

"Shucks!" Andrew said.

At eight o'clock Ersie and her mother got up to go in the house to bed. There was, Mrs. Ragland told Andrew, a cot where he could sleep in the kitchen, or he could take the quilt and make a pallet on the porch if it was too hot in there. She would fix the cot and Tom would show it to him. She passed into the dark door with Ersie, lighting a lamp now in the west cabin, this being the living part of the house while the other part was the kitchen. Left alone with Tom, who was silent, Andrew sat for a space looking down on the moonlit valley, a place shimmering and shadowed and lonely, from which an owl wailed dismally in tremolo. Tom had spoken and Andrew, remembering rather than hearing, came back from far places to pay attention.

"Tell you what. You ain't got nere a place in mind where you goen, so whyn't you tarry here a spell? You could holp me for your keep and I could give you a smidgen of work-wages besides. What you say, bigun?"

Andrew pretended to think it over, remaining silent through the full space of the owl's distant wail, and then said:

"You best mind out you don't get the wrong end of the stick in this trade."

"How come?" Tom asked.

"I'm one powerful big eater," Andrew said.

They closed the bargain with a laugh, saying no more of it.

Andrew went to bed on the cot in the kitchen, where Tom had shown him, but it was too hot to sleep, heat from the cookstove still lurking within the four log walls. He lay in the darkness, staring at a window that had panes milk-colored with moonlight, until all sounds ceased in the other part of the house and he was alone in the quietness of sleep and night. Then he got up with the quilt and went out and spread it on the porch floor. It was cooler there, with a dew-cooled breeze brushing at him. He lay on his back, feeling the hardness of the floor along the length of his body. For a long time he lay looking out from under the roof at the pale stars. In his mind, which was wide-awake but at the same time shut away from all that was immediate, he had the girl for his own. He romantically saw himself walking down a road with her, she no longer silent and staring, but now full of talk and soft words, using the voice with which she had said "Hit's for a phthisic." In his mind he dreamed out speeches to her, speeches and their answers. He saw himself with her in a house, the house in a clump of trees in the middle of a field. His pleasure at coming upon her here, and his hope to do as he would with her, these were his bedfellows on his pallet on the porch until at long last the weariness of the whole day's walking had its way with him, and he drifted through half-dreams into the oblivion of sleep.

Working with Tom Ragland through the remainder of August and through September, Andrew became great friends with him, for Tom was a man of easy temper, quick to laugh and make a joke when work was not going right, fair about another man's point of view when there was a difference of opinion, affable and gay when drunk. When Andrew would get drunk with him and want to fight, as was his way, Tom

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would laugh him out of it. Andrew was twenty-two and Tom forty-four, but one admired the wisdom of years, while the other had a reminiscent respect for the heat and fire of early twenties, matters being balanced that way in a manner that made them boon companions.

In early fall they cut the corn in the field beside the house. An Indian summer haze hung over the hills, making the sunlight golden where it lay on the dreamy stillness of a far field. Side by side they whacked up and down the rows, the long corn knives swishing with a precise regularity through the stalks—*step, bend and cut—step, bend and cut—step, bend and cut.* They threw the dry, rustling stalks down in neat armfuls across the grass-matted rows. Later they would go back and pick up the bundles, would tie them with bunches of the long grass pulled out and twisted to make a quick rope, would stack them in shocks. When they worked, there was friendly competition between them, for each took great pride in his own enduring strength.

"In my grand-pap's day this-here used to be mighty fine land," Tom told Andrew. "Only thing is, the everlasting rains done washed all the good dirt down in the crick. That's why most of these-here nubbins is just to the big of pop-corn. 'Ygosh, I ain't seen a real year o' corn in many a season, 'cept when I go visiten."

"Whyn't you quit farmen and go to town?" Andrew asked, not hesitating in the even rhythm of *step, bend and cut,* his voice mingling with the rustle of corn blades.

"No use to change off on my way of living this late along. Back when I was a young man, I learnt to farm, and I ain't never had no call to leave. Now it's a heap different with you. You young. Looks like you would go out in the big world?"

"Tell the truth," Andrew said, "I always did aim to."

"What all is holden you now?"

"A body just will put things off," Andrew said. "I was, in a manner, on my way outland that time I come here."

"Well, bigun, I never *made* you tarry," Tom said.

"Maybe I'll take and go on another time. I'm studyen on't," Andrew said. He was thinking of Tom's daughter, who was the real reason he stayed here working for wages on credit. He did not want to tell Tom why he stayed. "I heared tell of a heap o' money to be made working in the mills in a place named Chat'nooga. I heared hit said a man could make five or six dollar a day, and the work not so hard, nohow."

On a rainy day they sat talking in the dog-alley—Andrew, Tom, and Ersie. The rain made a monotonous whispering, a splashing from the eaves on the two open sides of the place. Thunder passed in the distance to a place still farther away, until it became a rumbling treble, rumorous in repeated echoes. Andrew and Tom sat in chairs tilted against the wall, facing each other, leaning respectively against the "new house" and the "old house." Ersie sat near Andrew on a sack of drying corn-field peas, and he felt a largeness of pride from the simple fact that she had chosen a seat near him. He looked, however, only at Tom, at the bright brown eyes which glowered always above the heavy black beard. The air was heavy and damp and warm.

Andrew, telling of the home he had left:

"Since mammy died, pap he just ain't been the man he uster be. Taken up with a downgone trivvet that he went off and found sommers a time he was drunk. She was a no-'count one, if ever there was one. Dad-burn-my-briches, she even had lice on her, and I'm a-tellen you what God loves."

"God-a'mighty," said Tom. He got up to move away from the drip of a new leak that had come in the roof.

"She shore did."

"Lice is hard to dout, once a body gits 'em," Tom said.

"Taken a spell, that time," Andrew admitted. The memory made him scratch himself.

"That-there woman was a great one for pet-things. 'Twaren't no time a-tall fore she had the whole durn place all kittered up with dogs and cats, and them ever last one mangy and full of fleas, causen she was too no 'count to take keer 'em. She could read and write, though, and work arithmetic."

"Did yore pappy ever see to it that you got any book-larnen?" Tom asked.

"Nere a word did he ever tell me about goen to school. Suited me all right, though, cause I never did crave to get all hump-backed from bending over a book. Besides, my mammy she used to tell me not to fool with no books outside the Good Book. She used to say, 'A body can larn enough devilment without going to no book to find out some more.'"

"They's a boy down on Stony what's a great hand with books," Tom said. "Red Fagin's boy. Red sent him off sommers to school and he got to be as smart as the teacher, near 'bout. Me, I never was much hand with books and such. Folks didn't think about no such in my day and time. I was born a pore farmer and I always did say that letting hair grow on a mule's tail never did make a hoss outen him yet. Now that boy down on Stony, he knows books and can read pret' near as fast as a person can talk, but he ain't worth shooten, nohow. Funny thing, that is. They never was a better man than Red Fagin, and still and all, he's

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Menu

By Thomas Beer

A conversation on food and restaurants, European and American

It happened in Leningrad," said the journalist. "I'd ordered a very simple lunch. We waited fifty minutes. When the waiter did bring the food it was cold and bad. I sent for the manager and told him, in Russian, that we wouldn't eat the stuff or pay for it. So he told me, in East Side English, that I had a hell of a nerve to come to Russia and complain of good Russian food when there was nothing fit to eat in the whole United States. We had an interesting argument, but we did not get anything to eat."

A lady sighed, "That's what I hate so in modern Europe! You tell the waiter that the sole isn't fresh, and he tells you that we don't even have sole in America. If you say, 'Is that any reason why I should eat bad fish in Paris?' he pronounces a discourse on international debts or the grandeur of France, or something irrelevant. Shouldn't mind it if it stopped with waiters and chambermaids. But it goes on up among the big people. So infantile! It's almost as awful as the æsthetic racket. They tell you that France would never have destroyed the lovely Isthmus of Panama by building a canal through it. You ask them if they ever heard of De Lesseps and the French Panama Canal Company, and they say, 'Ah, madame, but that was not France! That was just a solitary imbecile!' Then you ask them why France has permitted horrible factories on the edge of beautiful Paris. And then things get nasty!"

"Do remember," said an Englishman, "that a great deal of the childishness is your own fault, as a nation. You people are so anxious—lately, at least—not to be taken for Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt *en voyage* that you let Europe cheek you. You don't answer back. Your proper answer," he advised the journalist, "was to say to the Bolshevist manager in Leningrad, 'Go to the devil! You've only a dozen interesting dishes in this country, and those aren't interesting unless they're properly done. We have a hundred!' You have, you know? Of course they're no good either, unless they're properly done. But American cooking is very interesting, when it's good. You shouldn't let Europe cheek you about food. The fact is that Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt abroad don't do the States half the harm they're supposed to do. It's Mrs. Babbitt who sends for the manager and raises—er—hell when her bathtub isn't clean. It's George Babbitt who tells the headwaiter that his steak's cooked to death and he darned well ain't gonna pay for it. I say, Bravo! Your sensitized Yank shudders because Mr. Babbitt's voice is loud. What of it? I wish some one would tell me why it's a sign of civilization to accept impudence, to let oneself be swindled and imposed on? I was lunching in London in April with an American poet, a charming boy. We were sitting rather close to the kitchen. A *chef* came in with a box of very bruised fruit and showed it to the manager. The manager shrugged and said, 'Oh, that'll do for some Yanks!' If I'd been the American I'd have cancelled the rest of my order and walked out. He heard the speech, but was too polite to comment, although I knew he was angry. You let Europe give you second best, and do nothing about it."

Some one else asked, "But don't you see that Americans get an amusement out of all this?"

"Just what amusement?"

"Like this. The son of the great Lancashire mass producer has his driver tootle the horn of the two-thousand-guinea motor car in front of Sovrani's. He sits ordering a six-guinea luncheon for two, and breaks off his commands to the headwaiter, who is shivering on the pavement in a March drizzle, in order to talk about the callous ostentation of an American mass producer who carries a band on his yacht. Is one not to smile? The meditating Yank sees that the young Frenchman finishing a sixth cocktail in the bar at Venice is the exquisite *gourmet* who has just denounced the American cocktail for two pages of a review in Paris. Isn't he to grin at his glass of Vichy? I had a moment of elaborate happiness at the Walterspiel in Munich, in 1929, watching the horror of the wine waiter when one of your top-loftiest literary dandies ordered the man to heat a Château Haut Brion to the steaming point. Then he sat tranquilly drinking the abused red wine, with caviar!"

"You are making me ill," said the Englishman. "But, after they have found out that red wines should be served with the chill taken off, my compatriots go to the maddest extremes. I never tried red wine with caviar. What's the horrible result?"

"Rather like nibbling soap with rust chopped into it," the lady suggested. "You can get something the same effect by drinking a Martini with a slice of pumpkin pie. But don't try it."

"I shan't," he promised. "Do go on about our Euro-

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pean fakes and little hypocrisies. No. Let me tell you an American hypocrisy! Five or six years ago I was at a restaurant in Rome as the third person of a dinner. The important person was a travelling American legislator who believes in Prohibition. He spent five minutes before dinner telling us that he could not even stand the taste of wine. It made him sick. Our host looked at me, over the *menu,* and deliberately ordered three dishes made with wine. He speaks Italian. The Senator ate them up like a little man and praised the meal cordially, around his toothpick. I met him the next day and asked him casually if that rather rich dinner hadn't given him indigestion. No, it hadn't."

"All right," I said, "but the Senator was not being hypocritical at all. The fact is that thousands of dry Americans have eaten alcoholized foods all their lives without knowing they were alcoholized. Many of them constantly used wine and spirits in food. Just after Prohibition really set in a friend of mine met an old lady coming out of a famous grocery in New York, red in the face with anger. They wouldn't sell her any sherry or claret! 'But,' my friend said, 'you believe in Prohibition and you've bragged of your contributions to the Anti-Saloon League for years!' 'Yes,' said the old dear, 'but we've *always* had red wine and sherry for the kitchen. Why, my husband will never tolerate this!' They live in London, now. So do lots of Americans who supported something politically without knowing just what it would do to their three meals a day."

The journalist cut in. "One of the silliest pieces of rubbish you hear these days is the yarn that Americans never used wine for cooking. I was brought up in holy Kansas, and my mother was a Presbyterian saint. But she dosed her mince pies with both whisky and sherry. She used brandy in desserts and made sweet wine from our grapes. So did dozens of other Presbyterian ladies around us. And I've lived to read that Presbyterians know nothing about food, music or anything civilized!"

"That always surprises me," said the Englishman. "Nobody in the British Isles is so critical of food, wines, and ideas as a superior Scotchman. In this country your Presbyterian seems to be——"

"Be careful," the lady warned him. "We're all Presbyterians, or were *told* so."

"—another unexplored region," he finished. "The best food and the best claret I've ever had in a private home in the States were on the table of a Presbyterian lawyer in Pittsburgh. He ate and drank almost nothing, but he was *grand gourmet.* Everything, except the wines, came from his own farm in the country and, needless to say, his farmer was a Hollander."

"Of course," said the journalist. "When *is* somebody going to do the Dutch justice?"

"Never," the Englishman drawled. "Europe's too vulgar to do the Dutch justice. Holland isn't big enough to be examined carefully. A Dutchman's an old duffer in big breeches with a cheese under one arm. Some of our *gourmets* at home actually have found out that the Dutch raise the best vegetables in Europe. You hear men speak of the Restaurant Royal in The Hague with intense respect. That's about the limit. They don't know of the Golden Turk in Leyden——"

"Haarlem," the journalist said.

"I'm sorry; Leyden. You're thinking of the Crown in Haarlem. Or the Bagatelle in Rotterdam."

"Or Wolff's in Rotterdam," I added.

"But that's always so jammed," the journalist complained.

"Naturally. The fine Dutch restaurant differs from the fine French restaurant. Crowd a French restaurant, as the Royal and Wolff's are crowded, year after year, and it would go to pieces. The service would go bad and the cooks would get careless. But not in Holland," said the Englishman. "One of the most illuminating things to do, when one's in Paris, is to hunt out a Baedeker of—say—1910, and wonder what happened to some of the famous restaurants on its list. I know what happened in one, as I'm an old friend of the owners. They raised the prices to keep the mob out and save their self-respect. They make a great deal less money, to be sure, but their pride's intact. You'll find it high in Mr. Julian Street's ranking, in 'Where Paris Dines.'"

"The best guide to the Paris restaurants," the lady said, "is a dyspeptic Russian widow. She——"

"We can't all have special guides. Mr. Street is the best public guide to the Paris restaurants. He's made a reputation for me. I trot sons and nephews over to Paris and lead them into places Mr. Street describes, with a high, proprietary air. More Englishmen know 'Where Paris Dines' than——"

"All right," the journalist growled, "but I loathe some of the places Street puts at the top of his list. Foyot's, for instance. Food is food, not a pretty room and a glass of good wine. The food at Foyot's is perfectly ordinary. And Joseph's! Of all——"

"Say one word against Joseph's," said the lady, "and you die!"

"Get the gun out, then! That's another case of ordinary food and very good wines, plus some swank. I hate Joseph's clients! I hate waiting for the *sommelier* while Mr. John J. Overproducer and Lady Emmeline Smith-Jones-Robinson are being taken care of. I don't care if the man at the next table is the king of Siam or the king of the white slavers. I can't eat 'Who's Who'! No. I think Street should shove some of his second or third group of restaurants up, and take some of his first group down to the foot of the class. L'Ane Rouge is a finer restaurant than Joseph's, or Foyot's, or Ledoyen's. Or if you want to enjoy atmosphere, order a meal ahead of time at Lapérouse and look at the river while you're eat-

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ing. I'm just a Kansas savage! As a matter of fact I'd rather eat in Munich than in Paris. There's the Preysing-Palais and Böttner's and Waltherspiel——"

"Wal*ter*spiel," I said, "and the restaurant of the Continental where the *chef* is so intelligent that he asks whether he's cooking for Englishmen or Americans, so as to regulate his salt. Or Doney's in Florence, where——"

"That pastry shop?" from the lady.

"There's a curiosity," said the Englishman. "Here's Doney's, one of the really fine restaurants of all Europe, and half Europe goes through Florence and never walks upstairs from the pastry shop to investigate the place. They eat Dago abominations at their hotels and never explore Doney.—But you said something interestingly un-American, a minute back," he told the journalist. "Food is food, as you say, and not a pretty room and a glass of good wine. Most Yanks are so glad of good wine and a pretty room, that they don't notice the food."

"Lots of us do," I said. "The late war in Europe—that funny thing you civilized nations started, back in 1914—left me with a damaged digestion. I notice food. In 1928 I sat in a restaurant at Heidelberg, opposite a lovely woman. Sunset down the river; students singing on the terrace; a wonderful bottle of Johannesburger. But the food was bad, and I remember it. It was abhorrent sustenance."

"What," the journalist suddenly asked, "is the worst food you've ever eaten anywhere?"

This brought on a silence.

But we were waiting for luncheon and I couldn't keep thinking of bad food. Instead I thought of Nantucket swordfish baked in greaseless cream sauce, and slices of thin sweet potato, almost transparent, done in applejuice as they used to do them in Washington when Roosevelt reigned, and hearts of Michigan celery braised with a dash of sherry, and ducks roasted in a bed of wild rice with wild grape jelly shivering purple on the white and gray of the rice. I began to remember a luncheon in San Francisco, with a bottle of the native Riesling on a corner of the table and iced black olives keeping one harmless company before the oysters came. And why should it be that no Americans knew how to bake a fishball, any more? And what was the way of doing chicken so that it wasn't stewed or baked, but brown and very soft, with glitters of darkened onions clinging unobtrusively to its crust? I forgot bad food in wondering at the waste of our resources. And then the Englishman began to speak, smoothly and musically pondering.

"In the city of Seattle I once had a cornstarch made with stale canned *marrons* and tinned cream. They served a lumpy chocolate sauce with it. Often I think of that, late at night. Then there's your Middle Western chipped beef, creamed on soggy toast. That's something. And the New England boiled dinner! And rabbit pot pie down in dear old Dixie where all the bad cooks have conventions on some local mountain top and the devil advises them what to do to us. Or fried-oyster sandwiches in a Greek lunchroom on the Mississippi. Or canned-chicken okra soup in a tea shoppe in Los Angeles. And cold raisin pie! And American turkey, overdone and stuffed with moist breadcrumbs in a hotel at Emporia, Kansas. What bad turkey you grow in this country! And have you ever eaten our English veal and ham pie on a warmish day in a rural hotel with grease oozing on the plate? Or our railway raspberry tart, glazed in cheap sugar, with a few flylets moribund on the surface? Or *merlan à l'anglaise* in a Soho *bistro,* with plain flour for *mipain* and too much olive oil? Or the English boarding-house proprietress's version of *potage velours?* Or hashed decadent grouse on anchovy toast? Or Mrs. Somebody's famous household jam, sold to you by her cousin, because she's a dear, plucky little woman and so wretchedly poor since the war? Or spinach prepared in Bloomsbury by a distrustful cook who doesn't believe in vegetables at all? Or our grand old miscellaneous fry named Bubble and Squeak?"

"I've eaten that," I said, "in a pub in Plymouth. Go lower if you can!"

"Certainly! I've eaten tinned Californian fruit salad smothered in bad *mayonnaise* at an earl's table. I sent his housekeeper Morton Shand's priceless book on food, afterward. Californian tinned junk is the curse of British cookery, as Shand says——"

"It may be. But Mr. Shand had no right to blame the invention of canning on the beastly Yank. For the European to reproach us with canned food is rather as though a germ scolded a case of typhus," I said. "A chef named Appert invented canning in Paris, about 1795. The first patent's English, 1803 or so. Daggett brought the process from London to New England about 1816. But the Yankee canners constantly had to send for English experts until the end of the '50s. Mr. Shand says that this loathly Yank innovation was caused by our Civil War!"

"Our usual stunt," the Englishman yawned. "We don't like something you send us and conveniently forget it's our own brat, with a red, white and blue label. What and where was the worst dish you ever ate?"

There was no need of answering slowly.

"Granting that most of the evil dishes I've been fed were fed to me in my own country, the worst thing I ever tackled was a hash of the contemptible Mediterranean fish, baked under morose cheese, in bad oil, in the Grand Pétrarque at Vaucleuse."

"Good Lord," said the journalist, "how bad southern French food is!"

The lady gasped, in the special voice of Francophiles, "Look here!"

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"All right! Sharpen your axe. Most provincial French restaurants and most provincial restaurants all over the world are no real good. Say, I know an old lady in Tennessee who can cook circles around all the Danes and Swedes outside of Copenhagen and Stockholm! She can do a spiced beef that—Let's get back to southern France. It's the wine plus pretty room thing again. The Yank walks into a nice-looking, timbered room in Orthez or Pau——"

"To say nothing of Bayonne, except that one tea-shop," I put in, "or Albi, or Toulouse, the most bourgeois town east of Pittsburgh, or Gordes, or Nîmes or Arles or, if one may dare to be so heretical, Marseilles itself. Go on."

He went on: "They bring you grub—chow! Underdone slices of pork, but with sorrel looped around it, of course, or greasy soup. But there's the *sommelier* with the wine card. Ten to one you order something stronger than a Frenchman would take, a Meursault or a good Clos du Pape. It soothes you. You eat. You're in wonderful old France. Here's the wine. The waiter takes off another silver cover. *V'lá, madame!* You get some fried trout and——"

"But it's not fair to expect those places to do what the Maison Basque or Boulestin's do in London, or Phillippe and L'Escargot in Paris!" she wailed.

"I'm using the standards of Jean Casenave's in Paris, or Zimmer's in Strasbourg or Zur Alten Post in Stuttgart. Good, honest cooking. You go to Arles and find me a good eating place! I've heard Marcel Boulestin snort about Provençal food! The nearer you get to the Mediterranean, the worse food is! Look at Spain! One good dish, that chicken and rice thing, and most of 'em can't cook that. Look at Naples! Grease and high seasoning and slop. What's southern France invented? *Poulet point d'ail!* And they do that best at Laprée's and the Truffe Noire in Paris."

"They don't," I said. "They do it best in the old Lance, in Avignon. You see, the Lance *is* the little provincial restaurant where the food *is* fine and the lables *have* rotted off old bottles and princes do stop to dine. I saw one doing it. He was just a duke, but he was rude enough to his two mistresses to have been a whole dynasty. . . . The Lance has the best *vins du Rhône* and some of the best white Burgundy I ever had. They do a jellied egg, with bits of artichoke bottom and parsley, which Walterspiel himself would respect. They made me eat lobster there, and like it! And I hate that saccharine imitation of a fish as badly as I hate Scotch whiskey, or raspberry custard, or cold scones, or German veal stewed with tomatoes, or mushrooms maltreated with onions by a Mississippi murderess. I hate lobster more than I hate the whole infect tribe of *Sauternes* and *Graves,* and the ninety-nine varieties of light, dark and medium beer, and cole slaw and rutabaga, God's gift to sick calves, and applejack cocktails and peanut-butter sandwiches and Devonshire clotted cream, and reedbirds baked in melon shells!"

The Englishman murmured, "I once tried mince pie with a chocolate ice on top, in Venice, California. I'd forgotten that. . . . One can't call Bordeaux precisely provincial. It's something special. Know those snails in red fish jelly at the Chapon Fin? Or the *sole Bordelaise* at Jane et Madeleine's? And food's so cheap there, too!"

"Go one hour east, into the Charente Inférieure," I said, "and you're lost! French drummers admit it's a howling desert! Saintes and Pons and Cognac. And yet Cognac's the centre of an industry. It's full of buyers and *amateurs* and tourists. But I've eaten better food, as food, in a lunchroom in Helena, Arkansas, than I could ever rake out of Cognac!"

The lady dangerously said, "But about that dinner in Nantes? That's provincial France, isn't it?"

"But Prevost's is another Lance, or better! We had strong beef broth," I explained to the Englishman, "and a plain baked sole and a chicken in a casserole with layers of vegetables. And this Montrachet! It was 1874. They said it might have lost its flavor, but it hadn't. The *bouquet* sailed across the room, and a French general stopped cursing American women and said, *Hoh! Montrachet, 'soixante dix huit!* It wasn't. But one never argued with French generals in 1918."

"I tried to argue with one, once," he said. "Told him that the best restaurant of Europe was in Brussels. We did not argue long."

"You were talking about L'Epaule du Mouton?" she guessed. "That's heaven!"

"No. Another little place. Gone, now. The best Montrachet I ever had was at Martin's in New York, in 1904, and the best Delbeck I ever had was at the St. Francis, in San Francisco, in 1911. And the best dinner I ever ate," he declared, "was at the old Parker House in Boston. A glass of their very fine pale sherry, a bowl of clam chowder, one of the world's great soups, a beefsteak grilled with potatoes and some lima beans, and a bit of Roquefort. We had a bottle of Lafite with the steak, a nice wine but nothing wonderful. The food was the thing. Your good old American hotels have gone, and your good old cooking's gone. It's not the lack of wine in the kitchens. I've just mentioned two fine things cooked without wine. I think the truth is, simply, that the new American doesn't care anything about food at all. Especially the literary American. I hate and abhor the five and six course European dinner! It's as senseless as your provincial American feeds beginning with a sweet cocktail, and sweet shrimps, and rushing into chicken baked with sugared sweet potatoes, and ending in a debauch of ices served with hot sweet sauces. But is one supposed to think better

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and talk better about Croce or Russia or Mr. Kenneth Burke's theory of form or whether Mr. Hart Crane did or didn't unconsciously borrow a phrase from Longfellow in his verses on Melville's tomb or what Mr. Picasso's last *casse noisette* wooing a drunken leek may mean—Does one do all this better over limp oysters and a plate of calamitous minced lamb? Is this the new austerity? If so, what the devil's it supposed to do for one?"

"This from a philosopher!" said the lady.

"Why not from a philosopher? Philosophy is the rejection of intemperance in thought or action. If there's a grosser form of intemperance than bad food, I don't know of it. Gluttony's just an ugly sub-species of eroticism. If you show me," he said, "a man who ignores the melody of diet, I'll show you a second-rate man. But what you think of as a philosopher, my child, is some very loud voice attached to a bundle of false austerities and prohibitions. You Yanks openly love to be—er—bawled out. You love cheap prophetics. You love to be told what's going to happen to improve the lot of man when we've all given up private incomes or red meat, or submitted ourselves to the group ethos, or gone in for the absolute monarchy of an Hungarian landholder selected by Count Keyserling and Rab Tagore. A philosopher is never prophetic, or he ceases to be a philosopher. He dares to say, sometimes, 'This might be tried.' But if he says, 'This will succeed!' he is an intemperate liar. . . . Being the mental offspring of nineteenth-century Europe you good people have a mania for what's known as progress. The philosopher knows that this progress, when you examine it, is nothing but man's semi-successful war against those things that keep him from eating in comfort, against pain, against intense drudgery, against too much love, against too much thought and too much poverty. We eat to live and live to eat. Oh, food that sets no feeder free from feeding!"

"That's almost blasphemy," she said.

"Against whom? God? Nature—our inveterate and intemperate enemy? Or against Dante Alighieri? What is popular progress, then? Ether, better lights, speed and heat at will, wiser doctoring and better dentists! All these preventive measures have the same goal, the escape of the eating human from his perils. He may gloriously embrace what you *call* spiritual issues, but if he doesn't attend to his diet he merely embraces a ghost.—What is communism? The old eupeptic programme of John Ball and Thomas Münzer, safety and food for all. . . . But who are the real progressives? Epicures. The richness of living advances by the comparison of fine object with object, idea with idea, flavor and sound with flavor and sound. You know that! The illusion of happiness——"

"Oh, look!" she said.

An airplane, red and silver, passed above us. She stared up, smiling.

"The illusion of happiness does increase its plausibilities because man can now look down on earth, a little. But if he eats bad food, he will not look with very keen eyes."

"All right!" said the journalist. "But make 'em see it! Get a Yank to admit it's even interesting. He'll tell you all about his nervous indigestion and what the doctor at Battle Creek told him, last time he was up there. He likes good plain food. He tells you so. He eats plain bad food. That awful dinner the man in the 'Gun Club Cook Book' describes is just as true out in Iowa as it is back here. Truth is, your American thinks it's effeminate to discuss food. If you ask him why a cup of cold beef jelly and some good mutton, skewered with bay leaves and bacon, and an endive salad, isn't just as plain good food as canned tomato soup, bad roast beef with two canned vegetables and a hunk of chocolate cake, he can't tell you. His father knew better. He doesn't! If——"

"Why leave my amusing sex out of the picture?" the lady asked. "The only young women in New York who know how to give a dinner, any more, are Jewish, or reformed Southerners who've discovered that all food doesn't have to be fried! There's a panic. Half the women one knows are doing without things. They don't think about the—well, the dignity and decency of making their meals attractive by good cooking and economy. Not much! They run out for sappy *table-d'hôte* eighty-cent lunches. Their idea of good food is something rather fussy on a pretty dish. Have you ever heard a woman speak of *Bouquet* or the Shand books, or Mr. Street's things? Have you ever heard an American woman turn loose on the cads out in Chicago who sell us the worst meat in the world? If that 'plane could take me to Paris, this minute, I'd have some spiced mushrooms and a glass of chilled Clos Sainte Odile, and a lamb chop that *is* a lamb chop and a salad that *is* a salad at 10 Rue de Duras for less than the price some fool will pay for two pounds of delicatessen chicken salad for her husband's dinner! Food? What on earth do they care about it?"

The Englishman rose and threw away his cigarette.

"Then you're speaking of very vulgar people, my child."

"No! I'm speaking of women who have jobs with publishers and decorators, and women who at least have married Harvard and Princeton men. I'm speaking of women who talk about the newest books and go to see paintings at the intelligent galleries. They use the word vulgarity. They even have shudders thinking what our cocktails and canned food and radios are doing to Europe. They——"

He laughed.

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"But we don't have to stun ourselves with three cocktails before dinner so that we can't tell Larue's best *chateaubriand flambé* from washing flannel. We don't have to buy your radios, or Mr. Ford's staple cars, or the nobler electric icebox. We do these things. We like the cheap, fast and useful thing as well as you do. We gave you machinery. You returned the gift with additions. We sent you strong waters. You mixed the cocktail. You're not corrupting us! Don't listen to our self-defending nonsense! We taught you how to be progressive, you know? . . . In 1829 or '30 the poetical Mr. Southey turned out a little book in favor of peace and rose gardens. He hated machinery, and industrial ugliness and big national debts to support imperialism. It's a bad, confused book, but he meant well. He was speaking for the epicure, against staple. Macaulay answered him, for the progressive, wide-awake Whigs. He made Southey look silly. He was all for this progress, for industry, and cheap goods for everybody and foreign sales of overproduction. He won! He had the prophetic programme and the loud voice. Now we're trying to blame you for acting on the high advice of the Macaulays in Europe. They're beginning to look rather silly," he said, "poor dears! And Russia's producing an afterpiece. More staple! A job and some food and some leisure to admire the staple world in, all guaranteed by the group ethos. There are to be no patrons. No epicures. No non-staplers."

"There's almost none, now," said the journalist. "Canned tomato soup!"

The philosopher was smiling at the lady.

"You were talking of staple vulgarians, just now. Suppose they do use the word vulgar? They can whistle any tune, but they leave the little notes out, the inner melody of the great, confusing song. They eat staple and take their digestive pill and go to the staple cinema or look in windows at new hats on sale. They don't understand about fine materials, about chilled dry wine and the table in a corner near a window, and the gray river outside the window, and the pressure of cold beef jelly melting on the tongue, and the scent of chervil, and the satisfaction——"

"Luncheon is ready," our host called.

"—the satisfaction, the symphonic swell, which comes of knowing that a good meal is ready," said the philosopher.

Mrs. Jackson

A STORY

By Edward Strave

The shape and color of her face were indicative. There were no straight clear lines to the profile and the too-red flesh, still without wrinkles, was approaching middle age. Short of forty, she had kept a firm figure—except only that the articulation of the neck vertebræ seemed to let the head bow forward, as one sees it in young girls who have received no lessons in posture, or in bitter spinsters who smile at everything. But the curve of the shoulders and back suggested the strength of a bent bow which does not know its strength, and she seemed rather to brood than to droop. The texture of her blue suit was smooth and rich and the turban of the same color, making a band around her head in a somewhat flattened ellipse, also accentuated the length from forehead to chin. The nails on her strong tenuous fingers were of a perfect form and lustrous with polish. She was with a man.

Horner, standing alone at the other end of the bar, was there because it was a Thursday evening and Thursday was close to Saturday. He observed the woman with the trained curiosity of a Middle Westerner who had been to Harvard and lived in New York for eight or ten years. He was struck by her mainly because it seemed so incongruous—so unseemly—to draw up chairs to a bar for the function of drinking champagne. If it was a celebration, champagne was suitable enough—but not at a bar. He looked at her companion. The woman was, he judged, the man's younger aunt—or an older cousin. But the New Yorker does not stretch his curiosity—and Horner turned to the bartender.

Luigi was another reason why Horner dined at a speakeasy on a Thursday. Broad as a young ploughhorse and with a mane of hair that for occasions was glossed with odorous ointment, he had also a young mind which—through what efforts, no one knows—had somehow become saturated with European scepticism. But the zest for these ideas was itself very foreign to the sceptic. The institutions of family, church, and state were all condemned with a fire that presupposed Utopia. Human emotions were all ephemeral and false—but there was, it seemed, some other truth. Luigi might say, "The sun is covered with clouds" or "Life is hard" and the husky, burning voice, expressing

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itself in Latin turns and structures, would sometimes give these truisms a fresh and even startling singularity. The sceptical New Yorker liked this influence in a thoroughly bourgeois bar, frequented neither by the smart, the criminal nor the bohemian, but by inhabitants of that section of New York west of Central Park and citizens from Newark or Flushing or Port Chester.

"Ah, Mr. 'Orner, you know Mascagni? He is a great composer. I hear 'Cavalleria' on Saturday. Parts of it is very beautiful. You know this?" He hummed an aria. His eyes closed and his chin lifted. His face assumed an ecstatic smile. Then he laughed, with the same warmth that imbued his philippics against society, laughing at himself and his pleasure in melody. "Ah! It is beautiful."

Horner was aware of the rhythm of the conversation of the two at the other end of the bar. It seemed to have acquired a certain vigor. The woman was talking —deprecating, mocking.

"But you should know Boito," Luigi continued. "He write some very beautiful music, too, but not played in this country."

"Luigi, if you like music so much, you ought to go and hear 'Tristan'—the great love drama."

"'Tristan and Iseult'?—the great love drama. Yes. I shall hear that one day. But, Mr. 'Orner, the man who write that—the story—the man who write *all* the famous story of lovers—Paolo and Francesca, Tristan and Iseult, Héloise and Abélard—he not write truth. They all end only in dirt."

He leaned over the bar, as a preacher over the pulpit, and for each emphasis, brought down his fist, the index finger extended, on Horner's forearm resting on the bar. He was Savonarola.

"But, Luigi, before a love affair ends, there is something you can call beautiful—a happy state—partly, anyway—and *time* doesn't make any difference."

"Ah, Mr. 'Orner, I tell you something about time and woman. Schopenhauer, he say——"

The woman at the other end of the bar interrupted the homily.

"Luigi," she called, "this isn't champagne."

"No?" the bartender asked. He smiled tenderly, as though partly amused and at the same time desirous of accommodating—as a host who takes pleasure in small attentions.

"Haven't you got anything better, Luigi?" she asked. "This tastes like cider."

"I don' know," he said with a slight shrug. Then he called for the proprietor in a voice that sounded like a deep-toned engine whistle. "Mr. Scaglione!"

Horner looked at the woman's companion. He was of the model medium height and his short light hair lay where it had been brushed. He might have been older or younger than the woman. The face did not show. Its smooth surface and aquiline features had little mobility. Their cast seemed set—perhaps deliberate. But if the expression was not warm, there was still a suggestion of hostility. In a war between the sexes, he would have proved a deadly opponent. He was cold. Delilah herself could not have known how to seduce him nor to discover his secret strength and weakness.

He said, "We don't want any more champagne, do we?"

"Oh," she said, railing again, "but I don't call this a half-way celebration—yet. We certainly do want more champagne—my dear Donald." She turned to the proprietor. "Rinaldo, haven't you anything better than this?"

"I have, yes—but it is more expensive."

"Well, give us a pint of it."

"You will not finish the other?"

"No, thank you. Or, yes—just fill my glass. And then get us the other pint."

"What's wrong with it, Rinaldo?" Horner asked. "Trying to sell your customers ordinary cider for nine dollars a bottle?"

The woman looked at him quickly. "You *taste* it," she said, "and see if it's not like cider. Rinaldo, give this gentleman a glass."

"Oh, thank you—but I didn't mean to ask you for a drink of champagne," Horner said. "And I'm not sure it would mix well with whiskey sours. I was simply reprimanding our host for his—well, I should say unscrupulous greed."

"But it might as well be drunk as thrown away," she said. She looked at Horner again, smiling in a friendly, detached way, as at some mild pleasantry. Then she turned to her companion. "Donald, for heaven's sake," she said, "pull yourself together and enter into the spirit of the occasion."

Horner wondered a little what the "occasion" was. But Luigi had returned to the attack.

"I tell you wot, Mr. 'Orner, many woman not know wot they are. No woman care for truth—not so much truth even as that—wot she is. And she very often pretend to be wot she is not."

"But, Luigi, there are surely exceptions—a few intelligent women here and there, aren't there?"

"No," Luigi answered with a shrug and a grimace. "No really intelligent. She maybe read and study—but not understan'. And if she is really intelligent, then the trouble with the intelligent woman, she is not han'some."

Horner laughed with Luigi.

The woman sitting at the other end of the bar was momentarily by herself. Still smiling and as though including her in the effulgence, Horner said, "What are *you* celebrating?"

She could not take offense.

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"Oh," she said, "that's my husband. Every once in a while we go to some speakeasy and have a quart of champagne."

"I see," said Horner. "Each anniversary of the happy event."

"Oh, no—just on the spur of the moment—like tonight. We—we try to forget anniversaries."

She looked up at Horner where he stood above her, and seemed to be considering. She saw the dark head above broad shoulders and the face that masked, perhaps, some harnessed power of feeling. She looked behind her toward the doorway.

"We're leaving in a few minutes," she said. "Why don't you come along with us—out to Short Hills?"

"But—but why?" he asked ingenuously. "And where should I stay in Short Hills?"

The woman laughed. "Oh," she said, "I'm just taking him out there in my car and coming right back. It's less than an hour out there. I want company on the way home."

"But I've just started drinking—and discussing some very deep questions with Luigi. And it would all wear off by the time we got back."

"Oh, well—I'd like you to."

"All right, then—I'll go, if you'll promise to have one drink with me somewhere when we get back."

"Yes," she said.

She sat silent a moment, considering again the reckless thing she had done. She looked up and her face was anxious. "You won't get—cuddly, will you?"

Horner spoke with solemn gallantry. "I'm always at the command of a lady," he said.

Her husband came through the door. "Oh," she said, "let me introduce my husband, Mr. Jackson. Donald, this is Mr. ——"

"Horner."

"Mr. Horner."

"How do you do, Mr. Jackson," Horner said.

Jackson nodded, without saying anything audible.

II

Mrs. Jackson had finished her champagne. She took her bag from the counter.

"Mr. Horner's coming with us," she said.

"Who?" The man's tone was blank except for a faint inference of scorn, as though he thought to himself, "Why does she act like this?"

"Mr. Horner—the man I just introduced you to."

"What's the idea?" Jackson asked.

"So's to have some company on the way home. I'd be lonely." She got off the stool. "Mr. Horner, you really are coming with us, aren't you?"

"Well," Horner answered, "you don't really want me, do you? Of course——"

"It'll only take an hour and a half to get there and back."

"But I thought that Summit was in the wilds."

"Short Hills, you mean. No it only takes about three-quarters of an hour. Well, of course, if you don't care to—if you can't be separated from the bar——"

"And you will have *one* drink with me when we get back?"

"Yes."

Jackson stood quietly.

"Good night, Luigi," they said. "Maybe we'll be back later," Horner added. They tipped the hat-girl.

Outside Jackson unlocked the door of the sedan.

"It'll be pretty cold in back," he said to Horner indifferently. Again, his manner implied that he didn't want another man to know that his wife was acting like a simpleton just because she'd had a little champagne. But the damp March night was as warm as June. Horner glanced at the woman's face half lighted by the street-lamp up the block.

"Oh, I'm very warm-blooded," he said. "I'll just stretch out in back and be comfortable."

They headed for the Holland tunnel and through its striped and endless cleanness into the breadth of that macabre Jersey plain which seems not to have achieved its character from the accidental dealings of men but to have been designed by a single painter who had dreamed of purgatory. By day—in every season and all weather—a gray haze clings to the sterile soil and tinges its brown. Assorted black structures are stamped against the gray, and columns of black smoke and of white smoke rise from chimneys and engines. At night, there are scattered lights but not much is seen except the flatness of the place and now the bulk of a coal-bin or a crane against the sky. The dark road is like metal and throws off sullen gleams of light.

Jackson was driving. The car moved steadily with little jerking and bumping and the noise of the engine vibrated again in the closed body. Only one window was open a little.

Horner sat in the corner of the back seat with his legs stretched out across the floor. "How d'you do, Mr. 'Orner," he said to himself agreeably, "how d'you do, Mrs. Jackson. Well, how did *you* two get together? And there, I do believe is *Mr.* Jackson. Hello, Jackson. Quite a party, isn't it? And there's Edith—and lots of snow. Edith's a nice girl—but—well, maybe her teeth are too big. Remember that Christmas time. Snow is impersonal—like flowers. But there aren't any flowers. This is a *Christmas* party. Good King Wenceslaus—in a nightshirt, holding a burning candle—poor old man. That'll be me some day."

"How does Frank like his school?" Jackson asked.

"I can't tell yet, dear, he's just getting started at Bowman's. I took him out of the other place, you know."

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"Yes—why did you do that in the middle of the year, Ada?"

"I suppose it was a mistake," she said. "I didn't like the place, though."

Horner stirred in the back seat. She thought she heard him breathing, too. She could, she believed, tell the difference between a gentleman and a bum, and Horner was evidently a gentleman. There was no question of that. And except that he had a funny little mouth he was rather good-looking—rather a sweet person—really very good-looking—and certainly a gentleman.

Many minutes passed. She waited passively. She looked at the road ahead. Now there were a few trees and the country had become a little less flat. She thought, "Donald hasn't changed much—and neither have I. Fifteen years. When I was a kid, I always thought that I'd marry a man with black hair and a beard. Oh—that Mr. Spinks in Binghamton." She smiled.

Then she said aloud, "Why don't you say something, Donald?"

"What, for instance?"

"Well—how the telephone business is going—or—how much the baby weighs—or how much your new suit cost you—or—well, you might ask me a few questions about how *I'm* getting along."

"You're happy, aren't you, Ada?"

"Oh, yes," she said.

The car went on without ever arriving. At last it slowed up.

"Hell," Jackson said in the same even voice, "I forgot about this damn detour."

"But you shouldn't get so *angry*—so *passionate*—dear."

The car stopped and Jackson backed it up to make the turn into the detour. Horner was roused from a half sleep. "Well, how d'you do, Mr. Horner," he said to himself again. Only occasionally could he hear a word from the front seat.

"We're almost there," Jackson said.

"I suppose Laura'll be home from the hospital soon."

"Yes, in another week, I guess."

They were driving into a town. The car slowed up and stopped in a brilliantly lighted street.

"I can get out here," Jackson said.

"Oh, all right."

"Good-by." He was standing outside. He reached in to take her hand and for the first time that evening, Horner thought, looked squarely into his wife's face. "I'll give you a ring soon."

Horner could see neither of them distinctly.

"Good-by, darling," the woman said. "It's been a grand party."

She slipped over behind the steering-gear and Horner moved up to take his place beside her.

"Good-by, Mr. Jackson," he called. "Glad to have met you."

III

"Well, we're on the way back," Horner said.

"Yes—and pray God I can find it."

"Pray God you can, Mrs. Jackson."

"Trust me, Mr. Horner—I have a marvellous sense of direction."

"An excellent thing in woman. It must lighten the burdens of matrimony—or, at least, I should think it might."

"You mean for the husband?"

"Well—yes, I suppose I do."

"Have *you* found them so heavy?"

"Not—not exactly *often*."

There was a pause while each of them wondered a little about the other and so strayed wide apart.

"Oh—I'm so glad you came. I'm hysterical tonight—I mean I would be if you hadn't come.—Let's stop here and have a sandwich. I'm terribly hungry, aren't you?"

The car, still going fast, swerved to the side of the road and stopped in front of a lunch cart.

"Now," she said as they seated themselves at the counter, "I want you to tell me something about yourself."

"But that's such a large demand. Starting from childhood, you mean? Well, my parents were kind to me, though I was one of nine children. I had long curls until I was five. I can remember now how my mother and my sister Annie wept when they were cut off. But in spite of the curls, I was a manly little fellow."

"Little Lord Fauntleroy."

"Yes. At the age of eight, I started flirting with the help. One girl I chucked under the chin and she gave immediate notice. My mother was a good deal distressed. At ten, I pawned my father's watch, and a year later had a duel with a Spaniard who lived in the bad part of town. At twelve I was married for the first time and——"

"And now Fauntleroy has turned Don Juan—only in 1930 instead of 1890?"

"Shall I go on?"

"Yes, yes—tell me who you're interested in now—all about it."

"All about myself? That's just what I was doing."

He looked at her closely. "How's the hysteria?" he asked.

"Oh—" she laughed apologetically—"food was all I needed for that. Onions are especially good."

Horner asked what the price was and took out a bill. "No," she said, "you're my guest. I won't have any young man spending his money on me like that."

"How old are *you*? Sixty?"

"That has nothing to do with it."

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"I know—you're thirty-eight."

"Oh—most people think I'm much younger."

"As a matter of fact, *I* thought you were much older."

"Oh—but, really, most people do think I'm younger looking than I really am."

"I just meant that I thought you were sixty."

They were in the car again.

The effect of the drink he had taken worn off, Horner was wide awake now and uncomfortable. He wished he'd stayed at home and gone to bed. This fortuitous adventure was not an adventure, after all. There was nothing much for him to say to the lady—nor for her to say to him.

"Good God, Mrs. Jackson," he exclaimed, "you'll break our necks if you're not careful."

"And wouldn't *that* make a scandal," she said. "Oh—I'm glad you call me 'Mrs. Jackson.' I hate this calling strangers by their first names the minute you meet them."

They were going much faster than when Mr. Jackson had been driving. Horner involuntarily pressed his feet against the floor boards as they rounded corners.

"Oh, don't worry, I've driven a car all my life almost. I remember the first car my father had—I think it must have been the first in Binghamton. You remember those early automobiles—long-waisted with petticoats and flounces—or at least they looked as though they *ought* to have worn petticoats."

"Yes—that's a wonderful description. I suppose maybe the automobile industry *does* set the style for women's clothes—and maybe figures, too."

"But I'd hate to have a body like a Buick."

Horner thought, after a long time, that they must be nearing New York.

"Say," he said, "I thought it took only an hour and a half to get out to Short Hills and back."

"I thought it did. But I think I've lost the way."

"That's fun," he answered.

"Oh—" she said, a moment later, "I'm glad you came, Mr. Horner." Her voice was not quite even. The expression of gratitude seemed extravagant.

"So you said before," Horner answered a little drily. Then with a note of apology for some uncomprehended breach of sentiment, he added, "I'm glad to have obliged a lady in distress—with so little trouble and so little expense."

The miles passed as hours for the lonely. They were away from trees and houses and back on the Jersey plain. She broke into the arid waste of his consciousness again.

"Donald's a queer one all right," she said bitterly. "Laura's my best friend—or at least, she was. She's his wife."

"Oh."

"She came to make us a visit. That was the beginning. And what could I do—if he didn't really care for me any more? I mean—well, I didn't want to keep him against his will. —And *I*—of course, *I* pay for the champagne, whenever we have a party like to-night.—They've just had a son and Laura's still in the hospital. *That's* what we were celebrating tonight. And he went to see her at the hospital when he left us. I—I simply don't understand him."

"Well, you *wanted* to celebrate with him, didn't you?"

"Yes—I'm afraid I'm still—well, really, in love with him. We've been divorced now—oh, almost five years—and all that time I've seen him maybe a couple of times every month. Oh—naturally, I don't mean anything immoral. He *likes* to see me. And when he can't, he writes me long letters. And *I*, of course, take him around in my car and pay for the champagne. He's always had the best of me. I wanted to make him jealous tonight."

"I'm glad to have been at your service."

"Oh—but I *liked* you, too."

The lights of the city were visible in the not far distance but the entrance to the tunnel was still undiscovered.

"We've gone, you know, miles out of the way. I wonder which road we should take here."

"To the right, I should say."

"No. I think straight ahead."

"We might try going cross-country. It's too late for a drink now, anyway—that is, at any respectable speakeasy."

At the garage she said, "It really was most kind of you to—to——"

"Don't mention it, Mrs. Jackson, oh, no, not at all."

"Well I live at the Lafayette hotel—with my son. Come and see me some time. You really must."

"I shall with the greatest of pleasure, Mrs. Jackson."

As he left her at the hotel, he looked a last time into her face at the gentle brown eyes and large nose.

"Good night," he said. "I'll come to see you soon."

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE *in 1933 will present as in the past few years the most interesting modern writers of short stories and short novels, but in greater variety than before. The first of three stories by Ernest Hemingway will appear in an early number.*

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Family Sunday

A STORY

By Ethel Hepburn

THERE was a hush like this, Susan was sure, before the world was. And then the face of her cousin Lucian lifted, raptly, and though from where she sat between Mother and Eloise, Susan could not see his hands, she knew the music was coming. Softly, softer than sound, the organ began to breathe. Swelling in sweet power, it swept out of the loft and through the tiny church and into the very marrow of Susan's bones, so that she shivered, half with ecstasy and half with some sorrow very old and as yet unknown to her.

It was very small, but between its walls of cool white plaster spaced with brown wood beams all of Susan's world gathered on Sunday mornings. A church full of Waynes. A few others came, of course. Mr. Van Buren and Frances, and the Jedd Clarks, Grandma Horton, and little Miss Eichner who sewed, and who was always peeping round with pride at her dresses walking up the aisle on the bodies of her customers. But a Wayne had given this land. Waynes had built, and Waynes sustained, their church. And Lucian Wayne was organist, while from the choir loft rose, from Susan's brothers, and cousins, and second cousins, the Wayne voice. The Waynes, to Susan, were hosts here; the others who came were guests. She felt here as a woman feels within her house; conscious of every imperfection and of every grace. A jagged crack was coming in the plaster on the east wall. The "stained glass" windows, she knew, were just plain glass with colored parchment shellacked over them, but she liked them none the less for their pretensions. And there was Lucian's playing. Their little church was not at all like the pictures Father had showed to her and described when first she had seen and asked about the lovely slow word "cathedral," and yet, when Lucian played, it seemed to Susan that it became, oh in a very small way, of course, a cathedral too. She had said so to Mother, and Mother had agreed that it might be so. Cathedralness, it seemed, was mostly feeling.

But Susan had been sorry when Mother had told Lucian what she said, about his playing making a cathedral, for Lucian's face had crumpled and his eyes had filled with tears, and he had turned jerkily away as if he were angry. Poor Luce, who was so bungling, so clumsy and bemused at everything about living, except music. But he hadn't, after all, been angry, for ever afterward he looked at Susan with soft eyes, and sometimes he would tell her the name of what he played, and who had first thought of that particular "concordance of sweet sounds." This he was playing today was nothing he had named to her. It was, perhaps, one of his own thoughts. He did that sometimes, she knew. It was good that this morning the Neill Waynes were late, even later than the Emerson Waynes, who usually came in last, in the newest dresses, because it always made Aunt Jo fidgety when Lucian played something of his own. She was afraid he would come to an end of it before the people were all seated, or the offering taken. Aunt Jo was always asking Lucian, when he was to play somewhere, if he knew his "pieces." But it didn't make Susan fidgety a bit. She knew that Lucian would never come to an end before he should.

They were coming in now . . . Aunt Jo and Uncle Neill, and Marie, and Cousin Maggie and Esther, and Uncle Loren and Aunt Charlotte. Susan saw that Esther's hair had been done up on rags, the night before. It hung like yellow shavings around her sober pink little face. Their pew was farther up the aisle than the Rodger Waynes, account of Uncle Neill getting a little hard of hearing. Esther's face did not turn as they passed, but her eyes turned. They ogled Susan, drolly, so that Susan started to giggle and changed it to a polite cough. And it wasn't a cathedral any more. . . . And Lucian swung into the Christian Soldiers and the choir boys straggled in, one or two of them looking somewhat tousled, and Dinny's robe quite askew. You couldn't feel strange, and cathedrally, when the choir boys were all your brothers, or your first or second cousins, and you saw they had been scuffling. . . .

And then the music stopped, and after that it was not a cathedral at all. Just a voice going on. Deep and kind. And the murmuring, not all togetherness of the responses. And the voice. And a bird call from the drowsy summer world. Shadows of branch and leaves, weaving across the window. Bees in the rose tree just

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outside . . . drowsy bees. Luce, when he wasn't playing, looking sad and tired. Aunt Jo looking as if only her body were sitting there, fixed, beside Uncle Neill. Her back, even, was empty of her. Maybe her mind was on the dinner. She was having them all for dinner, the Wayne clan. . . .

And then Lucian was playing again. The service was over. The Waynes were greeting their guests, bidding them welcome and good-bye. . . . The Waynes were gathering. Uncle Neill was bringing out the spanking new carryall, and Prince and Toby were dancing a little, glad to leave the cramped little shed at the back of the church, glad to be going home to their meadow. Dinny was getting their carriage out for Father, and feeling very grand about it. Luce was standing helplessly beside his mother, looking at them all as if he had just seen them for the first time. . . .

The children hurried on ahead, because they had to walk, and they were already thinking of Aunt Jo's dinner. The road was dusty, and seemed to stretch out longer and longer. Heat wavered visibly above it. Susan and Esther walked daintily, conscious of their Sunday shoes.

"The blackbirds love the highest weeds," said Susan, as they passed the cattail marsh. The great, gleaming fellows had such a comic way of perching on the very very top of the very tallest weed. "They must be heaven minded."

"I expect it's just that they're farther away from the snakes and things," said Esther, flatly.

Susan marched sturdily beside her cousin. "Well, I think they're heaven minded," she maintained. "They could fly up into the trees if it was just to get away from snakes."

Esther turned the pure blankness of her countenance upon her cousin and said, unargumentatively, "They'd be nearer heaven in the trees, too."

Susan wanted to be annoyed, but she ended in laughter. Esther was so comically right, always. . . . You just couldn't come upon her, ever, where she was not right. . . .

The carriages, now, were clattering up behind them, and as she stepped out at the edge of the road to let them pass, Susan held her skirts tight against the grasshoppers, who sometimes rose up under your dress when you didn't notice, and afterward crawled sickeningly out at your neck. It was the only real terror in Susan's world.

The carriages swept past. Uncle Neill boomed down to them something about their hurrying . . . chicken pie, and a freezer of ice cream. Luce sat between Marie and Cousin Maggie on the back seat, looking unhappy. Uncle Neill had given Fedora to Cousin Rodger, and Rodger had given her to his brother Loren. She trotted smartly past, now, carrying Cousin Loren's light buggy. Aunt Charlotte was holding Hubert, and young Neill was scrunched rather tightly down between his father and mother. Susan thought Neillie would rather have walked, but of course if he had, Hubert would have wanted to walk too, and his legs were too short, yet. The next carriage was Father's. They looked grand and unfamiliar in the front seat, Mother in a soft gray dress and a gray hat, wearing the long loopered-up necklace of lilac-colored beads that Sherna had sent her from a California mission, and Father in his dress-up clothes, like a doctor's, or a store man's, only fresher and more surprising. Mother's hands were asleep on her lap, in gray gloves. They didn't look like Mother's hands, which on weekdays were busy as shuttling looms, and had no time to be asleep anywhere. The carriage passed with a clatter; it was old. The girls waved and smiled at them from the back seat, Margaret and Bess and Eloise.

The Emerson Waynes had the smartest horses and the grandest carriage. Winifred and Norman and Alice looked quite elegant, in the back seat. Young Emerson was not with them. He must be having dinner with his wife's folks, down Danbury road. Aunt Em didn't like that; she liked Emerson and his wife to come with them. Aunt Em sat very straightly in her leafy foulard. She always wanted Emerson and Catherine to be with them. . . .

The carriages trotted out of sight, around a curve in the road. The children were walking quietly now, tired from putting their feet one after the other down the dust. "When we are grown up," Esther said, "we shall ride in the carriages, too."

"Maybe there'll be automobiles then," Dinny told them. "Cousin Rodger says there simply won't be any horses in a few years' time."

"Ridiculous," said Esther, sniffing just like Cousin Maggie. "Do you suppose the horses'll all just keel over and die if people get to making a lot of automobiles? It isn't everybody'll be crazy enough to want to ride in them."

Susan didn't join in the argument that followed; she just listened. People could get so fiery about the most unimportant things. Horses or machines. Did it matter, really, which you used when you were grown? It was growing up, it was the living of the days and months and years that was really exciting, wonderful. The Emerson Waynes, so Dinny said, were talking of buying an automobile. Susan felt a moment's sympathy with Esther's sniff. Of course, they would have one of the first ones, of anything. But what if they did? "They'll never be able to get over *this* hill," said Esther, practically, "in any automobile." They were topping

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the hill below which lay Aunt Jo's. Susan loved to come up over it—usually she went to Uncle Neill's from their own house, through the dug road. It seemed another, stranger place when you came down upon it from the "company road," over the hill. Dinny was vehemently championing the horseless carriage which he had never seen, but knew some kinship with, even now. . . . "Why, you little dunce," he was saying, with amused tolerance, "an automobile can go anywhere that horses can, and four times as fast." Suddenly Susan called out, "What does it matter, anyway, horses or automobiles? It'll always be the same hill, won't it? Race you down! Who'll be the cow's tail?"

The children charged down the hill like frightened ponies, bringing up at the kitchen porch with such a clatter that Aunt Jo came out to see whatever was happening there.

"You colts," she scolded, lightly, "plunging around like that in this heat. Here Dinny, you can draw the water. You always like to, and goodness knows how long we'd have to wait for Luce to get it."

Susan and little Rodger went out with Dinny to see the bucket drawn from the well. "The only bucket well left in all of Scott County," Uncle Neill used to boast, with the pride of a collector, and Aunt Jo would sniff, knowing full well the inconvenience of that particular bit of antique. The children let the rope down slowly, until far, far below they could hear it plop as it hit the water. They drew up the dripping bucket, and from it they filled the granite pail Aunt Jo had given them, and Dinny went with it into the kitchen. Susan took down a dipper from a hook on the side of the well, dipped it into the bucket and handed it to Rodg, who drank deeply, tipping back his head, closing his eyes and gulping audibly. When he had finished, Susan filled the dipper again and drank of its sweet coolness. Then she poured some of the water over her hands and wrists.

Just then Luce came out from the east porch, and Susan called to him, "Want a fresh drink, Luce?" He didn't answer, but came slowly up toward them, reached for the dripping dipper and emptied it slowly; handed it back to Susan. He looked down at her, and a sorry smile wavered across his mouth. "Thanks, Sukey," he said, and went on up the hill, toward the orchard; aimless, lost. Susan followed him with her eyes until he stood at the crest of the hill, until he slipped out of sight, down the other side. And she felt again that burden of some sorrow very old and as yet unknown to her. . . .

Talk was racing back and forth between the Wayne men . . . and Susan, a pair of thirsty ears, stood by her father's chair, happily in the thick of it. They had so little time for words, week days. It was not often she saw Father sitting still, uncurled from plowing, or weeding, or hewing, or stacking; his great-knuckled, easy hands strange in their stillness. Talk moved in light and shadow across his highboned face, that made Susan think of a great poised bird, for all its soft blue eyes and its snow-white baby-soft hair. How like they were, yet how different. Three Wayne brothers, all of them tall, lean, gray men, whose bodies all had felt the bite of hard work (Emerson's least; he had for years now been the storekeeper and postmaster at Dalles, and had a little sleekness over his bones), and whose sons were like them, yet different from them, and from each other. . . . Their words brushed over everything—everything about farming and farmers, and county politics, and the new school board, and the abandoning of the toll bridge, and the return to Dalles of Mad Charley Watts. . . . The co-operative railroad, that had been coming to Dalles for six years, and had only a half mile or so of grading finished, forty miles down Danbury way. The railroad wasn't coming in from Langford, but up along the river from Slater, through Danbury, tapping the rich valley of Turtle River. The younger men thought it would never be finished, there wouldn't be money enough. They even hinted that the promoters had known that, had not really expected to finish it, when they had sold the stock. What kind of talk was that? Sounds like Socialism. . . . Will Bishop, over at Langford, voting the only Socialist vote in Scott County; well, if he wants to throw his vote away. . . . Well, Uncle Neill said, Rodger says (not his brother Rodger, but Rodger in California, his eldest son) it doesn't matter whether the road comes through or not. Rodger thinks the automobile is going to take the place of the railroads, as well as the horses, practically. The Waynes were a little skeptical. Automobiles were still strange Martian insects to the people of Dalles. . . . Surely a railroad was much more dependable. Uncle Neill didn't know, but he had always found that Rodger's ideas turned out to be pretty sound; Rodger had a pretty good head on him. Living out in the cities, too, he was pretty well up with the times. . . . The Waynes were too good tempered to argue, even if unconvinced. They were an amiable lot. The talk bumbled on and on. . . . Girl cousins wandered in and out again. Some of them were at the giggly and whispery stage, some of them were laughably and fussily mature. . . . Susan wondered if she would ever be like that. They didn't want to listen to the talk, she saw; they just wanted to cut across it, to be there. . . . Outside the boy cousins were scattered about, playing one-o'-cat, or scuffling lazily, or sprawled upon their backs, heavy and content with too much food. . . .

The three Mrs. Waynes came in, now, from the

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kitchen; their struggle with the wreckage of the huge dinner was triumphantly over, and the lunch which would be served before any one went home was all prepared. . . . Aunt Em went out into the yard, to see what the children were doing; Aunt Jo went over to the window, began weeding the browned leaves out from the geranium stalks, turning the pots, so that the other side would get the sun, too. Only Mother moved into the circle of talk, not with words, but with listening. Father turned to her as she sat down and said her name. "Helen." And when he had named her, there she was in the room with him, in the very place where he was. She had never seen Aunt Jo in the room, really in the room, with any one, not even with Uncle Neill; especially not with Uncle Neill. Susan wondered, if he had named her when she came in, as Father had a way of naming Mother, would she have been in the room with him then? If he had turned to her and said "Josephine." Susan was sorry that she couldn't be sure Aunt Jo would be there, even then. Anyway, she couldn't imagine "Emmaline" bringing Aunt Em into any room, with any one. . . . Perhaps it was because Mother, like Susan, really loved to listen to words. . . . Not as women mostly listen, politely, but with their mind on the baby, or the way your tie is not straight. Really listening. . . . Aunt Jo, finally, sat down in a low chair by the window, close to the geraniums and the begonia and the ferns. . . . The men were talking, now, about spraying trees. Was it the thing for a man to do, or was it just one of those newfangled notions, that would be forgotten in a few years' time? They all were pretty sure that it was the right thing. . . . And looking at Mother's face, listening so excitedly, Susan could see the fruit trees, rows upon rows of them, menaced by weevils, or black death . . . and an army of soldiers in blue overalls, carrying spray guns, advancing in close formation. Men did have the most enchanting lives! Aunt Jo's almost listless voice behind them, outside the circle, broke the spell. "The Boston fern doesn't seem to be doing so well this year, Helen." Susan wished the men would go on talking about trees, and that Mother would go on listening. But Mother turned, instead, to Aunt Jo and her ferns, and suddenly every one saw that ferns are important too, they had all of them heard of a different tonic for droopy ferns . . . tea leaves . . . tobacco. And Uncle Neill said no, tobacco was for moths in the carpet, and the men laughed together, easily. And Aunt Jo made a little face, but you could see she didn't really mind about ashes on the rug, at least not today. . . . The room was so whole and still, suspended in a silver bubble of peace, and Sundayness, and clanship. . . . It would be nice, Susan thought, if no one ever moved, and burst the bubble . . . if Father and Uncle Neill didn't have to go into the fields, if Uncle Emerson didn't have to go back to the store, if Mother and Aunt Jo could rock forever in that smiling knowingness. . . .

And then outside on the porch, outside the silver bubble, Susan saw Luce, aimless and lost, starting away into the fields . . . saw him lift his head sharply, and stand still, tensed by some menace. . . . And then she heard what he had heard. Clippety, clippety, clip . . . a horse dashing down the hill, down the Langford road, the company road, spanking the gravel smartly with his hoofs. Susan felt the moment when her elders heard it, too . . . Uncle Emerson leaving a word hanging on an unfinished sentence, his face gone suddenly grave and still; Uncle Neill moving cat-footed to the window; Aunt Jo's hands tightening, tightening on the arms of her chair; Father gone instantly to Mother's side. . . . And then they were all moving down the porch, into the yard. . . . The boys were hurrying up from the orchard, from the far corners of the grass. . . . The girls came in from the swings, and down from upstairs. . . . The rider was Sanderson Lane, whose father was the station agent over at Langford . . . and who rode to tell people when some dreadful thing had happened. . . . There it was, a yellow envelope held out to Uncle Neill. Uncle Neill's stiffened hands, suddenly old, fumbling with the message, unfolding it, holding it for a moment, letting it flutter to the ground. A hoarse and terrible cry, as Uncle Neill groped toward Aunt Jo. "Oh, Mom," he called to her, across a rising sea of desolation, "Mom. Oh, Mom."

Some one else picked the message up from the ground, and read it for them all. . . . They would all have to know, whatever it was they would all have to know, now. Warren! Warren Wayne was dead . . . drowned in the sea . . . drowned and dead.

Sick and cold with the stricken sorrow she saw on older faces, Susan crept out of the circle, away from them. She wandered, after a while, down by the spring house, down where the blue and yellow flags had withered on their stalks in the heat of summer. And there, face down among the grasses, lay Lucian Wayne. Susan had never heard a sound so dreadful as his tight hard weeping. The stone in her own body melted in a flame of pity, and she sank beside him. Her arms went around him; far as they could reach they sheltered him. "Don't, Luce, please. Oh, Luce, dear, dear Luce, don't, please." For a moment his grief was wilder, more uncontrolled; then slowly he became quieter, in her arms. His sorrow shaped itself to words. . . . "Why couldn't it have been me, Sukey; why couldn't it have been me? He was so beautiful . . . and they loved him. God, how my mother loved him. He was everything they wanted, Warren was. Oh, why couldn't it have been me? Why couldn't that tide have

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taken me?" And Susan, for a moment, could see Luce standing, tragic and lone, on the orchard hill, and a tide from a far-off sea was rising about his feet.

"No, no, Luce," she cried out of a fierce conviction in her soul. "No, Luce. The organ. . . . Who would play the organ?"

Then Lucian's laughter was more bitter and desolate than all his tears. Until at last it frightened her, and she was glad when Mother called her from the kitchen porch; glad to slip away from him in answer to that call.

"We're going home now, Susan," Mother said. "There's nothing more that we can do, tonight." Susan clung tightly to her mother's hand.

And somehow, with Susan and Dinny sitting on the floor at Mother's feet, and Rodger tucked between Father and Mother on the seat, they all managed to ride home. Nobody said it, but the dug road would be lonely, walking home tonight. Jogging along the ruts of the dug road behind Patch and Leary, under the stars, Susan began naming her family, silently, passionately, as Father named Mother, when she came into a room . . . bringing them safe into her presence, into the crowded carriage . . . even Barbara, whom she scarcely knew, married and ranched in far-away Wyoming. Susan gathered them every one into her heart. . . . For now she knew that one of them might die. Now that Warren Wayne was dead. . . .

When they got home, Father didn't leave Dinny to put the horses away alone. Father and Dinny and little Rodger went all together, to do the things that had to be done at night. And in the kitchen Margaret and Bess and Eloise and Mother were like each others' shadows. . . . Like one pair of hands they went about laying out a little supper. As if any one could eat, thought Susan. . . . Susan sat huddled at the table, near the lamp, watching them move about together, so close, yet so menaced with separation. . . . Her heart within her was a cold stone, cold and sick. . . .

Soon Mother would tell them they must go to bed. Mother would tell them to go to bed, soon. . . .

But Mother came instead and sat very close to Susan, and lifted little Rodger to her lap. He was sleepy. He doesn't know, thought Susan, that our cousin is dead. He has heard it, but he doesn't know it really. And for the first time in her life she wished she were younger; that she didn't know, too. And then Mother laid her hand on Susan's arm. . . .

"Do you remember Warren, Susan?" Mother was asking it sweetly—not as if she were asking about some one who had been horribly sucked into the sea. "You do, don't you, Dinny? Don't you remember the last time he was here, with Rodger and Sherna? Let me think, that must have been four years ago. . . . Warrie must have been about nineteen. . . ." Susan's blood began to unlock again, to flow. You couldn't feel so sick inside when Mother talked about Warrie like that . . . as if he were so warm and near. . . .

"He was a beautiful boy," Mother went on, "and he grew to be a very beautiful young man. A gifted man; and very, very kind. Happy hearted. Friendly. I know he was happy yesterday, too, swimming with his friends. And then before he knew, the tide . . . the sea had carried him even beyond his splendid strength. Before he had had a real sorrow, or a real defeat. I know, I know that he wasn't one bit afraid, even when he knew he was being carried out beyond his strength."

Susan crept closer to her mother, pressed against her and against little Rodger, sleepy in her lap. She could feel Mother looking into her suffering, looking deeply in. And she went on, softly:

"You see, dear, death isn't to be afraid of, any more than life. It's just one part of life . . . so that if you love life truly, the whole of it, as Warrie loved it, you never could really be afraid of death, at all. . . ." Susan nodded solemnly. It seemed to her for a moment that it might be so. . . . Her mother was saying:

"There is a lovely poem in the Bible about death, Susan. You love poetry . . . perhaps you would like to hear what an old Hebrew teacher thought about death, long and long ago."

Father was already bringing the Bible, and Mother began turning the pages; the light fell upon the book; the light flashed upon her wedding ring, turning the pages of the book. And presently, without lifting her eyes to them again, she was reading:

> Or ever the silver cord be loosed;
> Or the golden bowl be broken;
> Or the pitcher be broken at the fountain;
> Or the wheel broken at the cistern;
>
> Then shall the dust return to earth as it was;
> And the Spirit shall return unto God, who gave it.

Tears stung in Susan's eyes, and her throat ached and swelled with the sweet sadness, the heartbreaking beauty of the words, of the voice of her mother, reading the words. . . .

But when the poem was finished, and Mother had closed the book, that steady voice quavered at last into tears. "Poor Jo. Poor, poor Jo," she murmured, brokenly. . . .

And tears spilled over out of Susan's eyes. Death had a lovely song. There was the song . . . but there was death.

Mother! *Mother*. . . .

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Snowshoe Trail

By Elliott Merrick

Narrative of an excursion into the wilderness on a trapping expedition by the author of "Escape to the North."

Toward the beginning of February some score of trappers in the village of North West River, Labrador, begin to tighten their belts and figuratively clench the muscles of their jaws. They have been home from the woods for the three-weeks midwinter sojourn. Now it is time to start up the frozen rivers on the bitterest trip of the year, the long haul back to the distant furring grounds.

It is a little like going to war. Each man is conscious of an enormous Presence that begins just back of the houses, the wilderness that is waiting. He hates it and loves it, he fears it and defies it, and understands its grimness and its bounty. His utmost endurance, his fortitude that is a steel-strong habit in the long days, will not change its sphinx-like face by so much as an ice crystal. But in the mystery of paradoxical sensations that the wilderness rouses each man feels that he has been made whatever he is by the great Unknowable where he is going. It cares not whether it kills him or makes him rich, but he is close enough to the great Unknowable to have borrowed and armed himself with a little of its own immortal carelessness.

Henry Blake and I and a man named Edward Michelin were together most of the way up, seventeen days of the most abominable weather that ever was; thaws, rains, blizzards and gales of wind at thirty below.

We were bound up Grand River on the spring hunt, early February to mid-April, for a point some two hundred miles west of the head of Hamilton Inlet. Henry's fur paths and cabin were at the upper end of Lake Winnikapau and once there he had promised to teach me as much as he could about trapping. Edward was going fifty miles farther on. Both men were native trappers of European stock, crossed in the time of their great-grandfathers with Eskimo.

Some weeks before this my wife and I had reached the village after four months in the bush with trappers. On that trip we left in September before the freeze-up and in our deep, strong canoes built especially for the rapids we were able to take a considerable supply of grub. But this time everything had to be lashed on toboggans, and my dog and I could scarcely haul enough to nourish ourselves. Katherine had to stay with our friends, the Groves, at Goose Bay, a day's walk from the village. She learned to knit trout nets, hunted and fished, tried her hand at making caribouskin moccasins, did a little nursing when any one within reach was so kind as to be sick, read again that finest book in all the world, *Jean Christophe,* by Romain Rolland. The monotony of the long winters is something that persistently eluded both of us.

For this, the spring hunt, Ed had a catamaran (a light sledge with wide runners) and a powerful husky dog to help him. Henry had a toboggan and a little Indian hunting dog named Dash. Dash was very small, but if the going was not too bad he could haul a small bundle of clothes and a grub bag done up in a sealskin. I had a toboggan for myself and another small one for my dog. She followed along behind on the track, or was supposed to. My dog's name was Diamond, but before we got home again she was so thin, poor thing, that Henry called her Old Drybones.

With the varying weather we had all kinds of going, crust that broke and hooked our snowshoes, light, powdery snow in which we sank above the knees with our racquets on, but most of all sticky snow that clung to the snowshoes, making them weigh about ten pounds apiece, and put the brakes on our sleds till we could barely move them. Sometimes they came so hard it seemed as though we were just rocking from side to side in pain and not stepping ahead at all. We'd start out in the morning and it would be such hard hauling I'd say to myself a man can't keep this up all day no matter who he is. And in the evening we'd still be at it.

Labradormen are odd with their code of never giving in. Most every evening about half past four we'd stagger up a bank, build a fire and boil a kettle of tea. After we were finished, we'd start picking up our grub bags while Henry said, "Well, I s'pose we better go on a ways," and Edward answered, "Sure."

Then casually looking around he would remark that it looked like a pretty good place to camp. Henry would say, "Yes it is a pretty good place for wood and brush." Then they'd both turn to me and ask me if I wanted to go on or camp.

I joined in the farce always and said, "It's up to you. I don't care. I'd just as soon go on if you want." Really I didn't see how I could crawl another inch, but I've

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found you always can somehow, especially after a cup of tea.

Then Henry or Ed (generally they alternated, one tonight and the other tomorrow) would say, "Well, I aren't tired, but if you fellus want to we may's well camp 'er down. My! we've only come a little piece today."

Up by Mouni's Rapid I got snowblind. My glasses were fancy things from the States with sides in them and fur to go against the face. Of course they steamed up from the warmth of my face inside and the cold outside. I got disgusted and took them off. The third evening the blindness struck me. I was almost totally blind for one day and blind in one eye for three days. It was a very mild attack, but the light from a candle in the opposite corner of the tent would stab me through the head like a knife, even though I had my eyes covered with a bandanna and my two hands. A pair of "glasses" such as the Eskimos have used for centuries would have been much better. They are pieces of wood about an inch thick, carved the shape of eyeglasses. They are pierced by two tiny eye holes. The outer part of each hole is cut away, funnel shape, to enlarge the range of vision. The sides of the funnels are blackened with charred wood to dull the light that enters to the eyes.

It was a February of unprecedented mildness. The river was open almost everywhere along by Mouni's. We crossed on a rotten bridge of ice, tapping ahead of us with sticks. Now and then the stick went through and we stepped elsewhere. The bridge disintegrated as we walked on it. I doubt if any one could have crossed behind us. Next morning it was gone.

Ed left us there to go on up to his place at the Big Hill. We had to stop a day and a half to look at some traps Henry had left set by the river in December on his way home.

Our last day up that interminable Lake Winnakapau there was a crust on top and sticky snow underneath. At every step we broke through a hole nearly two feet deep and could hardly pull our racquets out to make another hole. We took fifteen-minute turns ahead. At the end of each period the man who had been breaking trail would sit on his sled gasping and rubbing his legs while the sweat ran into his eyes and the shivers coursed up and down his back. The other fellow went on, punching holes in the crust, floundering, stumbling, often falling, beating his snowshoes with a stick at each step to knock the lumps off them. It was easy enough to catch up to him, and then came the turn ahead again. If we took off our snowshoes we sank almost to the hip and the bottom six inches was water on the ice. The hauling lines ate into our arms and chafed our hands raw in the mittens.

For hours we never spoke, afraid of the words of weakness we might say if we opened our lips. Henry's sled had one crossbar broken off and it was running badly. He was also suffering from indigestion. I was ahead for a long stretch and I commenced to leave him behind. When two men are travelling under such terrific stress, it unfortunately but almost inevitably becomes a contest with considerable temporary bitterness. I know that it is so with Labradorman and Labradorman. Perhaps it is even more so with a Labradorman and an outsider. I cannot explain it; nevertheless the feeling is tremendously powerful. As I commenced to draw away I looked back and saw that Henry was pale and had his teeth in his lip. A gust of blinding passion shook the sanity right out of me and I thought as my teeth ground savagely, "Now I can leave you if I want. You have left me behind so many times on these sled hauling trips, all you Labradormen; you have always been superior, now it is my turn for once. Ah, God, I don't care if his sled is running harder than mine and he's sick. I wouldn't care if he had a broken leg. No one has ever cared if I was lame and my load was lashed on crooked and my hands were freezing. It's a fight and nothing counts but results. I can leave him, I can leave him. I don't care why, the fact remains."

I had no intention of leaving him or even showing him that I could. It was only the glory of knowing that I could, that I had the power. I could have held up my fists to the sky and screamed with evil joy. I did not remember how Henry and others like him have taught me and hauled stuff for me to make my load lighter and waited for me and been kind to me in the midst of the cruelest suffering. For a moment there was not one spark of goodness in me. I found myself trembling and afraid.

Henry hauled up alongside and we stopped and ate bread and sugar to keep us going. After that he was as good for it as I was.

All afternoon the same stony headlands looked down on us, two specks in a pit of mountains. They eyed us, as distant and unattainable as the clouds. Poor Diamond commenced to falter and drop way behind on the track. I put more of her load on my sled, but still she lagged behind with her little sled. When she got a quarter of a mile back she would lie down in the snow and stay there. I had to run back and get her and drive her ahead of me and try to catch up. When I had caught up it would be time for my turn ahead again and I was so done out from running I could hardly stagger.

At nine o'clock, hours and hours after dark we reached Henry's cabin which is built in a level grove of birches close to the shore at the foot of a mountain. The mountain looks as though it would one day kick the cabin into the lake. But for a protecting spur of

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rock, avalanches would have done so long ago. We dug out the door and went in. For a minute we sat in the cold dark with our heads in our hands not thinking of anything, not even of lighting a fire in the tin camp stove. We were too tired to cook the meal of bacon and peas we would have liked, but after a mugup of bread and tea it was fine to curl down in the bag and pull the soft duffle blanket up close and drop off to sleep with the friendly fire snapping and the light from the damper hole dancing black and gold on the logs.

In the daylight the huge thirty-five-mile lake with its jagged edge of sheer blue mountains rising to the sky made that cabin seem too small even to exist. The weight of the mountains and the length of the lake crushed its being, its consciousness of itself to absolute nothing. Sometimes at dusk I would be coming home across the lake. Perhaps Henry was at the cabin skinning fur and had the candle lit. It used to make me smile—the crouched, menacing bulk of the mountain, like a black giant as high as the sky, and perched on one of his toenails, the cocky pinpoint light, laughing.

Henry furred the path that goes into the country three days' walk to the south and I furred the trap line that extends three days to the north. He took me with him once in each path setting up traps and trying to teach me as much as he could in the short time. Then we went our separate ways in opposite directions, always arranging, however, to meet on Saturdays or Sundays at the cabin by the lake.

The north path was all long narrow lakes and hills, a chopped up, broken country of woods and open ice and long views over endless trees and snowy land. About every quarter of a mile there would be a trap. Setting and baiting and fixing them barehanded is cold work. The smell of the rotten fish and beaver castor bait never left me. Otter and beaver traps are the coldest to manage, for they are set in water. It's very strange and illuminating to be alone in the woods 150 miles from a living soul, with darkness coming on, not knowing the way very well, the wind rising and the sky aching to belch snow. All nature seems to be brooding, watching. It makes you very careful of your feet when you see the shiny axe blade bite the wood you're cutting up for the night. Sometimes the atmosphere was so hostile, I had no idea of ever getting out of it alive, but I wasn't really afraid.

One of those lowering, hostile days I had to stop all day at the little tilt on a hillside by a lake that Henry calls Red Water. Diamond was having puppies. Three little beauties they were, two brown and white and one black and white like herself. I had a heavy pack and no sled. They couldn't walk and I couldn't carry them. Diamond was so thin I doubt if she could have fed them long. We had nothing to feed them on and very little for ourselves and Diamond. We couldn't haul them two hundred miles down the river and care for them all the way. I had to kill them, though I would almost as soon have killed myself. I took Diamond down the hill to the shore and tied her to a tree; then hurried back up, and laying the puppies' heads on a log, I smashed them with an axe handle. I looked up, shivering, smeared with blood, and there stood Diamond silent between two trees watching. She had slipped her harness. *The Hound of the Baskervilles* flashed into my mind. I don't know why. I suppose because the story sickened me with horror when I read it at the age of twelve. Diamond didn't fly at my throat. I took her down the hill again and tied her fast with trembling fingers, then buried the pups a long way off in the snow. I think I know the grisly feeling of being a murderer, a Macbeth or an explorer who shoots the dogs that have slaved for him. If a horn owl had called, I think I would have been off the handle.

After all, confidence comes when the strangeness wears off. There were sunny days too, swinging down narrow, cliff-bordered lakes for some of which I invented names each time I came to them, Rabbit Ribs, Paradise Alley, Hour-Glass, Puddle, Hole-in-the-Clouds, Shuttle, Never End. There were brooks where the water never stopped singing down under the ice and a beautiful hill above a fair-sized stream that I think was Michikamau River. Those days I forgot to remember blizzards and was glad to see nothing in the traps, dreaming all day to the snowshoe rhythm of old friends and when I was a kid and how Father used to read us Robin Hood and Roland and I used to look forward to it all day. Funny to think I was once a brisk young man in an office. At night the cosy fire and the Northern Lights and the bursting sensation of being tired and young and strong, absolutely on one's own to live or die.

We had a cold bright spell that lasted nearly two weeks during which the snowshoeing was perfect—a good crust with an inch-deep carpet of soft snow on top. The familiar webs that had grown so much a part of me seemed to have a spring of their own as though the day could never be long enough. I often used to stop on a hillside to look back at the trail streaming from my heels, flowing back astern, scarring the lonely, limitless snow as a ship's wake might scar the Pacific. Over glistening white hills and marshes and lakes it winds, a darker serpentine ribbon, scallop-edged, filled with tumbled blue shadow markings. And every individual print is a beautiful thing, a bit of sculpture, endless impressions of an Indian craftsman's masterpiece. Here is the broader webbed *babische* of the close-knit

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middles, here the finer knit *tibische* of the heads and tails molded into the snow, perfect in every finest line; there the round-curved frame of strong white birch and the lip of the tail, the head bar and the tail bar, the toe hole and a small cup scooped from the snow where my toe pushed through the hole at the end of the step; the blurred mark of the dragging tail, then another perfect, graceful-lined pattern printed in blue-white marble.

Sunny days something seemed to be pulling me along, calling to me. It was never this tree, this drifted-up brook under the silver pines, this willow twig right here. It was always on, on through the bright quiet country, beyond the lakes and over the spruce ridges that leaned against the sky far ahead. I found myself wondering what it was, this persistent call that I could not answer. And at last I became convinced that it was not just fancy, but something concrete and real. Quite simply it is this: happiness for the man strong enough to take it.

Evenings, after the wood was cut up and supper cooked and eaten, there was always the work of thawing and skinning fur, baking for tomorrow, mending snowshoes and getting everything ready for the start at daylight. I never stretched out on the log bunk before eleven o'clock or midnight. Then the cold woke me up to stoke the stove two or three times before dawn. In the path one can carry neither blanket nor sleeping bag.

We were short of grub most of the time and seldom killed all the partridge, rabbits or porcupine we wanted. There was some old caribou track, but we didn't see any caribou and you can't eat track. Occasionally we managed to get enough meat for a big feed that would satisfy our hunger. Especially for Sundays at the big cabin by the lake we tried to do this. But in general the mainstay was bannock and not enough of that. I tried to bake about half what I knew I'd want. The brain keeps saying, "If you don't skimp you'll starve altogether," and the stomach answers, "Let's eat and the devil with tomorrow."

The second of April we pulled out for home. My total was five mink. three marten, and twenty-five ermine. Very poor.

Henry had to haul home the canoe that he came up the river in last fall. A couple of days before we left he cut down a straight-grained spruce and hewed out a catamaran sledge to drag the canoe on. Winnikapau was sticky again and it took us a day and a half to get to the lower end, Henry, the dog, and I all hauling on the catamaran, with my toboggan, the sleeping bags, tent and stove, guns, kettles and grub all piled in the canoe. Below the lake the river was open for a long way. It was sunset when we got to the water, put the catamaran aboard and started walking down the current with our arms instead of over the ice with our legs. Before the long twilight was over the swift tide had bowled us down to Mouni's, a distance that took us three days on the way up.

Ten miles below Mouni's we paddled next day before we came to the ice. In the afternoon in a snowstorm we met Victor Goudie and Gordon Goudie, two young fellows with a dogteam and komatik on their way up to get their canoes and bring them down for next fall's hunt again. As prearranged they brought two dogs for us.

We hauled where the river was frozen and paddled wherever there was a mile or so of open water. In many places the ice was covered with water and getting weak. Our sealskin boots were leaky and getting worn out too. Places where the ice was bending under us we'd run along with one hand on the canoe so that we could hold on and it would float us at any minute if the whole business went through. We hauled across lots of yellow, slushy places we wouldn't have dared try but for our amphibian rig. Generally when we were in the canoe we let the dogs follow along shore.

We nearly got a ducking in the Horseshoe Rapids. It was sleeting and freezing on us as we paddled down toward them, the water very black and filled with floating slob, the hills lost in slanting snow, the canoe and everything in it draped with wet, white flakes, such a vague, strange, magic, miserable afternoon. I looked back at Henry in the stern, covered with snow, a fur cap, ragged beard, icy mitts on an icy paddle; sliding down that black river he looked the picture of an oldtime voyageur. We had three rapids to run before we got to Horseshoe tilt, a cabin tucked away beside a brook in a deep valley of enormous hills. Down ahead the rapids were roaring and the broad water narrowed to a raging channel between sheer ten-foot walls of blue and green ice. We picked up speed until it seemed we were falling through this chasm. Ahead of us the water broke at the brink of the rapid's slant. The incline was so steep we couldn't see over to make out where the worst rocks or the smoothest water lay.

We were rushing down the grade when we saw about fifty yards ahead of us the big white plume that curls up over a boulder just under the surface. We dug our paddles to get clear, but an eddy drew us right down on it. At the last second Henry stuck her straight for it, for if she hit broadside, she would roll over and over like a barrel. We were flying and the water looked very cold. Just above the rock there was a deep pocket where the water dipped and then flew into the air over the rock. Into this hole we plunged, stood almost

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straight on end, put the bow right under and filled the canoe a quarter full. But she rose to it ever so quickly and we shot up over the boulder and never touched. We must have had an inch or so to spare. We spent the night at Horseshoe tilt and I was glad, for I was freezing.

From there on it was all ice. We were up before sunrise every morning, watching the weather like cats, hating the warm sun that came at noon to rot the crust, hating the rain or the snow or the east wind because they were our enemies that chained our feet and slowed the sleds. Mostly we had sunny days and our faces were burned nearly black with the glare from the snow. In those long spring days of five o'clock dawn and eight o'clock dark we made thirty-five mile runs.

The last morning I was glad when I parted from Henry at Traverspine to cut across the six miles of woods for Goose Bay and Katherine. Then I could limp as much as I wanted. I was crusted with dirt, ragged, hungry, my sled was broken and patched, my dog was as lean as a fence rail and most of all I was weary with the cumulative weariness of walking, hauling, running, paddling, cooking, getting wood and water, patching boots for endless days and nights. The last few days there had been no beauty in nature, only adverse or advantageous travelling conditions. The great high hills beside the river half lost in snowstorms, the lovely purple snow that sparkles with gold dust in the sunrise, the blue sky and sunset clouds were very little to me compared with a good crust that would get us along. Getting along—that is the fixed idea, waking and sleeping. All for a dream of comfort and food and relief from walking, walking, walking. It wasn't all quite crushed out of me, but almost. I was good and sick of the life in the woods and could hardly bear the thought of ever going up the river again.

And then all at once I was home again. Clean clothes and comfort and leisure, days and nights of luxurious aches in a bottomless abyss of sleep, much food, and the depths of the abyss once more. The world of books and thoughts again. I had forgotten it. The world of quiet sunsets through the window and the snowy mountains deepening, darkening. No more of the knife-like keenness of self-preservation, no more lean endless strength set in endless weariness. A house was like a fort, safe even from storms and the wrath of God, a place to be secure in, and being secure, at peace.

It bothered me considerably in the last few days to see my long-tried philosophy going to pot. But there in the house I remembered that the swing of contrasting cycles, Labradormen have told me, is much the same with them. Toward the end of the summer, living with their families in their snug houses by the shore of the bay, they begin to grow restless for the absolute freedom of their solitary fur paths way off in the country. In the silence and the snow there will be no one to consider but themselves. There will be no one to get hungry or sick or cold, no one to slow them up, no one to make concessions to or expect help from. A hunter works alone, supreme and free, sufficient unto himself in the life he knows and understands.

But by the time the winter is over each man is tired of the silence, hating the smell of a balsam bed, sick to the soul of walking and hauling, mending snowshoes, skinning fur, partridge stew, the dirt, the hardship. He starts on the long haul home "drivin' 'er," and he keeps it up to unbelievable limits of endurance. On the bad ice, across sticky lakes where the crust is rotten, in the glare of the high spring sun on blinding whiteness the image of home sustains him. Home means a spot that he picked himself where the water is deep to the shore and boats can float in to the bank, a clearing that he made with his own axe, a house that he raised with his own hands and has been fighting for ever since. Several times a year he tumbles into his own little nest, ragged, dirty, utterly weary, unquenchably hungry, "done." It is too good to be true.

For both the man and his woman, who is a most indispensable partner with him in the business of living, existence is a long round of contrasts. At least twice a year they have the good fortune to be separated. The man leaves the village bound into the country and they part with a casual "So long," or "Good luck." The woman turns back to the house and the children and waits and works hard and is cold and afraid some nights. But at last it is over once more. One afternoon a chain of black specks appears far out on the ice. The children run down to the shore and yell, "Paa's comin'." The woman gets out the glass and steadying it on the window sill looks long. By the time the links of the chain are as big as peas she knows by the gait and the swing of the arms if her man is there. The travellers come up the bank, and even their stained, frayed clothing looks weary. The children proudly take the sled and the man straightens up and walks to his house. He is home and his woman is feeding him and each of them knows that the other has been a bit of a hero just by living his life. Nothing is ever wearisome.

I am thankful to have been a little part of this, to know the ever newness of such a way-of-life. And more than all is the land, the backdrop against which these lives are tempered, taught, crushed, made strong or beautiful. The long white lakes, the mountains and rivers, the space and the northern lights, the spruce forests and birch hills, the cold and the terrible beauty of it when darkness is tightening like a grip of iron; nothing in my lifetime will be more satisfying to have glimpsed than the heart of all that.

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STRAWS IN THE WIND

Significant notes in world affairs today

FROM PARADISE TO PIG IRON *By William C. White*

The Russians this month celebrate the fifteenth year of the search for a formula for world revolution

During this month of November the Russian Communists are rejoicing in their fifteenth year of power in Moscow. At the same time Communist parties in every bourgeois capital are celebrating, a little less joyfully perhaps, fifteen years of waiting for power.

Judged by the simplest of all political criteria, those fifteen years have been a period of unbroken success for the Soviet rulers: they are still in power. But, from another point of view, they have been years marked by baffling and complete failure.

The more easily assayed elements in the formula of revolution which brought the Bolsheviki to success in Russia are well known. A political chemist, from Russian laboratory experience, might write the formula thus: Take a nation wearied by war, famine, or both, and a disillusioned people possessing, for the most part, nothing but forlorn hopes; add to this a small upper class, blind to the impermanence of its possessions, heedless of the shallowness of its roots, and content in its control of a selfish, putrefying, political system. Let the whole mess be agitated by a small, fanatically sincere group of revolutionaries.

Such are the recognizable components of the formula which brought the Bolsheviki to power in 1917, when there were only 40,000 members in their party.

Trotsky, now perched on a Turkish Saint Helena, a better historian than prophet, was speaking at a mass meeting in those days when all the world seemed new: "There are only two alternatives; either the Russian revolution will create a revolutionary movement in Europe or the European powers will destroy the Russian revolution." John Reed, present at that meeting, has described the mood of the audience: "They greeted him with an immense crusading acclaim, kindling to the daring of it, with the thought of championing mankind."

Revolutionaries, the world over, were exhorted to look hereafter on Russia as the proletarian fatherland. Invitations to come to Moscow and to form a home office for World Revolution were issued. From every corner and hideaway radicals headed for Moscow, to receive what had hitherto been pathetically lacking in their lives, a warm welcome. The thought of "championing mankind" was magnetic. It made the problems of staying in power and of rebuilding Russia seem less complex and less unpleasant.

In the course of the last fifteen years the vital interest of the Russian Communist party has moved from the paradisical to the prosaic. It is not "the thought of championing mankind" which the party uses today to make the masses forget the inconvenience of food cards, but statistics on pig-iron and tractor production. Soviet newspapers furnish daily "box scores" of the production figures in the large factories. The distance between "championing mankind" and producing pig iron measures the space which Soviet Russia has travelled in fifteen years and sums up the history of that period.

During the past fifteen years there have been hunger, fatigue, dissatisfaction, desperation, and selfishness in abundant quantity in the world. At the same time Communist groups have been organized in many countries; the Communist Almanac lists fifty-eight different parties. Yet every attempt of these parties, directed from Moscow, to use the Russian formula of 1917 to produce revolution in their own lands has failed. Something seems lacking in that formula when applied elsewhere. The Communists have tried with gold, grenades, and with guns, as in Poland in 1920, to supply the missing components. But they have failed to find the formula of successful proletarian revolution outside Russia.

In January, 1918, Lenin boasted triumphantly: "We have lasted two months and fifteen days, five days longer than the Paris Commune in 1870!" For one who thus counted time by days, fifteen years is a long period. It is time sufficient to furnish material for weighing the results, immediate and remote, of the continued existence of the Soviet Union on the rest of the world and to mark up some of the successes and failures of the Communist régime. Statistics summing up Soviet accomplishments and deficiencies have been abundant; fifteen years have given Soviet Russia the dubious honor of producing more columns of complex statistics than any other nation in the world; there was even one Soviet citizen who went around trying to compile statistics on the number of officials whose handwriting is illegible. But some successes and failures cannot be weighed in columns of figures. These, perhaps, are the most important.

Soviet state policy during fifteen years has followed a tortuous path, shifting and twisting from right to left and back again to the centre. Such incessant political tacking has been often superficially interpreted by foreigners as implying that "Russia is returning to normal"; which phrase, one presumes, means a return to private property and to individual ownership, from which "normalcy" our present blessings flow. Basic government policies have been changed a dozen times and often most abruptly. Bureaus and departments have been organized and reorganized. No matter how busy a Soviet official may appear to be as he rushes about with his ever-present briefcase under his arm (which sometimes contains nothing but a ring of sausage, if there is any sausage, and a pair of rubbers, if there are any rubbers), he can always find time for one further reorganization.

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Yet, during these fifteen years of ceaseless changing and experimenting, the Soviet government has stood firmly by its first decrees of 1917. The decree stating "The right of private property in land is abolished forever," and the later orders which nationalized factories, mines, and stores, and aimed at wiping out at one stroke the power of the middle classes, still remain in effect, untouched.

These decrees, when issued, were only typed proclamations; on the very afternoon of November 11, 1917, an order went out of Lenin's headquarters, "Please send some one to come to fix the typewriters!" Together with the decree promising immediate peace, these proclamations corresponded to popular wishes in Russia. They were aimed, likewise, at the working classes of all nations. Russia, it seemed, the most backward of the great nations, had found her mission in leading the proletariat of the world toward the dawn. It was a rôle, loudly proclaimed, which appealed to what is fondly called "the Russian soul."

The machinery necessary to enforce these decrees at home had to be captured in the months to come. The Bolsheviki did not pretend to be offering a finished programme of reform in those first days of the revolution. "We must give full freedom to the creative power of the masses," Lenin said. In the meanwhile, one must capture the imagination of the masses; that could not be taken as easily as Petrograd had been.

In issuing those decrees and in deciding to enforce them literally, for the benefit of home and abroad, the Bolsheviki made a startling deviation from Karl Marx. He had thought of a communist state as something to be achieved only after a long period of transition. Lenin and his group, guided by expediency, chose to skip any such time of transition. Perhaps their misjudgment of the height of revolutionary spirit in other lands had something to do with that choice. The Bolsheviki might have decided to permit a form of petty capitalism to continue until the economic power of the state grew strong enough to blight it. Instead, in a nation where the majority were peasants, petty capitalists, they chose to uproot it. Many of the troubles which have plagued the Soviet government since 1917 have arisen from this decision.

The example which Russia set was not followed in other lands, as had been so sanguinely hoped. The first Constitution, drawn up in the early months of the new régime, was planned with an astigmatic eye on the coming World Revolution. A clause permitting any nation that wished to join with the Russian Socialist Federation to do so was inserted. But neither the economic plans nor the political promises nor even the launching of the war on Poland could persuade any other nation to follow Russia's lead. The influence of the Soviet state on the world outside has been indirect and by inference instead of being direct and dictatorial as had been so fondly hoped in 1917.

As the Bolshevik leaders in 1917 looked into the future they could not foresee the rise of resurgent nationalism in Europe during the next decade, often expressing itself in rigid dictatorships. Yet the Bolsheviki contributed indirectly to the appearance of this phenomenon; it was the fear of Communism in part that led to the various forms of Fascism now present in Europe. Mussolini, too, has heard of "the creative power of the masses," and has shown that that power can be wired to any outlet which strong leaders may desire. Fascism, at times, seems to be nothing but Communism standing on its head and waving a flag.

Further, it was the Bolsheviki who discovered that a small party can be as absolute in its power as can a monarchy. It was they who began in the name of the People, the slaughter of democracy which has marked the last decade in Europe. The February revolution brought to Russia something like democracy; the Bolshevik revolution ended it, but not before too much talking had paralyzed it. Even after the Bolsheviki had come to power, they were forced to permit a Constituent Assembly to meet, in which they were a minority party and where they faced the chance of being "voted" out of power. The delegates came armed with candles and sandwiches, lest the lights and the food supplies be shut off by the Bolsheviki. Through a long day and a longer night the delegates talked, as far from reality as was the average Russian liberal. The Bolsheviki did nothing except to quit the meeting early in the day.

At three A.M. the police guard asked the meeting to break up, saying that they were tired and needed some sleep. It broke up, never to meet again. It is presumed that the People's police got their sleep. The principle of the dictatorship of a single party, guiding the creative power of the masses *in the name of the masses* was established in fact. There has been class rule in many nations before, but the Bolsheviki have been the first group to boast about it. It is one contribution of Bolshevism to political science and to honesty.

Every government born of revolution has had to battle for recognition from the other nations. The Bolsheviki have been more or less successful in that battle. The United States has not yet recognized Russia, but rather to our own disadvantage, as the Far Eastern Division of our State Department is discovering at the moment. Governor Roosevelt has been seeking first-hand information about the Soviet Union and there is hope. The influence of the continued existence of Soviet Russia on the family of nations is unique. The Soviet Union has sought to occupy a position of "balance of power," making alliances with no set of favored nations, trying to gain where possible from both sides and, where it has amused them, to confuse both sides. Because of this position Mr. Litvinov, the Soviet Foreign Minister, has been able to make very frank remarks, for example on disarmament, about things which every statesman knows but, because of being a statesman, bourgeois style, does not dare to say. This has been a novelty in world politics, and rather refreshing.

At the same time, the Soviet Union has been accused of unnumbered plots and dark ambitions; some have been well founded. But more red herring have been dragged out of Russia by various European and American statesmen than come from Yarmouth. It is interesting to remember how two years ago, in a wave of anti-Soviet feeling, the Bolsheviki were accused of helping to bring on the depression. Today one hears little of that. But a lot of gentlemen gained the ephemeral fame of front-page headlines, thanks, indirectly,

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to the Soviet Union. Mr. Hamilton Fish, as one of them, who was so busily investigating Communist activities in America two years ago, should be glad that the Soviet government did not perish in the flames of civil war in 1919.

There have been many comparisons drawn between the French Revolution and the revolution in Russia. Superficially, at least, they seem to have a lot in common. Think of the first fifteen years after 1789 and the same period in Russia after 1917. After a decade and a half France was an absolute monarchy, ruled by an individual who put his relations and friends in key positions. Russia today is an absolute "polyarchy," ruled by a Party, putting its members into the important positions.

Every revolutionary group always faces the same problems: there is the problem of getting into power, followed by that of staying in power. In the latter the use of force helps but that is not everything. Then comes the most difficult of all problems, that of continuing to maintain the enthusiasm of the masses who have assisted actively or passively to put the new government at the top and to keep it there.

The French faced these problems, as have the Russians. The French chose to seek a solution of the last problem by going outside France with armies and flags to fight on foreign fields. The Bolsheviki thought at one time that they might do the same thing, but they could not without first knowing the formula for successful revolution abroad. Turned back on themselves, they discovered a new method of arousing and maintaining enthusiasm—and, incidentally, of keeping themselves in power. Instead of furnishing the populace with bulletins of victories abroad (such bulletins are difficult to write when there have been no victories!) they have caught firm hold of the imagination of the masses with stories of what could be done at home. The result—the French eventually got the Bourbons back and lost many of the gains of the revolution: the Russians still have the basic decrees of 1917 unchanged and the Romanovs are writing memoirs and lecturing in America.

The most serious moment which the Bolsheviki have faced in their fifteen years of power was in 1921. The naval garrison at Kronstadt was in revolt. The peasants in the Tambov district and elsewhere had turned on the party which had led them to their land a few years before and which was now trying to take their bread. The situation was eased by correcting the mistake which had been made in 1917, in trying to skip the transition period to Communism, by setting up the New Economic Policy, with the return of the petty capitalist. The introduction of the "Nep" was a final confession that the World Revolution, like so many things conceived in Russia, lacked all sense of time and was unavoidably delayed. The war on Poland, in 1920, had given the Soviet leaders a suspicion of that.

It was at this moment in 1921 that Lenin wrote a little-known letter to Krzhizhanovsky saying, "What we need is some kind of a Plan to enrapture the proletariat. Let it be in kilowatt hours or the Devil knows what!" From Lenin's foresight came that second great contribution of Soviet Russia to political science, State planning. The proletariat have been enraptured. Pig iron foundries and tractor factories are the 1932 reincarnations of Arcole and Austerlitz. Championing mankind has given way, for the time at least, to chaining the water power of Russia to dynamos. And the peace of the world has profited greatly thereby.

For the past ten years Soviet Russia has offered the world the spectacle of a large nation running on the basis of a planned State economy. The question of the success or failure to reach levels set by the Plan is hotly debated and the shorter the time the observer has been in Russia, the more confident are his conclusions. But the question itself is of less importance than the fact that it is now inconceivable that Soviet Russia could get along without a Plan of some sort. No matter how far above or below expectations are the Soviet performances, never a word is said about abolishing State planning. All energies are turned toward it and the Plan has become almost deified; if sufficient sacrifices are made to it, as to the gods of old, the faithful are promised that they will be richly rewarded. In the midst of the depression, statesmen the world over have thought of plans and State planning; Mr. Hoover has spoken of a Twenty-Year Plan. Here is another contribution of the Soviet Union to the bourgeois world. It is a trifle paradoxical that it is the leaders of capitalism in other nations who now demand "a Plan" and not the various proletariats.

The greatest decision made by the Communists in their fifteen years of rule was the resolution to devote all resources and energies to building up Russia instead of first trying to tear down capitalism in the world outside. It is hard to date that decision accurately; but within recent years the Communist International has had to economize severely and foreign Communist parties now dream of subsidies instead of dispensing them.

It is the Plan which has given the Bolsheviki their greatest success during these years, the capture of the younger generation. People forget that in the past fifteen years there has been time for a totally new organization to arise in Russia and that, roughly speaking, no one under the age of twenty-five remembers anything very vividly of old bourgeois Russia. Normal life, as they know it, is life as it is lived in the Soviet Union. And that generation is now pro-Communist.

Because of the capture of this generation, Soviet Russia is giving to the world today positive proof that human nature can be changed, that human beings can work inspired by incentives other than those of capitalistic society. And because this generation is with the Communist party, the ever-present problem facing any revolutionary group is solved—the problem of how to stay in power! By offering a new generation glowing pictures of what the New Russia will some day be, by satisfying the longing in the heart of every *Russian,* that a nation as great as his, so magnificently gifted by nature, may some day be a first-class power in more than size, the Communist party has reached its fifteenth anniversary in peace and can look forward to further anniversaries in the future.

There are problems which the party has not solved; the peasant problem, complicated at the beginning by skipping a period of transition, is more pressing than ever as even collectiviza-

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tion of the village land does not bring more food on the market; the problems of credit and sales abroad, always complex and vital, are now further involved because of the depression of world prices. But the problems which concern the continued existence of the government are solved—of the means for keeping the party in power and for maintaining the enthusiasm of the masses even, most miraculously, without satisfactorily feeding them!

They have been solved, in the final analysis, by retreating from the position of 1917. Instead of continuing a search for the formula for World Revolution, the Communists returned to Russia itself. Taking advantage of the unique characteristics of Russia, its backwardness, its dreams, its untapped resources, they have continued to direct "the creative power of the masses." It is Russia which has kept them in power. It would be difficult to imagine a successful Communist party in America, for example, arousing enthusiasm by painting word pictures of the joy of possessing the largest tractor factory, the largest dam, the largest iron smelters in the world. But the thought of these things has appealed to the Russian who has never had them. And the party continues to rule!

And here, perhaps, is a clue to the element missing in that long-sought formula for revolution. As the Bolsheviki maintain themselves in power by appealing to the unique desires of the Russian people, so they came into power because of the unique characteristics of this people and their land. A similar revolution could not have taken place elsewhere. It needed a nation weary of war, poverty stricken, decentralized, chiefly agricultural, illiterate, to bring about a Bolshevik success. So was it Russia that brought the party to power.

Here, too, are cold comfort and a suggestion to other Communist parties. They still think of the old formula. Their whole dogma is Russian and their plans of action are built on the Russian experience. They think in this constricted channel and they are uninterested in building national Communist parties with a formula to fit the peculiarities of each nation. And they fumble around with a revolutionary formula, trying to apply it, discouraged at their lack of results, not realizing that the missing component in that formula is—Russia.

THREE YOUNG MEN STATE THEIR CASES

A college graduate who went into politics under machine auspices, a clerk, now unemployed, and a New York advertising man respond to the challenge of William Harlan Hale's "Address to the Young Men" in strongly contrasting fashion.

Hundreds of responses to the article published in the August SCRIBNER'S have come in. McCready Huston analyzed the tendencies of the replies and criticised them from the standpoint of a newspaper editor and writer of experience ("The Young Men Answer," October SCRIBNER'S). Among other things he pointed out the difficulty of attracting the support of the non-college elements of the white-collar class. Mr. Carson's article this month, a vivid and stinging piece of writing, throws additional light on the white-collar masses. Mr. Wells, on the other hand, points to the extent of potential strength possessed by the college people alone and makes the definite proposal to form a minority organization of youth.

THE CASE FOR SKEPTICISM

By Holmes M. Alexander
Princeton 1928

IT is a commonplace these days for a man who is addressing an audience of youth—whether from pulpit, platform, or the public press—to urge it upon his hearers that they have done with cynicism and apathy, that they embrace idealism and gird up their loins for action. Mr. William Harlan Hale has done just that. He has said the present incumbents have got the world into such a mess that the young generation will have to do something about it, and he suggests their "solid and severe entry into political action."

It so happens that I find myself in the rôle of a young man who has already gone at least part way with Mr. Hale. Two years ago, when I was one year out of college, I was elected to the State Legislature. Inflated by much the same zeal which seems to have stirred Mr. Hale, I charged into the political lists wearing white plumes of idealism. I was able to accomplish election because I was drafted onto an organization ticket, and because I mustered the patience to play that part until the votes were cast. Once firmly seated in office I took a short and altruistic fling at lone-wolfing it, but soon I was back in the fold participating in one transaction after another which a brief while before I would have considered outrageous and beneath me.

Yet—and here is the ironical truth about politics under a democracy—in the matter of serving my constituents, of competently earning my salary, this last state of mine was thoroughly preferable to the first. A young idealist—I soon learned—is a fine and dandy thing to be, but not in politics. There is no other profession where matters of right and wrong are so often identical. You must frequently rob Peter to pay Paul, especially if Paul votes in your district. And there is no profession that gambles so lavishly with so many millions of so many other people's money. To do a political job well is not easy. For a young idealist it is next to impossible.

Politics at its best, its purest, is essentially a matter of high finance, of dividing a relatively small allotment of loaves and fishes among a hungry, grasping multitude. Then it must follow that the best legislative timber is not the young collegian with glints of Lord Tennyson's "splendid purpose in his eyes," but a mature skeptic, hard-boiled in the kettle of business or professional competition. It is the middle-aged manager, the corporation executive who ought to be called to arms, not the untried youngster with nothing to his credit but a mouthful of good intentions and a head full of black-board theories.

Still there is a message that ought to be passed on to the rising generation. It is this: that what the country needs is not their idealism, but their skepticism. I do not qualify that term. I mean a jeering, leering, sneering skepticism, and enough of it to dilute somewhat the far-flung gullibility of the masses. For as any politician can tell you, if he would, it is just this gullibility, and little else, that makes it possible for charlatans like Cannon to control suffrage, for boodle-boys like Walker and bunglers like Brookhart to sit in the seats of the mighty.

No major candidate in modern times

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has ever offered himself on a platform of frankness and common-sense. He knows better than that. Or if he doesn't his managers do. The candidate's play is to strum out a tune on the national heartstrings, to beat the big drum of brotherhood for all he is worth. He must promise chickens in every pot and a day in court for the forgotten man. He must idiotically imply the infallibility of his own party, the abject villainy of the other. He must fawn, he must flatter, he must prevaricate. And he must do all this because he is dealing with an overwhelming majority of ignorant credulity.

If there is ever to be a Promised Land within our coast lines, it will have to be one that is vitalized by a nation-wide spirit of skepticism, a sardonic sizing-up of men who apply for the job of running the country, a cynical brand of worldly wisdom that no humbug would have the audacity to face. So I think it would be better if Mr. Hale let his generation go on being cynical, for in trying to stop them he is laying a hand on the neck of the very goose, which, if coddled and clucked to, may lay us a golden egg.

THE SOILED WHITE COLLAR

By Robert Carson
Ex-Railroad Clerk

Suppose you sit tomorrow in the anteroom of the employment office of some big company. In the chairs along the walls men are sitting patiently waiting their turn to be interviewed by a suave, lightly sympathetic personnel officer.

Only one feature about them impresses you. They are young. Ninety per cent of them run from eighteen to twenty-five. They wear clean shirts and neatly pressed suits and a lot of them have white-gold spectacle frames hooked around their temples. Clean young Americans, in the best tradition. Where are the older men? They are gone, scattered in the first blast, not even capable, because of their age, of cherishing the faint will-o'-the-wisps the young still doggedly pursue. They are at home pottering about and hoping, or in rescue missions, or living off the county, or falling to the tender mercies of more fortunate relatives. The young alone will remain to the bitter end.

The men cooling their heels in the anteroom are practically without exception clerical workers. They bear the brand mark of the system which has at first swallowed and then regurgitated them. On their own, left free to run, they are bewildered and unhappy. For the first time in their lives they have a measure of responsibility. The organizations which have cast them out by the hundreds of thousands cast them out of a peaceful anonymity, a machine-like insignificance that yet provided three meals a day and a place to sleep. To ask these confused ruminants to band themselves together and make a step toward reconstruction of the top-heavy edifice which has steamrollered them is like asking infants to build a skyscraper. They are hopelessly lost, capable only of trying feebly to resume the old round.

The sheep, alas, are ourselves. While you and your part of our generation were enrolling as freshmen in universities we were getting out in the world to make our mark in times that were not yet out of joint. The white collar in those days wasn't soiled. The incredible claptrap dispensed in high schools had given us a gentility above our station. We wanted to work with our heads and not our hands, and we looked askance at the crafts. We were employed by banks and railroads and department stores and brokerage houses and oil companies and wholesale groceries and the hundred and one other places, big and small, that could use youngsters who had sufficient intelligence to learn to operate typewriters and adding machines and manage filing cabinets.

Most of us started in at around sixty dollars a month and few of us rose to more than a hundred and fifty before the bottom fell out. But we had been raised in heady times. The gospel of success was bred in our bones. People were making money by speculation, by crookedness, even by ability. There was a chance for everybody provided he showed the proper reactions to our lovely democracy. The immediate gold eluded our grasp, though we saw much of it in the offing.

Our ordinary ambitions were bounded by a highly polished desk and a stenographer, a swanky club, an expensive car, a pretentious home. While we waited for that happy day we were content to spend our small wages in delirious imitation of the rich. Despite our desires being purely material, we went in for cheap religious cults and a code of gimcrack morals. Our elders assured us it wasn't cricket to broadcast the fact that our highest aims in life were the same as theirs—liquor and women and money; all the Big Men were publicly pious; so we, too, donned the robes of the others and followed in the hectic train of progress. The roar and savagery of social change and economic battle at the beginning of this century had degenerated into the soothing hum of prosperity, and we were precisely the right generation for the new falsity to fasten securely upon. We'll never recover from it.

Our intellectual treasures certainly were not vast. We listened to Amos 'n' Andy and actually laughed and discussed them. We endured the intolerable idiocies of the radio and liked it. The moving-pictures and the major portion of the stage reflected the ingrained cheapness of everything we felt at home in. Our reading was confined to stock-market reports and the sport pages. Football took a second place only to God in our cosmogonies. We had—and have—first-rate bodies and tenth-rate minds.

Toward politics our interests were so vague and totally unformed as to be completely negative. The government and its functions were not for us. What the hell? Wasn't everything going all right? We were pulling down our hundred dollars a month and dabbling fatuously in dreams; what difference did it make who was President?

Though we knew it not, our ranks had marched in at the close of an era and joined an army which was soon to feel a crushing defeat. Undoubtedly it is well that we enjoyed our tawdry comfort while we could.

You might reasonably expect, now, after two years or more of misery, to see us spew out the stuff which has been crammed down our throats. You might expect to see the young white-collar class changing into a militant body that would be the spear head of change and reform in this country; you would think that youth, pliable and adaptable as it is, could coalesce into a progressive group that would be a direction-post to the rest of the miserable.

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They are doing it in Germany, in half the countries of the world, experimenting with every variety of new scheme in the sinister power of mass. But not we. Cast out in a troubled world, robbed of our large stock of illusions, we float despairingly until we sink. We, the young, the strong, shall perish with the foolish old.

Yet don't misunderstand us. We realize we have been cheated, robbed of wages, had false ideals foisted upon us, and defrauded of what little happiness one can expect in a hostile universe. We know the elders have made a fearful and wonderful ball-up of the whole business and that they can't get to first base in solving it. We are perfectly aware that our leaders have proved themselves charlatans, our prophets liars, our overlords bewildered men who have no more control over the structure than we. Nevertheless, the realization means nothing to us as a class. To be sure, a little mingling of curses and wails; nothing else. The outfit will continue to stumble on, with no thought of direction, taking the lickings as they come. No power is strong enough to change our course. *The fact is, even during good times, the white-collar class, young and old, has been the most cowardly, abject and slave-like of any group in America.*

The foregoing isn't hard to explain, though it does seem impossible in a young generation. There is no solidarity among us, no class consciousness. We have tried desperately to pull away from the proletariat and succeeded after a fashion. Now we are in a no man's land, even the newest of us, and we have affiliations neither with the capitalists nor the forces of labor—if there be any. We drift alone through the gloom of a declining industrial age, a great band of lads with pale faces and white hands, surely as lily-livered a bunch as was ever assembled under the sun. The American brand of mongrelism, apparently, has its own reward: tenth-rate brains, little or no individuality and not a single iota of courage. What would you expect of these rattled, stupid and timid young men? Can you imagine them organizing to join a movement that would require initiative and ability? Even the Nazi type of demagoguery with its uniforms and pageantry could never draw them. They are too nerveless.

You have sounded the tocsin for the young, for an Opposition which will, of a certainty, turn left and demand a new deal. There is no place in it for the young white collars with their muddled minds and cheap ambitions, and you will never receive the help of their masses. They are worse than the sterile intellectuals and the blatant Marxians. Count them out of everything except submission and bewilderment.

Again, for those of us (small in number) who have broken off in a chunk from the main body of the soiled white collar, your appeal holds no hope. We have, we think, one virtue. We are good haters—even to the brink of despising and contemning our own class. We know we have been swindled and we intend, if we can but rally, to repay the swindlers. Our conceptions, out of sheer desperation, have returned again to the cruder conceptions of our fathers; we slice our society into two arbitrary chunks and side with that chunk which we conceive is ours by birth. We want to dally no longer with the phrase-spinners, the fine open minds who can so readily see ten million sides to every question. Your vague propositions, your time-worn noble outlines, your "clear eye, a steady nerve, and fighting strength" smack too much to us of the enlightened and gentlemanly liberals, who have led the thinking minority of this land in circles for forty years. We've had enough of that stuff. Even the blood and thunder of Hitler are better than the inapplicable ideals of the intellectual pap-dispensers, as the youth of Germany have found. Mencken and company have bludgeoned the air for years without avail. Nor do we cotton to Socialism, with its Bloomsbury flouncing in the face of capital. We are going left, of course; not on a local but on a through train. If the Communists come near enough to the mark, then we shall hold with them. Changes in the economic and social structure are made by the hungry, and we're getting hungry; bullets and not ballots seem to be the forte of bodies like ours if we grow strong enough.

The older we live to be, the less likely we are to be lost in the mazes of theory, fighting the battles of Lincoln Steffens and Clarence Darrow and the rest of the humanitarians, repeating their futile struggles in order to confess failure in the end. We have no need of any more lessons in the gentle art of losing steadily.

But you wouldn't be interested in us. Our group is too small to be valuable to a young third party, too radical in its tendencies to be properly co-operative. We would need to have an extraordinarily powerful leader to guide our hands to power and some sort of solution to our present isolation. We appear to lack everything save a fierce resentment.

In conclusion, there seems little likelihood of our generation becoming cohesive and making progress toward correction of existent evils. As it is among the young white-collar class, so it is among the rest, with the possible exception of a part of the university-trained men. Like our fathers and grandfathers before us, we are mostly a stolid wall of apathetic third-raters, an excellent backdrop for the American stage, upon which weird and strange misfortunes daily stalk.

PRACTICAL POLITICS FOR IDEALISTS

By William H. Wells
Harvard 1923

THERE are in America today over 650 colleges, universities, and professional schools, with a total student body of almost a million men and women. About 400,000 of them have the right to vote. In the last five years nearly 750,000 more students have graduated, *all* of whom are old enough to vote. Together they form a college-trained body of approximately 1,200,000, either in their colleges, or still close to them. There they are, the best-educated, most energetic, idealistic body of men and women in the country; full of ideas, full of ability, and about as important to the political structure on which their daily lives depend as a string of paper dolls.

They don't vote. They don't hold office. They don't even know what it is all about. Contrary to the universities of every other nation, ours not only fail to foster any interest in national or local politics, but they kill such interest in most graduates for several years after they have left college. When they have been out of college four or five years, they begin to wake up to the importance in their own lives of American

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politics. But not till their idealism has been worn down by self-interest do they begin to play an active part. As a result the ideals, the influence, the energy and the potential political power of one of the best groups in America are lost to a country that has sore need of them.

Half-hearted attempts of the big parties to organize separate college groups for presidential elections have met with a less than half-hearted response. Socialist groups are probably the most active in the big colleges, but rather because they hold out some trace of idealism, some challenge, than because their members have any clear idea of politics.

The depression has wrought changes in the minds of young college men and women. For years college graduates have been pretty much white-headed boys and girls. Their college training opened to them opportunities and privileges others did not enjoy. Banks, insurance companies, investment houses, engineering firms, even sent representatives to the colleges to pick out new men. But not today. The graduates cannot find jobs. They protest. What is much more important, they search out the reasons. But what can they do? The big political parties backed by powerful sectional and private interests seem to roll along as they have for years like two steam rollers with no time to waste on a young college man or woman. Not on *one,* no. But on 1,000,000, yes. And the 1,000,000, in fact nearly 1,200,000, exist, a potential threat to steam rollers, a potential hope for the nation.

Now it is obvious that this group could never, of itself, constitute a majority. Organized as a party with candidates and a ballot of its own it would be as ineffective in shaping national policies as the numerous existing independent parties are at present. Today many thoughtful men and women are working to found a liberal third party, but even if desirable it is impractical. There can be but two powerful political parties: the Ins and the Outs. A portion of the public, no longer constant to the name Democrat or Republican, swings from one to the other; and the greatest problem of either party is to influence that swing. If by any chance a third party *should* arise with planks in its platform so attractive to the general public that they might carry an election, one or both of the big parties would adopt them at once and the third party would quietly fade away.

Where then would a college organization fit? What possible chance would it have of accomplishing anything? Before you answer "Nothing," look behind the two big parties in the political scene for the past few years. You will see another factor: organized minorities, *not* acting as new political parties, but swinging a stick over the heads of the party in office, or the party seeking it. The so-called Prohibition party never polled more than a few thousand votes as a party, yet it swung the two big parties into line and kept them eating out of its hand for years. The American Legion is doing so today. But neither these, nor other organized minorities that have dominated the political arena, have ever had as their purpose anything but a single type of legislation, usually in their own particular interests.

So far, their self-interest has been their strength. It takes a courageous man to subordinate deliberately and publicly his own part to the whole, and say, as Colonel Bennett Champ Clark, Missouri Democratic nominee for the senate, said in refusing to uphold the locally popular tariff on zinc: "I will not help any living human being to rob the American people because he happens to live in Missouri."

The very fact that such a statement from a man seeking office is almost unique in American politics today is the best proof of the need of a permanently organized minority with the good of the whole country as its only interest; a minority that might gain for the nation benefits as substantial as those which, at present, groups and sections are grabbing for themselves. It requires courage, work, sacrifice—but it can be done, and it is supremely worth achieving. An organized minority must be handled by political machines with as much respect as though it were a box of TNT. It is up to young men and women who are willing to put their country ahead of their personal interests to furnish the TNT.

As for organizing—the colleges themselves, and the college and university clubs, make the task a simple one compared to collecting scattered men into American Legion Posts. Finding leaders may seem to present a problem, but actually political idealism and activity can develop leaders just as well as football can. Editors of college papers would greet with enthusiasm the opportunity to wrestle with something outside the little college sphere; and for the first time problems would be aired, politicians examined, policies debated where they should have been years ago, in the columns of the student papers.

Of course there are pitfalls. Young men and women may be wrong, may be at times deceived, but they are mighty hard to buy. Better to get in the battle and fight and take the chance of being wrong occasionally than stand on the side-lines too timid to plunge in. They cannot be wrong any more often than their fathers have been. A more serious pitfall was pointed out by an older college graduate with whom the plan was discussed: the gradual dimming of idealism which would come as the men and women grew older and plunged deeper and deeper into the economic struggle. Self-interest grows. The desire to give up time or money or even thought to the good of others wanes. How can it be prevented from sapping the life blood of this college phalanx? Then he thought of the answer: any one may belong, but no one who has been out of college for more than five years can hold office or be a member of any committee. Drastic, but essential to a party, the secret of whose strength lies in its youth.

Who will take the first step? Who will be the young men and women with the guts, the imagination, the energy and the unselfishness to tackle the task of building such an organization? Who will the leaders be who can fire the phalanx with enthusiasm and courage; banish their timidity in the face of the age and experience of a generation of baffled blunderers; transform their ineffectual "individualist" cynicism toward American politics into a white-hot spirit; make them stand up to their own money-grubbing fathers and fight? Who will the minds be who can analyze the problems we are facing, who can transmute ideals into practical, new ideas? Who will they be? Let them stand forth. Their country needs them.

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AS I LIKE IT – *William Lyon Phelps*

The year 1932 will be ever memorable for me for two reasons; in March I saw Athens and Troy, in August I saw a total eclipse of the sun. Never before had I seen any of these three, but I had longed to see them since I was a child.

On August 30 I took a night train from Michigan to Montreal; it was ninety-four in the shade, and the weather predictions for the next day were *cloudy*. Early the next morning, eating breakfast at the Ritz-Carlton in Montreal on the terrace underneath a gun-metal sky, I pondered whether I should go to Magog, eighty-seven miles away, or to Sorel, about sixty. Both towns were in the centre of the line of totality, and in both the sun was to be eclipsed for the longest period on this occasion, one hundred seconds. I had practically made up my mind to go to Magog, because the Canadian astronomers had gone thither, accompanied by astronomers from Great Britain and South Africa; whereas apparently no scientific gentry had considered Sorel.

After breakfast I telephoned Mr. J. G. McConnell, an undergraduate of Corpus Christi, Cambridge, whom I had met on the voyage of the Hellenic Society in the spring; as he and I had both seen Troy together, why not the eclipse? His father is the owner of *The Montreal Star,* and lives on a magnificent estate ten miles out of the city. Young Mr. McConnell came immediately to the hotel and we planned an expedition to the eclipse. As he was not able to leave Montreal until one o'clock, and as the totality began at the mystic moment of 3.22, we reluctantly abandoned the attack on Magog, and decided to advance on Sorel. On the way out, the sky, which had been cloudy all the morning, became even more so; no sign of shine, no streak of blue. But before reaching our destination, the sun suddenly appeared, a small corner of it already bit off. By the time we reached Sorel, the sky around the sun was stainless; but a sinister cloudbank was rapidly approaching and it was a question whether the eclipse would take place before the clouds reached their mark, or whether we should see a total eclipse of both sun and moon at the same moment, which, although an unusual spectacle, is nothing to write home about. I have watched many exciting races; but never one more thrilling than this. The sun won; we had a perfect view of the eclipse; and a few minutes after totality, the clouds covered the thin melon-slice, and the sky remained overcast until nightfall.

After our return to Montreal we found that none of the million inhabitants had seen anything; at Magog the sky was cloudy so the astronomers saw nothing; and indeed Sorel was one of the very few spots where the eclipse had been visible.

Even when the sun was ninety-five per cent covered, it was impossible to look at it with the naked eye; five per cent of that burning bush is enough to illuminate a world 93 millions of miles away. But the instant the black disk of the moon slid into place, we could look at ease. I did not see the moon's shadow approaching, and I did not see the shadow-bands; I was too excited to look down. I certainly saw the flash spectrum and I think I saw Baily's Beads. The corona was a gorgeous sight, but not regularly distributed, as I had seen it in some pictures; it flamed all around the black disk, but in the upper left-hand corner, it was bigger and higher than elsewhere. One hundred seconds of thrilling excitement!

What luck that the moon should be precisely the right size and precisely the right distance from the earth to make such a correct fit over the disk of the sun! For if it were bigger or nearer or both, it would blanket the sun so there would be no corona; if it were farther or smaller or both, we should have no eclipse, but merely a transit. Indeed it is a near thing; for at certain times the best the moon can do is to give an annular eclipse, though she tries hard to make it total.

Now let me suggest to Scribnerians, who, because they are Scribnerians, are interested in everything on earth and in the heavens, that they make up their minds to see one or all of the next three eclipses. The first will occur on St. Valentine's Day in 1934, in Borneo; it will last over two minutes. Then on June 19, 1936, there will be one visible in Athens, across Asia and in Japan; this also will last more than two minutes. Grandest of all, there will be one on June 8, 1937, visible in Peru, which will last *seven minutes*. The only unfortunate feature of this 1932 eclipse was its brief duration; I felt like crying

O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!

Let us now begin to make preparations for the invasion of Peru in 1937.

It is, as Thomas Paine was the first to remark, only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. The most humorous quip on this eclipse was made by Malcolm Bingay in *The Detroit Free Press*. He said the scientific men were getting ready to study the corona; what America needs is a good five-cent Corona Corona.

The wide and ever-growing reputation of James Truslow Adams will be strengthened by his latest book, "The March of Democracy—The Rise of the Union," which is to be followed in February by a second and concluding volume. Mr. Adams writes history in so clear and vigorous a style that his popularity is not surprising. He has no nationalistic fervor and surveys the past with judicial calm. Both for Europeans and for Americans this book is full of information and intelligent suggestions for the future. His judgments on individual characters will not be accepted by all historians; of Jefferson, he says, "In thought, no man who has ever been President has so permanently influenced every generation of Americans," and he is so pleased with Jefferson's inscription for his tombstone, that he gives it twice, pp. 235 and 286. His remarks on Jefferson and on Hamilton will not please the Hamiltonians. John Quincy Adams "had made such a notable success as Secretary of State as to have won, a century later, the highest place in the long line of able men who have occupied that office." I had supposed that Adams was the greatest *scholar* of all our Presidents, but that

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his temperament had been accurately appraised by John T. Morse, Jr., who said that with Adams the temptation to perform his duty was always strong, and if the duty were particularly disagreeable, the temptation became ungovernable. And in a book like this of which the secondary title is "The Rise of the Union," it is disconcerting to see such faint praise given to Webster. "The more one studies that oratorical statesman, the more one has to come to the conclusion that he was a man who had great abilities and performed great service but who was himself essentially not great. Other leading men in public life at that time were also vain, pompous, and theatrical, but with Webster, in spite of his genius as a public speaker and the debt we owe him for his influence on our concept of the Union, we become conscious of a certain fundamental flabbiness of fibre in his character." One who did not know our history would imagine that Webster was great only as a spell-binder; whereas his 1850 speech was the most courageous, the most self-sacrificing, the most far-sighted, the most statesmanlike in thought and content, of all contemporary utterances by public men. I advise readers of this book to consult the latest and best biography of Webster, written by Claude Fuess.

Mr. Adams's remarks on the War of 1812 and on the Abolitionists from 1840 to 1860 are wholly admirable. The numerous illustrations in the volume add immensely to its value and charm.

"Greek Byways," by T. R. Glover, the distinguished Public Orator of the University of Cambridge, will interest those who have studied Greek history or literature, or who have been in Greece. A profound scholar, Doctor Glover writes informally and with sparkling humor. Some of the chapters are on "Diet in History," "The Manners of a Gentleman," "The Vitality of Greece." I was interested in his remarks on the Strait of Anian, because many years ago in reading the poetry of Donne, I found that strait alluded to, but could get no information as to where it was. One of my pupils, now Professor John Rush Powell, found in a St. Louis newspaper a reproduction of an ancient map, which showed Anian as Behring Strait.

Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia, carries on her life history with "A Princess in Exile." Her first book, "Education of a Princess," she wrote partly in French and partly in Russian. This sequel she has written in English, of which she has a perfect command. The only thing for which I have ever envied royal personages is their linguistic accomplishments. The Grand Duchess writes well because she has an interesting mind with great energy and resolution. I dare say she is happier now than when she was a little princess; especially when she is able to forget.

In her new novel, "The Gods Arrive," Edith Wharton shows less irony and more sympathy than in some of her previous works; though the account of the funeral is sufficiently ironical; and the rich American patronesses of the arts and letters do not escape scot free. This is a good story with interesting characters; but it is difficult to avoid despising the hero.

Sigrid Undset in "The Burning Bush" has a novel where the whole is much less than the sum of its parts. Its chief value lies in single passages and reflections by the author. Her observations on nature and on human nature are always interesting and often profound.

Our foremost living American poet, Edwin Arlington Robinson, in his new, slender volume of short poems, "Nicodemus," shows himself again a master of the dramatic monologue. In psychological analysis and study of human motives he is pre-eminent. The poem that gives its title to the volume, "Nicodemus," is a dialogue between Nicodemus and Caiaphas, immediately after the former's night-interview with the Teacher. It glows with spiritual beauty.

Padraic Colum's volume "Poems" is partly a reprint of earlier work—where I am glad to see "An Old Woman of the Roads," and partly made up of newly-published verses. Many of them deal with Irish folk-lore and mysticism, combining with great skill the lyrical element with the narrative. His poems are always interesting. The same quality of "human interest" makes his accompanying volume of prose, called "A Half-Day's Ride, or Estates in Corsica," steadily entertaining. This book is a series of short sketches composed in Paris, New York, Hawaii, and other places. The charming essay, "A Casual Onlooker," will delight lovers of Parisian street sights and sounds. Often, awaking before dawn, have I heard the steady hoof-beats, but never have I heard them so well described as in this paragraph:

"One has to be awake at night or very early in the morning to be attentive to the splendidly rhythmed beat of horses' hoofs on the cobbles or asphalt pavement, a beat of hoofs which accompanied by the ringing of bells and the thud of whips orchestrates the street. The horses swing along, the iron striking the ground in perfect measure —one horse or a team of horses, two, three, or four. The rattle of the harness goes with the beat of hoofs; there is the swish and crack, and finally the thud of the last; there is the cry that goes with the lashing—the hoarse and exultant cry of the pursuer which is the authentic cry of the charioteer. I would represent this sound as 'ghi.'"

A volume of poems that may easily be overlooked, and which is well worth buying, is "The Renaissance" by Abe Craddock Edmunds. This is true poetry; poetry of passion and imagination. If you enjoy Browning's "The Bishop Orders His Tomb," if you read Benvenuto Cellini with delight, you will be glad to own this tiny book.

"Song of the New Hercules" by Leigh Hanes is aglow with the joy of life, the love of nature in all seasons. It is as affirmative as Walt Whitman, though in conventional metres. After the Hercules Poems, the short songs that follow are divided into the three sections of Bud, Bloom, and Frost.

It was a good idea of Reinhold Ahleen's to print in one small volume his translations from Scandinavian verse, called "Swedish Poets of the Seventeenth Century." The accompanying biographical sketches supplied by the translator are valuable. It is difficult to give an idea of the poetic style of these authors in a translation; but their subjects and methods are of real interest.

William Rose Benét's novel in verse called "Rip Tide" is "simple, sensuous, passionate," as poetry should be. It is a highly dramatic story which holds the reader's attention; the rhyme-scheme is ingenious, and the lines full of beauty. This book will certainly enhance the author's already high reputation.

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A beautifully illustrated and highly interesting publication is the story "Mocha Dick, or the White Whale of the Pacific," written by J. N. Reynolds, printed in *The Knickerbocker Magazine* for May, 1839, and undoubtedly the inspiration for Melville's "Moby Dick," published twelve years later. The tale is interesting as a discovery of the source of a famous novel, but it is worth reprinting on its own account. In one respect it is superior to Melville's version; it is free from the unspeakable boredom of his metaphysical meanderings. The admirable pictures are by Lowell LeRoy Balcom, who contributes a Preface.

A fine and thoughtful interpretation of Emerson is "Emerson Today," by Bliss Perry. In a brief space he has given the essence of Emerson's philosophy, religion, and art. The quotations, from Emerson and from others, are admirably chosen. In that golden age of American literature, only five reputations remain undimmed; those of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Poe, and Whitman. Mr. Perry quotes a remark by Woodberry that impressed me when I read Woodberry's "Life of Emerson" in 1907: "he is the only great mind that America has produced in literature."

Every week sees a new book on Russia; and here is one by William C. White, the author of "These Russians." This is really a primer for young people, is called "Made in Russia," and endeavors successfully to teach American boys and girls the changes in modern Russia and present conditions. The numerous illustrations by George R. Wiren are excellent. The extreme difficulty of finding out the truth about Russia and the probable success of the Great Experiment may be seen by reading this paragraph:

"In natural resources Russia is perhaps wealthier than America, possessing almost everything a nation needs. There are forests, thousands of miles of which have never been cut. There are fertile fields, which, with modern methods, can produce huge harvests. . . . There are inexhaustible supplies of gold, platinum, manganese (a metal important in steel-making), iron ore, coal, and oil. New sources of this wealth are being discovered every month."

Mr. Isaac Don Levine, in his book published this same year, "Red Smoke," says exactly the contrary of all this is true; and he backs up his statement with an impressive array of figures.

A sumptuous folio of more than two hundred pages called "Hill Towns and Cities of Northern Italy" consists of fifty-six superb reproductions of etchings, aquatints, and drawings by John Taylor Arms, with an almost equally vivid account of the country written by Dorothy Noyes Arms. In a small motor-car, they travelled delightfully around Italy, making sketches and notes of their impressions. As I opened the text haphazard at page 215, I had the bad luck to light on a curious error; which made the Brownings live in Venice instead of Florence. "Venice saw many of his years of ideal married happiness." But this slip does not mar the beauty and charm of this magnificent volume. What fun the authors must have had! I do not know of a finer gift-book for Christmas.

It is pleasant to see that Henry van Dyke, who, like St. Peter, is a fisherman, has collected many short stories on fishing in an attractive volume of over four hundred pages, called "A Creelful of Fishing Stories—A Pastime Book." This is good narrative, salted with agreeably thoughtful meditation. Almost it persuades me to become a fisherman.

Among the new thrillers, I recommend Edison Marshall's "Forlorn Island," Georges Simenon's "The Death of Monsieur Gallet," S. H. Page's "Sinister Cargo," and "Murder Intended," by Francis Beeding. Also emphatically "Hot Water," by the beloved P. G. Wodehouse, which combines excitement with humor.

An excellent book is "Outline of World History for Boys and Girls," by H. C. Knapp-Fisher, which lives up to its title.

A diverting book for boys is "Uncle Bill, A Tale of Two Kids and a Cowboy," illustrated by the author, Will James. This is sure to delight all boys who love horses or tales of adventure on the ranch.

Americans may well be proud not only of the fact that we now have the world-champion male and female tennis players, Ellsworth Vines and Helen Wills Moody, but of the bearing and manners of these two representatives. Stanley Doust, the former Australian Davis Cup player, now a British newspaper man, writes of Helen Wills Moody:

"Mrs. Moody on the court has an unchangeable countenance. The eyeshade, which she popularised, hides the kindly smile of encouragement to her opponent when a good shot scores against her. But she never speaks. There can be bad decisions by the dozen against her and she never even glances at the offending linesmen. Nothing seems to perturb her. Yet Mrs. Wills-Moody is nervous when she enters the centre court. But such is her will power that she has herself under perfect control so that her nervousness really acts as a spur to her game.

"Her court manners are as perfect as her strokes, and I commend any young woman who wants to know how to play and how to behave in success and defeat—she has often lost in doubles—to watch Mrs. Wills-Moody." I was present when before an American crowd in 1913, Maurice McLoughlin and Williams defeated Stanley Doust and Rice in the Davis Cup matches; at the conclusion, Mr. Doust called on the spectators to give three cheers for America.

Mrs. Moody has a striking personality and an interesting mind. I had the pleasure of a conversation with her during the French championships last May. Her impassive expression and demeanor on the battle-field conceal a temperament anything but calm. She is on fire with ambition; and in an article she wrote this year, she speaks of her "restless heart." I wish she would give another exhibition of her paintings in New York; and of the pen-pictures of tennis-players she exhibited in Paris.

Henri Cochet is not only a great tennis artist—he is the shrewdest player in the history of the game. No other man has ever been ranked year after year as the "world's greatest player" simply because he succeeded in winning two Davis cup matches. He has hypnotized the newspaper critics; so that this year after Vines defeated him at Paris, many of them wrote that Cochet would have won had the Cup depended on it. I have never read anything more absurd. He knew that if he defeated Vines, he would once more be ranked as the world's greatest player; because in placing Cochet, the sports writers cared

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nothing either for Wimbledon or Forest Hills. A few years ago when Cochet was asked if he would play in the American championship, he replied contemptuously, "Why should I?" and why indeed, when he was sure of first place without it. His coming to America this year proved two things: first, that Vines is distinctly his superior; second, that he had tried with all his skill at Paris.

He will, however, never be forgotten. No player has ever been so canny and so uncanny; he never seems to exert himself. His serve, instead of a dislocation of the spine, is a mere tap; and so are his volleys. But the ball usually goes whithersoever the governor listeth. The power in his wrist and the accuracy of his eye are both amazing.

Professor A. J. Armstrong of Baylor University, Texas, has recently returned from a journey in South America, and I envy him:

"My most exciting experience during the summer was flying over the Andes from Santiago to Mendoza at a height of 22,000 feet. I dreaded the airplane beyond words, as I had never been in one, but I am thoroughly converted and I should say that the Andes as I saw them, deep in the snow for miles and miles as far as the eyes could reach, presented one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen."

KIPLING AND STOGIES

From Alexander L. H. Darragh, of Beaver, Pa.:

"Your comments concerning Rudyard Kipling . . . have brought to my mind the story about Kipling . . . when he visited here in the nineties. Mr. Kipling . . . stopped in Beaver for a fortnight with Doctor R. P. Taylor, then president of Beaver College. Kipling made remarks (belittling you may be sure) about the strength of American cigars, and one Henry Johnson, colored janitor of the college, heard the comments. He bought some Marsh Wheeling stogies; Mr. Kipling smoked one and had to go to bed to recover.

"The Marsh Wheeling stogie (still very popular in western Pennsylvania and in West Virginia) was the smoke of the old conestoga wagon drivers. Originally a cheap, strong, long, thin affair it well befitted the hard-boiled gentry who piloted the wagons over the Pennsylvania mountain trails.

"CONESTOGA was the name of the old-time freight wagons used in carrying goods over the Pennsylvania mountains between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. . . .

"Conestoga wagon drivers had the reputation of being particularly tough. They either rolled their own 'cigars' or purchased them, and the cigars were long, strong and cheap. As the conestoga drivers smoked them, the cigars acquired that name and then it was soon shortened to 'stogie.' The Pittsburgh district has a number of brands of stogies, and the brand that floored Mr. Kipling was the Marsh Wheeling. The Marsh Wheeling now appears in the original form and also a 'dressed up' (in cellophane) form. I am going to send you a couple of them, Mr. Phelps. Watch your step!

"In Kipling's 'Captains Courageous' there is a place where a young man falls overboard from his vessel. He was taken sick from smoking a strong stogie and it was understood here . . . that Kipling had direct reference to the Beaver-Marsh Wheeling incident! . . ."

Mr. Darragh then sent me a quotation from "The Old Pike," a book by T. B. Searight of Uniontown, Pa.:

"The origin of Pennsylvania tobies is worth recording, and pertinent to the history of the old wagoners. The author is indebted to J. V. Thompson, Esq., president of the First National Bank of Uniontown, for the following clippings from a Philadelphia newspaper concerning the 'toby': 'It appears that in the old days the drivers of the Conestoga wagons, so common years ago on our National Road, used to buy very cheap cigars. To meet this demand a small cigar manufacturer in Washington, . . . whose name is lost to fame, started in to make a cheap "roll-up" for them at four for a cent. They became very popular with the drivers, and were at first called Conestoga cigars; since, by usage, corrupted into "stogies" and "tobies." It is now estimated (1894) that Pennsylvania and West Virginia produce about 200,000,000 tobies yearly, probably all for home consumption.'"

In most British dictionaries, even in Wyld's huge "Universal" (1932) you will look in vain for *stogie* or *conestoga;* the latter word does not appear even in the colossal New English Dictionary. But in the N. E. D. Vol. IX, part I, page 1000, there is an account of the word stogie, stogy, stoga, deriving it from Conestoga Wagon, and applying it to both boot and cigar, worn and used by the drivers; with illustrative quotations. Webster gives the two meanings of "boot" and "cigar." On the second, Webster is diplomatically playing safe; he defines "a kind of inexpensive, though not necessarily inferior, cigar."

In the September number, I stated that the author of "The Festive Board" was Thornton Macauley. Knowing him well personally, I ought to have written his first name correctly—*Thurston.*

As Detroit rather resented my remark on the scarcity of new plays in that city, I am glad to find a remonstrance also from Mrs. Winifred Carr Stumpe, of Missouri, who writes:

"Mr. Phelps remarks that St. Louis, among other cities might as well be in Manchuria for all it enjoys of the best of modern drama. Of other cities, less than New York, I cannot speak, but of St. Louis this is not exactly true. In the first place, we have in St. Louis a very fine and energetic Little Theatre that rescues us from the doldrums when New York sends us Broadway reviews. Only last week, it presented 'The Little Clay Cart' in an outdoor setting that gave the ancient play new charm. . . .

"Then we have the best of the Theatre Guild offerings—Fontanne and Lunt are well known to St. Louis audiences—and a good winter stock company playing the recent Broadway 'successes' with guest stars in addition to the run-of-the-mill stuff that still stumbles roadwards. . . . Last winter we saw Maude Adams return in the 'Merchant of Venice' and once more the indefatigable Hampden in his 'Cyrano.' . . .

"Then let me not forget Mr. O'Neill, whose 'Strange Interlude' has been here three times. Doesn't that prove we have drama?"

Miss Lesley Payne of Indianapolis:

"Do you recall my writing of my French friend who lived here? *Eh bien,* she's a cousin of the Auguste Piccard whose exploits in the stratosphere are now being recorded in the press. She's amusing in her indignation at

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his being called Belgian . . . says he's *tout ce qu'il y a de plus Vaudois..... Il est Suisse!* And she laughs at his being invariably alluded to as 'the little professor' . . . he's six feet three!"

Alex. G. Hamilton writes from Australia:

"We have very exciting times here of late. We had a general election recently, by which the Socialistic Government were booted out. Their majority before the election was 45; when it concluded they were 24 strong against the United Australian Party's 66. . . .

"Just now we are suffering from a cold wave (mid-winter). Every one is shivering. You will laugh when I tell you that I am shivering as I write in a room whose temperature is 55. But we have a warm climate and anything below sixty seems cold to us."

Well, in Miami in winter, on the rare occasions when the thermometer falls to fifty they close the schools.

A. L. De Green sends me some authentic boners from a school in Michigan:

"There is much heredity going on in the United States."

"Heredity is something every American should avoid."

"A lagoon is the skeleton of a dead animal."

"Birds are warm and have high blood pressure."

"The Egyptians worshipped a scared bull."

"A quorum is a place on Belle Isle where they keep fish."

"A boaster is a man who makes bows."

From my friend Father Jerome, a good Catholic priest in Florida:

"One of the finest prayers I have heard uttered anywhere was uttered by a tired mother in the movies here. Before retiring, the prayerful person said: 'My God, I'm tired,' and that was all of the prayer."

In "Hot Water" by the delectable P. G. Wodehouse, there is some fun at the expense of pedants; but surely Mr. Wodehouse could invent nothing better than what comes to me from my colleague, Professor A. G. Keller, who writes:

"Here's a chortle over *Gelehrtheit.* This spring somebody sent me a pamphlet, very learned: *Ueber die Wurzelfestigkeit der Haupthaare bei Chinesen.* The man had a machine that pulled out hairs and registered the resistance. He arrived at the cosmic fact that they come out easier on top than at the side!! Gott! It was as solemn as an owl's stare, perfectly serious. Probably the author got his *Geheimrat* out of it.

Hundert fünfzig Professoren!
Vaterland, du bist verloren!"

CHRISTMAS BOOK SUGGESTIONS

Christmas is the happiest day of the year, as it ought to be; and in times of depression, it should be celebrated with increased delight. Yet there are many who wish to make a suitable present to discerning friends, and are so crowded and pushed about by feverish customers that they don't know what book to buy, and end by getting something at a venture. Now I know exactly what books are suitable for various individuals, for it is my custom to make out prescriptions for particular needs. Here are a few suggestions: If you have plenty of money and a friend who has been in Italy, "The Hill Towns and Cities of Northern Italy," text by Dorothy Noyes Arms, 56 etchings and drawings by John Taylor Arms (*Macmillan. $25.*) Other books at a moderate price: For one who is air-minded, a marvellous picture-book, "Beauty of Flight," by Manfred Curry (*John Day. $5*); for an intelligent lover of American history, "The March of Democracy," by James Truslow Adams (*Scribners. $3.50*); for those who go a-fishing, Henry van Dyke's new anthology of fishing stories, "Creelful of Fishing Stories," (*Scribners. $2.50*); for lovers of poetry, Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Nicodemus" (*Macmillan. $1.75*), William Rose Benet's "Rip Tide" (*Duffield & Green. $2.50*); for intelligent consumers of biographical reminiscences, Maurice Baring's "Lost Lectures" (*Knopf. $3*), Rothenstein's "Men and Memories" (*Coward McCann. $5*), Arnold Bennett's "Journal" (*Viking. $4*); for men who have sporting blood, Gene Tunney's "A Man Must Fight" (*Houghton Mifflin. $2.50*), Inglis's "Champions Off Guard" (*Vanguard. $3*), Eddie Eagan's "Fighting for Fun" (*Macmillan. $2.50*); for those who are interested in the Russian experiment, "Red Smoke," by Isaac Don Levine (*McBride. $2*); for lovers of good novels—and make sure they have not already bought and read the book—Willa Cather's "Obscure Destinies" (*Knopf. $2*); Ellen Glasgow's "The Sheltered Life" (*Doubleday Doran. $2.50*), Edith Wharton's "The Gods Arrive" (*Appleton. $2.50*), R. C. Hutchinson's "The Answering Glory" (*Farrar & Rinehart. $2*), Adrian Bell's "The Cherry Tree" (*Dodd Mead. $2.50*), Lillian Gill's "A Family Affair" (*Macaulay. $2*); for lovers of the stage, "Life and Lillian Gish," by A. B. Paine and Miss Gish (*Macmillan. $5*), "Darling of Misfortune," by Richard Lockridge (*Century. $3.50*); and "Behind the Scenes with Edwin Booth," by Katherine Goodale (*Houghton Mifflin. $4*).

OTHER BOOKS, WITH THEIR AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS, MENTIONED IN THIS ARTICLE

"The Burning Bush," by Sigrid Undset. Knopf. $2.50.

"Poems," by Padraic Colum. Macmillan. $2.

"A Half-Day's Ride or Estates in Corsica," by Padraic Colum. Macmillan. $2.

"The Renaissance," by Abe Craddock Edmunds. Little Bookshop, Lynchburg, Va. $1.

"Song of the New Hercules," by Leigh Hanes. Four Seas. $2.

"Swedish Poets of the Sevententh Century," tr. by Reinhold Ahleen. Parker Printing Co., San Francisco.

"Mocha Dick," by J. N. Reynolds. Illustrated. Scribners. $3.50.

"Emerson Today," by Bliss Perry. Princeton. $2.

"Made in Russia," by William C. White. Knopf. $2.

"Greek Byways," by T. R. Glover. Macmillan. $2.50.

"A Princess in Exile," by Grand Duchess Marie. Viking. $3.50.

"Forlorn Island," by Edison Marshall. H. C. Kinsey. $2.

"The Death of M. Gallet," by Georges Simenon. Covici Friede. $1.50.

"Sinister Cargo," by S. H. Page. Knopf. $2.

"Outline of World History for Boys and Girls," by H. C. Knapp-Fisher. Dutton. $3.

"Uncle Bill," by Will James. Scribners. $2.

"Hot Water," by P. G. Wodehouse. Doubleday Doran. $2.

"Murder Intended," by Francis Beeding. Little Brown. $2.

In the September SCRIBNER'S the wrong price was quoted of "The Lame, the Halt, the Blind" by H. W. Haggard. Harpers. *Corrected price*—$4.

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prouder'n common on account thatthere boy o' his'n can read and cipher. Taken me all the way over there one day to knock me down to him and get him to read some outen a book for me. Ah, Lawd! There a heap o' quair people in this-here old world!"

Then it quit raining and they went out to finish building a shelter for the pigs fattening in the pen. They built it of fence rails banked with cedar limbs, walking over the soggy ground from the pen to the woods and back again.

These days instead of staring at Andrew, Ersie kept her eyes ever averted from him, some new thing having come into her mind to make her shy. "I'm getting to be the staring one," he thought. Always he looked at her, observing the movements of her body while she moved about the place at her chores, watching the clear delicacy of her face when they were at table, marvelling at her strength once when he came to the house and found her chopping wood at the woodpile.

He went to take the axe from her but she did not want to let him have it. Playfully, they struggled over it, their hands touching on the handle. As she turned away from him, trying to tear it from his grasp, her body pressed hard against his in a way that made his blood begin tingling with desire. She gave up the axe suddenly and fled into the house.

He flung into the woodpile, cutting the stove lengths from the cedar poles, each with one high-swung blow of the axe. Instead of Ersie, he had the woodpile, and he tried to throw all his energy away on that, irked that the work was too light. In the early autumnal dusk he worked fiercely.

Soon Ersie came out to carry wood into the house and then they smiled easy smiles at each other, for the thing that had flamed up between them was gone. He put the axe down and hovered above her while she bent to pick up sticks. He had a wide thick chest; nevertheless his shoulders were stooped. He stood with his legs wide apart, his thumbs hooked in his overall straps at his shoulders, his grinning head aslant. When they moved on the old accumulation of rotting chips and splinters and bark and sawdust, they stirred up acridly pleasant odors of mouldy, rotting wood.

Out of the corner of his eye, he caught an angering glimpse of Nettie's face framed in the kitchen window, a caricature of anxiousness behind the fly-specked panes.

"Nettie, she just won't leave you out of sight a minute, with me around," he complained in mumbling tones.

Squatted to the fresh-cut, odorous sticks, loading them on her arms, Ersie was dreamy-eyed, and she did not completely hear what he had said.

"Hunh?" she asked.

"Nothing."

He helped her carry the wood into the kitchen, while she plagued him to repeat what he had said so mad-like, his answer being: "Ah, I was just a-talking to myself."

When they were at the door, Nettie raised her voice to them.

"You all clean your feet 'fore you come in here. I scrubbed this floor today and I don't aim to have it all tracked up."

They pawed in turn, Andrew first and then Ersie, at the tow-sack which had been put down on the stone step for a foot-mat. Then they went in and threw the wood down with a clatter into the box behind the squat little cooking stove. Nettie looked up from the batter she was stirring in a wooden bowl, her eyes glinting a sharp question which they answered by looking innocent.

Ersie chunked up the fire and put water on to heat, so she would have it to wash the milking things after she had milked Bess. Andrew waited for her, uneasy in Nettie's presence, shifting his brogans on the starkly clean floor.

"Whar's Tom at?" Nettie asked him.

"He's down by the barn, a-greasing his harness. Getting ready to haul his cotton to gin, I expect."

"You go tell 'im to come 'ere."

"Yes'm."

He went out the door onto the porch and up from the rear of the house toward the barn, while Ersie went out the other door, across the yard, across the road and into the woods to look for the cow.

"She didn't want me to go after the cow with her," Andrew mumbled to himself. "I wisht to God she'd keep her nose out." He thought of calling Tom instead of getting him, and going anyway with Ersie, but he didn't. He went on along the path to the barn.

Tom got up before daylight to take his cotton to sell. The others were up, too, Nettie and Ersie in the kitchen with a lamp lighted in the gray dawn, cooking breakfast, while Tom and Andrew hitched the team to the wagon, getting ready for Tom's departure as soon as breakfast was over. Tom had wanted Andrew to go with him, hinting at esoteric delights for a man to have in town when he had money. But Andrew would not go. He said he had some business to take care of, and Tom, after looking at him curiously, thought better of questioning him about what the business was.

The sun was just up when Tom drove off down the road, looking back from his high riding place on top of the sacked cotton, holding the rope of the brake-pole hard against the steepness of the hill, waving good-by with the hand in which he held the reins. The dawn was red over the tops of the far hills, purple sparkled with dew down in the creek bottom. The trees made long, oblique shadows cross the new sunshine. Beyond the creek Tom followed the bend of the road out of sight, his black-bearded face turned toward home just as the trees blotted him out of sight.

Tom gone, Nettie turned away from the road and went back to the house. She wore a shawl over her shoulders, and when she turned away her back was a pantomime of sadness, being long and stooped and bony. She tucked her hands under folded arms and walked quickly on old, run-down shoes into the house, where she would be uneasy and forlorn until her man came back. Andrew felt sorry for her. He thought, with resent-

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ment against Tom: "And he's going to waste money on whores!" He said:

"Don't be so put out, Nettie. He'll shore be back tomorrow, day-after at the latest."

"You put up them draw-bars," Nettie said from the old-house door.

Ersie lingered with Andrew while he put the poles back into their places across the gateway, and then the two of them just stood there in the bright new morning, with no better excuse than to watch the two crows which had joined forces to attack a young hawk. Cawing angrily, the crows pursued the hawk into the mists which rolled up the opposite hill, their flying awkward but sure, while their victim's grace in flight was helpless and pathetic.

"Look yonder at the creek," Ersie said. "Ain't it purty?"

White vapors rose in streamers from the green dark water, lovely dancing things in slow motion against the silvery green of the willows.

Andrew said: "I'm goen grind tools out to the barn. Gin you get done with your milken, you come out there and turn the grindstone for me."

Harassed in conscience by the scheme back of the request, he looked as pathetically uncertain as the crow-chased hawk had been. Ersie did not say whether she would come or not. She skipped into the house, her head turning to him over her shoulder and then snapping forward again just as she went in the kitchen door. He went off under the naked peach trees to the barn.

Ersie came out with the milk bucket, its tin catching a glare of the sunlight. She went with it around the house to where the cow ate fodder in a fence corner. Milking in the chill of the early morning, finding profound aloneness in the space between Nettie, in the house, and Andrew, up at the barn, she let Andrew's voice recede from her thought, its saying judged and put away, leaving room in her mind for the sure knowledge of what to do. She sat on the milking-stool, her head pressed into the cow's warm flank, the cow's tail held from switching by strands of coarse hair held between small, white teeth. She watched the white streams spurt from under her hands into the foam in the bucket, her nostrils knowing the ammoniac odor of manure and the sweet smell of new milk. The two white streams in the bucket were not quite simultaneous, the one beginning in soft sound in the foam just before the other ceased, and with an idle part of her mind she imagined the spurted sound of the milk saying *Andrew, Andrew, Andrew*. His face, too, was there in her mind, the young face with its bold nose and sharp chin, with its high cheek-bones over which swart skin was tightly drawn, with its solemn mouth and the occasional porcelain sparkle of a grin; a face good-looking but absurd with trying to look wise and solemn beyond its years. She saw his face in her mind, not thinking about it, just seeing it, clearly. She was thinking only *"Andrew, Andrew"* in rhythm with the spurt of the milk. At last a thought became this:—"Hit's a sweet, strong name, and it fits him right good."

Then she got up, leaving the cow at its fodder, coming out between its rump and the corner of the zig-zag rail fence, and she was taken suddenly with the dazzling brightness of the new sunlight. A few leaves blew down and they were gondola-shaped and gold, dropping onto the faded green of grass where dew still sparkled, where spider webs woven in the night lay as shimmering small pieces of silver lace. From the chicken-trough a thin wisp of mist rose, reminding her that the water for the chickens needed changing. She bent to the trough, seeing clouds reflected in the water as in a mirror and for a moment before she spilled it out she bent over her reflection. "I'm right pretty," she thought. And then, going on into the house with the milk, she wondered if she had judged aright.

Under the shed of the barn, Andrew worked at the awkward job of grinding an axe and turning the grindstone at the same time. The thick disk of sandstone was uneven and its homemade wooden windlass handle cumbersome, the whole thing awkward, being built on a frame of hand-hewn lumber. A man needed somebody to turn for him. Still and all, he thought, he didn't have to grind tools; it was just an excuse to get Ersie out of Nettie's sight. Now and then he would walk out of the shed, still holding the axe poised for the stone, and look past the log corn-crib to see what she was doing. He saw her milking, saw her leave the cow and go turn the water out of the chicken-trough, saw her feeding the chickens, scattering grain to them while they eddied in a mottled wave of drab colors around her feet. After each stepping out to look, he would go back under the low shed and work indifferently at grinding the axe. He was a-fret with suspense, wondering if she would come, wanting to have her alone here in the barn. This was a secret place. Here, to the barn, he came for loneliness. The horses out, it was a place of quietness, where movements, even, were muffled in the mustiness of rotting straw and manure. Whenever he stopped turning the grindstone, stopping its creaking and gritty grinding, there was a quality of soundlessness attacked but not violated by noises elsewhere, as the rattle of the well-bucket down at the house, and the gruntings of the pigs in their pen halfway between the barn and the house. The four stalls were of round logs, unchinked so that the sunlight fell in bars within their shadowed interiors. Polished places on the logs were the marks of many generations of horses and cows. The sagging doors had wooden peg-and-eye hinges, and the door planks were studded with ancient square-cut nails. The doors opened onto the shed where Andrew worked, this being a low place cluttered with all manner of farm paraphernalia—old wagon wheels, ploughs, odds and ends of harness, a saddle hanging suspended by one stirrup, a scythe hooked over a rafter, scrapped and nameless things. Against a stall was a big square box in which seed grain was kept. Andrew mused upon this for a moment. Then he found an old horse blanket, a wretched thing stiff with sweat and thick with shed hair. He spread it like a couch cover over the box.

At last, Ersie came.

Bending over the grindstone, he saw her from under his eyebrows as her feet, in boy's shoes, came around the corner of the crib. He would not look up until she had spoken.

"Sharpen 'em up, Bigun; sharpen 'em up," she said, imitating her father's coarse pleasantry.

"I'll do a sight better with you a-turnen this-here thing. Takes more'n

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two hands to turn and grind, all two." His naturally deep voice had a strained, quavering quality.

She took the handle of the grindstone and for awhile she turned it jerkily, too taken up with her own prattle to heed what she was doing. When she talked like this, so seldom, the aimless fall of her words was rain after the habitual drouth of her silence. She was telling Andrew of the habits of that cow, making a long story of Bess's cowlike ways. Andrew wished she would stop prattling. He was not listening at all to her words, but nevertheless she was scattering his already resolved thoughts like smoke in the wind. It was sweet, though, the way she talked on and on, one saying uncovering another. Her body was sweet, too. Each time she stooped with the turn of the handle the neck of her dress dropped from the concealment of her breasts' soft contours. Her hair, parted in the middle of her scalp to fall in curls along her cheeks, gave off sweetness. Her arms, turning the windlass, were strong and brown. Trying to think how to pass that great obstacle of the first move, he shut one eye and sighted the axe-edge for gaps, seeing nothing. Then he ran his finger along the blade that had long since become razor sharp, his mind knowing nothing of what his finger felt.

Ersie went on prattling, turning the stone. Then, as suddenly as she had begun, she stopped talking. She looked at his face and then looked away to the ground. After that, in the silence that endured enchantingly, like a disembodied caress between them, the affair began to go the way he had hoped. He knew again that reaching out of something from her to touch some nameless part of his inner being. He had felt this from her before, but always when there had been some distraction, as the presence of the watchful Nettie, or awareness of Tom, of whom he had been afraid until now. No girl he had ever known had given him this feeling, not even Rina Woodall, she whom he had courted before he left home. Without any words at all for the awareness, he yet knew this as a definite thing, not doubting it while he had it in mind, but losing it out of his thought when it was gone because he had no words with which to hold it in his memory. He thought: "She's plumb wild-like," his hope ascending higher reaches.

He put the axe down and took up a corn knife. He held it to the turning stone that was wetted from the water trough underneath. At last he found words, saying them softly, slanting a timid look at her:

"Ersie, ah love you, hon. Hit's the God's truth."

Ersie went on turning the grindstone. She held her face averted from him. He could not tell what her expression was, for he saw only the contour of her cheek, rounded marble-smooth flesh. Without looking at him, she said:

"I do you, too."

Her answer got him warm all over and pleased beyond measure.

"Do you, hon? Do you railly?"

"Failed you of knowing it?" she asked gently, still permitting him to see no part of her face except the virginal cheek. "Why, I been since long along." Then she turned and looked at him solemnly, with wrinkles of thought between serious eyes.

"I was misput to know for certain, and I was too dog-bited scairt to ast you."

"I love mammy and pappy and my cow Bess, but I love you a way that's a heap different from what I do them."

Then a long silence endured between them, the only sounds the screak of the grindstone axle, the grind of the blade on the stone, the shrill barking of a squirrel in a tree behind the barn. There were rumors of the pigs, vaguely smelled, vaguely heard. A rat came out between two logs of the wall, and midway the length of the logs stopped to look at them with tiny pop-eyes, waving sensitive whiskers alertly. When Andrew spoke the rat flashed away.

"Ersie."

"Hunh?"

"T'other day I heared tell they was a man named Hoskins what's looking for a tenant. He's got a big, rich, black-dirt farm way off over yonder in the hollow. I heared that said down to the sto' t'other day. Dave Burnam, he was a-tellen it. Said he heared tell that Hoskins would furnish ever'thing and give a man half-and-half, croppen on the shares."

Ersie stopped turning and straightened, a look of dismay on her delicate-skinned, delicate-featured face. Andrew thought how sweet the faint spattering of freckles on her straight little nose!

"Andy! You got it in head to take and go off?"

"Yes, in a manner I got that in head. But I got right smart more on my mind. I was fixen to ast would you go off over to Hoskins' place to sort of cook and take keer the house whilst I worked in the fields."

"You mean us get wed together?"

He nodded.

"Andy, you talk so plumb pretty you get me all cumfluttered."

"You reckon you could make out to wed up with me? You reckon you could, now?"

She stood for a moment in perplexity, as though she had never thought at all of marrying him, and then she became suddenly animated, as if the thought, now she had it, delighted her.

"I'll go ast mammy," she said. "I'll go ast her right now!"

"Lord! Wait!" Andrew stepped around the grindstone to stop her, for already she was poised ready to run to the house.

"Ah, you mean I better put off asten twell pappy come back?"

"We could run off," Andrew said. "Nettie would say we couldn't, sure's your boots, and Lord knows what Tom will do."

"You reckon Tom would want to kill you?"

"It ain't no harm in wanten to marry you," Andrew said.

"But Tom, he done swore to kill ere a man tried to toll me off fore I was twenty."

"He ain't got no right. You may be his gal, but he ain't got no right to ack as ornery as that. You sixteen now and that's old 'nuff to know your own mind."

"Goen on seventeen," she said. "Mammy, she married when she ware-n't but fifteen."

"You goen on seventeen and me twenty-two, and I reckon them's fit ages for folks to get wed, efen they a-mind to."

"I'd be afeared to run off."

"You wait till Tom gits back. I aim to ast him, and ifen he won't let us, then we can run off."

"I'd be afeared to."

"Ifen Tom says we can't, I'll tell him I'll fight him fair. I'm bound I'll

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fight him, and I'll whoop him and then we'll go."

They were silent awhile, Ersie looking at Andrew in a way that implied complete confidence in his ability to surmount the difficulties. She seemed utterly unworried.

"Ersie."

"Hunh?"

He put his hands on her upper arms, in excitement unwittingly hurting them until he saw the pain on her face and held her less firmly. For the moment he changed his mind from what he had been about to say and asked, instead:

"Would you mind us goen to be pore?"

"Psha! I never been anything else but pore and don't expect to."

"I expect at first we'd have a heap o' corn pone and branch water hard times," he said.

He laughed nervously, thinking of things other than the joke he made. He said, grinning, "You could cook corn pone and I could tote the branch water." Then he said solemnly:

"You sich a peart, purty little thing. I declare——"

She began to draw away from him, her virginity frightened because of her instinctive realization of his passion. The expression on his face and the hoarseness in his voice gave her to know what he was going to do. It was a knowledge she had within her, one needing no words in thought. He wanted to do something she knew Tom and Nettie did, at night, when they thought she was asleep in her bed on the far side of the room. "That-there's dirty," she thought.

As if putting off his desire from himself, he continued to talk, still holding her by her arms. He said:

"I aim to go over yonder today, to see will Hoskins let me have his tenant house. Efen he will, we could get wed right soon. I could hire out for work-wages enduring the winter time, till it comes crop time next spring. I'll go over there today and see can I get the place. Hit's a right smart piece over there, so I best go right after dinner. And ifen I can't get back tonight, I'll sleep out and make haste get back fore Tom does tomorrow night."

"Andrew, you scrunchen my arms!"

He let go of her arms and gathered her to him in an awkward embrace.

"Ersie, hon—kiss me, sweetness."

She turned her lips up to his and while he kissed her, he lifted her warm, firm, animate body toward the top of the grain box. She struggled and he felt the delight of her legs tangled with his. But she squirmed free in sudden fear and eluded him.

"Quit!" she said. "You quit, now!"

"We goen git wed, anyhow, ain't we?"

"I'm scairt." Her lip was quivering.

Then, suddenly, she ran off to the house. At the corner of the crib she looked back and Andrew saw in the glimpse of her face that she was crying, her mouth open like a dismayed child's.

He sat on a box with his hands cupped to his face. He was so long there, and so still, that a rat came out and, moving in gliding darts and stops, came to his feet. He sprang up and kicked vacantly at the rat's swift, scurrying departure. Done with worrying, he set forth to walk the ten miles over into the valley. He would not go past the house. He skirted it, passing behind the pigpen and the chicken-house and the smokehouse and the plum thicket that was on the up-hill side between the house and the woods. Disdaining the road, he set off down the shoulder of the hill through the woods. He walked swiftly with long, hard steps dropping down the steep slope, ankle deep in golden leaves which made a swift rustle and rattle under his feet.

He knew his plans to a certainty and he kept telling himself that he was not afraid of Tom, rolling the thought over and over in his mind like something being tasted carefully in the mouth. He was not afraid, but there was a vague sensation at the pit of his stomach, as a man has when he is going to have a fight, or get married for the first time, or take steps involving a complete change in his life. But he was not afraid of Tom. He would like to fight him.

As he walked down the last slope into the pleasant hollow where the Hoskins homestead lay spread in a tranquillity of fields and trees and scattered buildings among fences, he thought he would find the place to his liking. There were two houses, plainly seen from this elevation on the hill at an elbow in the road. One, at the ribbon of road going across the valley, was two-storied and painted white with green trimmings; the other, beyond a crooked row of trees snaking with a stream across the valley, an unpainted structure with a tin roof, two rooms facing a porch. The fields were wide and nearly level, better for crops than the steep, rock-strewn, gullied fields he had always known. Some were in cotton, he could tell from here by the dead gray of the fulfilled and plucked stalks, and some had been in corn, with brown rows of wigwam-shaped shocks now standing in the bluish autumnal haze.

On down the road, through an afternoon of skies low and gray with the threat of winter, Andrew wondered with one part of his mind how soon the promised rain would come, and in another part he let plans grow, seeing already the green sheaves of money he would save each year from his share cropping, coming soon in his imagination to the house he would have on his own homeplace. The house he would have in time would be like the white, green-trimmed one seen from the high place in the road. On down, walking swiftly, he came to where the slope ended, the road stretching away level and straight in diminishing perspective between wire fences and trees that had been left standing in rows at the ends of the fields. The road was no longer gullied and rocky, but was worked of gravel and was even. The trees blazed with rich color against melancholy murkiness.

Soon he was at a patented front gate which had a pole reaching to where a man could open it from a wagon seat. He called the house, shouting, "Hey-o!" A man came forth across the leaves fallen from the maples in the yard, a tall man but so far stooped and thin that the bib of his overalls was slack at his chest; a solemn, dignified man with an Adam's apple where his collar band was open, with big ears and a high-domed head of reddish hair—C. H. Hoskins.

By nightfall, which came early with a sudden blotting out of the narrow band of sunset and a beginning of fitful gusts of rain, Andrew had arranged to be Hoskins' tenant. He had seen the land he was to farm, the house he was to live in, the team he would be permitted to use. In return for these he was to work forty acres under Hoskins' di-

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rection and give up half the crop as rent. He was well pleased, eager to tell Ersie, anxious to have over whatever trouble he would have with Tom. The sensation at the pit of his stomach was gone now. He had no fears of the future.

Because of the rain, Hoskins said offhandedly that Andrew could have supper and stay the night. He would not, claiming he would walk the ten miles back regardless of rain and darkness and high water. He ate hurriedly a meal which Mrs. Hoskins gave him in the kitchen. She was a fat, cheerful woman with a wen on the tip of her nose where it had a snoutlike effect. She talked to Andrew and was greatly amused because he would not answer her. He did not like the unfamiliar cooking and he thought that these were people who put on too many airs. His very breathing was constricted in their presence until, at last, he was out in the darkness alone, feeling the sting of the rain on his face and the freshness of damp, rain-washed air swelling in his lungs.

He started off up the road in the darkness, climbed a fence, waded in the black dark through cold mud and dead weeds that were high and soggy-wet, climbed a high wire fence which gave under his weight a shriek of wire pulling through staples, across another field through dead cotton stalks. He came to a small cotton-house which he had seen that afternoon on his tour with Hoskins. He fumbled in the dark for the latch and opened the door and crawled over the cotton to a sleeping place. He lay down, mattressed with a five-foot depth of cotton, the rain pattering on the tin roof close to him. The darkness was thick and black as oblivion, black as the sleep was when it came to him. . . .

Next morning he got up just when the dawn made streaks of thin gray light along the cracks between the wall boards. He brushed away the indentation his body had made in the dirty, un-ginned cotton and left the place, closing and latching the door carefully. The day was wet and chilly, with gray mists which drew the horizon in close like curtains, obscuring the hills. The cotton stalks bowed under a weight of beaded water. For breakfast, he had a long drink of muddy water from the rain-augmented branch and some apples with which he filled his pockets as he passed along the edge of Hoskins' orchard. Along the road the trees dripped, sighing heavily in a shudder of scattered drops when a gust of wind shook them. He walked swiftly, a long-stepping gait in which he was bent forward, his arms swinging in unison back and forth across his body. His feet were cumbersome with mud and his wet hat-brim flapped up and down over his eyes. Under his damp clothes he felt warm and full of vigor. When he came to where the road turned sharply at the edge of the valley up the slope he was already perspiring.

Toward noon he came to the creek at the foot of Tom Ragland's hill. Ordinarily a stream of alternate pools and clear, riffling runs, it was now changed into a rushing, mud-yellow torrent. He had to wade waist-deep at the ford to get across. He toiled carefully to keep the cold rush of water from sweeping him off his feet. Once it almost got him, his weight not being enough to hold his feet on the bottom against the push of the water. His feet swept out from under him, he fell, but managed to get a foothold again. "Phew!" he said. He waded out on legs that felt weak and quivering after the sudden fear.

He came slushing in wet shoes into the Ragland yard just at dinner time.

Ersie stepped out of the kitchen door into the dog-alley to see who came.

"Heah's Andrew, mammy!" she said into the kitchen.

"Hidy, cotton-top!" he said. He stepped onto the porch floor, stamping his feet and looking sadly down at the water which slushed out of his shoes.

"Pore boy," Ersie said. "You a mort wet, ain't you?"

"I never see that creek so feisty. Like to washed me plumb to hell and gone."

"You get right outen them wet rags, young man," Nettie said from the door. She stood there with the coffee can in one hand and the pot in the other. "Put on some dry close 'fore you catch your death o' cold. Where in sake's name you been all this time?"

"I been to see a party on some business," he told Nettie.

Nettie looked at him with narrowed eyes, but she questioned him no further. Between him and Ersie there passed not any sign of understanding.

"Had to wade the crick, didn't you?" Nettie said.

"Yes'm. Hit come down."

"Hit come down in the night," Nettie said. "I'm real worried about Tom. I wonder is it goen be too high for him to git acrost. I heared it comen down last night, a roaren and taken on like all get-out. Maybe it'll go down some 'fore night, though."

"Make 'aste put on some dry close 'fore dinner," Ersie said.

"Yes, make 'aste," Nettie said. "Hit's done ready, and a-waiten."

"You go on in the new house and dry yourself while I hunt you up some dry things," Ersie said.

Andrew went inside the room and stood on the hearth to remove his wet clothing. When he was naked, he stood in chilliness, feeling the hearthstone cold under his soles, waiting for Ersie to put the dry things through the door. She came not merely to the door, as he had expected, but straight into the room, giving him a towel into his hands, bustling at laying out clean drawers and overalls and shirt on a near chair. There was no shock for her in his male nudity, for her father commonly bathed and dressed in the same room with her. Andrew, however, grew flustered and embarrassed. Then, perceiving his shame, she likewise flushed scarlet and fled the room.

He dried and dressed except for his shoes, which he took up with his wet clothes to carry into the kitchen, where they could dry by the stove. When he went barefooted across the dog-alley he saw that the day was clearing. It was cooler, almost cold. The chilly air was sweet smelling and the clouds were rolling over the hills of the horizon.

At dinner, at the table now set in the kitchen, Andrew knifed turnip greens and boiled pork into his mouth so hurriedly, so hungrily, gulped glasses of buttermilk so frequently, that Nettie looked askance at him.

"You ack like you perished," she said. "You ack like you ain't et since you went off yistiddy."

"I allus eat more in the fall than in the summer time," he said. "Thank for some more that-there corn bread."

"Lordy mercy, I'd hate to see you eat

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in the winter time," she said. She held the platter of corn pones to him. "I bet if you et much more yore vittles would push yore toe-nails plumb out by the roots."

Ersie was at one end of the table and Andrew at the other, with Nettie at the side between them. Thus, at first he had no chance to give or to gain from her any sign. Not until Nettie was bending her long, bony body over the oven to take out more corn bread, with her back to them, did he have a chance to nod and form with his lips the words, "I got hit." Then, when Nettie came back to the table, Ersie was in such a swivvet that Nettie scolded her.

"You got feathers in your briches?" Nettie said. "Can't you set still and eat your vittles? What all you grinning so about?"

Then Ersie pouted.

The meal over, Andrew lingered in the warm, steamy kitchen, claiming that it looked like more rain, no need to go out and start a job of work just to have to quit again. He knew better, because he could tell by the drift of the clouds and the taste of the air that the rain was done. The earth was wet and sleek, the sky washed and clean and tidied of clouds, a breeze having piled them neatly on the horizon.

"Well, if you aim to loafer this evenen," Nettie said, "you best do somethen for me. Go in yonder and build me a far' to do my quilten by. Hit's getten right sharp."

"All right'm."

"This here weather acks like a cold spell comen on," Nettie said.

"Hit'll be a sight colder 'fore long, apt as not," Andrew said. "'Bout time to get started having fires, I reckon."

He took cedar kindling from the stove box and went into the other room. Drawing a chair up to the hearth, he whittled shavings that curled away from his knife blade and fell in a tangled pile on the hearthstone between his bare feet. He put the shavings between the andirons, lighted them and built up the fire until it had taken hold of logs. Then he leaned back in the chair and watched the flames leap, crackling. The ruddy light flickered and glowed in the room's shut-in dimness. He thought: "A fire is a good thing, but it would be a sight comfortabler ifen it belonged to a man's own hearth." His gaze flicking about the room, he thought how good it would be when Ersie and he could have a place of their own as homey as this. This room, his model of a place for home, had two beds with many-colored patch quilts, a homemade rag rug, hickory rockers, a quilting frame which hung from the low ceiling beams, pictures of biblical scenes on the walls, an old marble-topped dresser, an array of patent medicine bottles on the mantel shelf with the rasping clock and the ornate oil lamp. It was crowded and cluttered with everything from sewing baskets to a litter of knives and awls and scraps of leather among which Tom was making a new set of harness. The firelight flickered everywhere, light mingled in a tangle of shadows. There was silence except for the crackle of the fire and the ticking of the clock. Andrew's thought became: "They's a heap o' home packed close together in here."

Nettie came in, holding her hands for a moment to the flames and then taking up her work at the quilting frame. Andrew said he would go into the old house to see about how his shoes were drying. He stooped through the low door, leaving her to her work and to her worries about Tom, which she packed with the batting into the new quilt.

In the kitchen, when he went in, Ersie sat at the churn. She was with it near the window, the light falling into her yellow hair. She steadied the brass-bound churn between her knees and pistoned the dasher up and down with a rhythmic beating.

Andrew squatted on the edge of the wood box and began putting on his stiff shoes, forcing white sockless feet into them.

"Seems like this-here butter just won't come, nohow," Ersie said, leaving first mention of more important matters to him.

"You want I should holp you for a spell?"

"Nah, I ain't a bit tar'd."

"Whyn't you put a speck o' water in, that mought make hit come sooner."

"Hit's too soon to do that, so far. By means of keeping at it, I'll make it come now-directly."

The shoes laced with their rawhide strings, Andrew moved a chair near the stove door, where he could chew and spit into the stove. When he moved, he saw a pipe stuck behind a crock on the table near where Ersie sat at the churn. He noticed, then, that there was the smell of pipe smoke in the kitchen, remembering also that he had not seen Ersie smoke since that night he first came here. He felt a warm flush of tenderness, because she had tried to quit smoking and had weakened and now hid the pipe from him. He said:

"You a honey. You the peartest, purtiest little thing I ever see, a-setten there a-churnen. I vum, I never see a gal so sweet for a man to look at."

"Psha!" she said, with a shy, sidewise tilting of her head. "I wisht you wouldn't brag on me like that. Hit gives me the all-overs. . . . Hit makes me creepy like the time I had lice," she added solemnly.

"Yessiree! I was a-walken in the rain from over yonder to Hoskins' and I said to myself, they ain't ere liven being I druther have for my wife-woman than Ersie there. I says to myself, 'God made the flowers to bloom and be purty, but He never made ere a one as purty as Ersie.' I says to myself, 'She's more like a flower than not, and come I get back whar she's at, I aim to make out like I'm a bee and take and taste her to see does she have honey."

"You just a-teasen of me," she said. "You know I'm 'bout to die to hear tell what-all you found out over yonder. And here you set, a-talken foolishment."

"I was walken along comen here and I edzacted out that the purtiest thing in the wide world is fiddle music. And you a right smart purtier than even fiddle music. I use to have me a fiddle and I could play right good, too, only thing I come off and left hit that time I went off from home. Ifen I had it, I could play something might' near as purty as you, but not quite. And gin a gal is purtier than fiddle music—Lord, Lord!" He opened the stove door and spat into the fire.

"Quit now, I'm a-tellin you. What-all did you find out?"

"Don't start off a-bein' my woman by asten a whole passel o' questions. I done got me a roof to go over your purty little head, and I got me land to grow you vittles on. You just be ready

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to set your purty little feet in my tracks when I tell you to foller."

"Mind out Nettie don't hear you," Ersie said.

And then Andrew told her in profuse and rambling detail of everything he had seen and said to Hoskins and heard Hoskins say, from the time he had first seen the Hoskins farm from the bend in the road until his last look back at the place in the rain.

"You must of been mighty lonesome layen out in that-there cotton-house," Ersie said when he had finished. "Was hit dark in there?" She was taking the butter out of the churn, patting it into a wooden bowl with a cedar paddle.

"So all-fired dark a black cat would of been white," he said.

"You been to a heap o' trouble and mess for me, a-sleepen out and a-waden the creek and all."

He opened the stove door and tossed his finished chew into the fire, closing the door again with a clank.

"Only one thing worries me," he said. "Hit ain't enough to make no differ, but I got it on my mind."

"Whut?"

"Hit's Hoskins. He don't seem jist like our kind o' people. He puts on airs, and acks like a man ain't nothing but a dad-burn bark-eater, just cause he lives back in the sticks. But I'll learn him. I don't aim to take no snot offen him, and if he gets feisty with me, I'll take and learn him a little respeck."

"You got something else to worry about," she said cheerfully. "You got Tom to tell yet."

"Well, I'm right here to get him told," he bragged.

The churning was done now, the churn put out on the porch to air and more milk set to clabber in the jars near the stove. Now Ersie worked at shelling dried beans, sitting again in her chair by the window.

Andrew fell silent, watching her. He stared at the sweet turn of her solemn face, at her deft hands shelling the beans, at the feet which rested so firmly on the floor in their boy's shoes. When he spoke again his voice had thickened.

"Ersie, hon, have we got to wait? Now we know for sure we going to get wed?"

"What you mean?"

"We could go out yonder in the woods. We could tell Nettie we was goen hickernut hunting and we could in a manner get off by ourselfs."

Out of the distance came the sound of a voice, yodelling, and the rattle and jolt of a wagon. Here in the kitchen they heard from the other room the thud of Nettie's dropping something, and then her feet clattering on the dog-alley floor and her high, excited voice crying out:

"Yon'er come Tom!"

"Don't butt in," Tom said. "Can't you see I'm playing the dulcimo?"

With stubby fingers, cracked at the thick knuckles and grimed in the cracks, he pecked small isolated sounds from the instrument he held across his knees. He turned the tuning pegs, his head bent forward sidewise from his heavy shoulders. The upper part of his face in the firelight was like something carved out of wood, dark wood—lean and sharp among highlights and shadow hollows, the lower half hirsutely masked.

"But like I said, they's something I got to ast you," Andrew said from where he stood at the other end of the hearth, his tall stooped figure leaning against the mantel shelf. Between him and Tom the iron kettle simmered on coals drawn out from under the burning logs. The fire was slow and quiet with now and then a jetted hissing. His upper part was in shadow and he stood waist deep in flickering light from the fire. "I been waiten till you got back to ast you," he said, insistent.

Tom plucked chords from the instrument, weird and sorrowing sounds. His voice, low, mournful and sad:—

"Fare ye well, my mother dear,
Fare ye well to barn and byre,
And fare ye well, my pretty gel,
That kindles mother's fire—
Fare ye well, fare ye well!"

"You act like you fallen out o' speaken with me," Andrew said. He looked helplessly, a queer expression on his face, at Ersie, who sewed with Nettie by lamplight across the room from him.

"How come you keep a-pestering me?" Tom said absently. "This-here old dulcimo, what I made my ownself, a-whittling it out and a-gluing it up one winter here by the fire—this here old dulcimo is all a man's got to cheer him up. How come you pester me?"

"Hell's fire!" Andrew said, his tone bringing a sharp look over the rims of her glasses from Nettie, a widening of alarm in Ersie's eyes. Tom looked up at him blankly. "Can't a man even talk to you?" Andrew said.

"He can, does he have a cheerful thing to say." A sound, half shriek, half moan, rose from wire strings vibrating over the home-made sound box. "I always would listen to ere a man what's got a good thing to say."

"It wasn't none of *me* done you out of your cotton," Andrew said.

"Not my *cotton,*" Tom said.

"Not nothing else, neither."

"Humpf!" The instrument made a faint discordant sound when Tom leaned it on the floor against the wall. "God sakes!"

"You got no call to ack like a sore-head dog," Andrew said.

"I know what's itchen you," Tom said. "Hit's the same thing was the reason you wouldn't go to town with me." His tone was mild and sad, his face like dark wood, expressionless. With a sigh, "Well, a man might as well hear you out first as last."

"Well, if you know then——"

"Well, what?"

"—'tain't no use to beat abouten the bush. I aim to do it and if you don't want to leave me do it, I'll fight you fair. I'll whoop you for the right to do it."

"Getting me told, ay?" Tom gave a snorting laugh.

Nettie's chair had been rocking, making the old floor boards squeak. That sound stopped now. "Why, Andrew Neil!" Nettie said.

"You keep out of this, Nettie," Tom said. Nettie shrugged and turned a sock wrong-side-out over her extended hand.

Andrew was suddenly confused. Nettie had surprised him with the note of sympathy he had heard in her exclamation. Her astonishment had been, not that he wanted to fight with Tom, but that he had been courting Ersie without her knowing it.

"She's old enough and we got the right——"

"Now just hold your hosses," Tom said.

"But, by God——"

"Hush!" Tom shouted, his voice a clap of sound exploding in the room. After that, silence—the only sounds the

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simmer of the kettle, the tick of the clock, the hiss of Tom's obstructed breathing, the bark of a dog trailing down near the creek. Then Tom leaned back in his chair and crossed his feet out in front of him and waved his hand.

"Pull up a cheer and set," he said. "I don't want to fight you."

Andrew sat down and Tom spat into the fireplace.

"Times troubles come on a man, they just come in droves, seems like," Tom said. "Like a dad-burn flock o' crows coming to roost in the winter time. A man works and slaves to plant him a crop and raise it, and 'gin he takes it to sell he don't as much as come out even. He goes to a lot o' trouble and mess to have vittles for winter time, but when the weather does its hardness, seems like vittles is commonly mighty scaice. He raises him a girl child to comfort him and his old woman, and she has to take and go off with somebody or other 'fore she even gets her growing done. Ah, Lordy, but it's the way things is, I reckon; not much use to gainstrive agin it."

Then Ersie came and sat on his lap, coyly comforting him and then lying quietly in his arms. Andrew stared with glazed eyes into the red, flickering coals. Nettie went calmly on with her sewing, her face expressionless in a way that betokened sly pleasure. Time waited while they resolved their thoughts about this new thing that had been broached and, with but slight protest, accepted. The silence was profound, the distant barking of the dog being merely a measure of its depth. . . .

The dog's barking changed tone, becoming frantic and insistent, closer to the house now.

"Sounds like Rock has treed a'ready," Tom said. "Come on, Bigun, le's go see can we get us a nice juicy possum to eat. I bet anything they's one whar that dog is at."

He dispossessed Ersie from his lap and got up cheerfully and left the room. Andrew followed, feeling a queer sensation in the skin of his arms and hands, a warm and tingling reaction to excitement. In their wake Ersie and Nettie rushed together to weep in each other's arms, one triumphant with her tears, the other congratulatory.

They had the opossum two weeks later for Sunday dinner. During that time they had kept it in a chicken coop, fattening and, Tom said, "getting to be pure." Tom said, "Onct a dog I owned treed a possum and I went to it and that blamed varmint was a-hiden inside a dead hoss. From that day to this I ain't never et no possum without I know what *he's* been eating for a spell." Nevertheless, it made a feast. On the platter it was a browned and roasted island in gravy with baked sweet potatoes. Its savory odor filled the room. After dinner Tom and Andrew went outside and sat in sluggish comfort on the ground in the warm late-October sunshine for awhile, and then they left and walked lazily down the road with full bellies. They were going to round up the neighbors, who were also relatives, nearly all.

"We ain't had ere a wedding 'round here since way 'fore you come that time," Tom said. "The kinfolks will be real proud. We'll go round by Ward's bluff, first off, and tell Berk Travis."

Andrew laughed. "I reckon I know why. You thinking about Berk bringing some of that-there wildcat milk of his'n."

"A man don't marry off his onliest gal ever' day," Tom said with a wink.

All that week was a busy one. The bushes which overhung the road, so seldom disturbed, now had all their golden leaves brushed off to be pulverized in the dust under wagon wheels and buggy tires and horses' hooves. Uncle Jack Turner, a lean, leathery man with projecting teeth which overhung no jaw at all, came with his fat, deep-voiced wife. They came driving a mule to a buggy that would have fallen apart but for baling wire, and each day Uncle Jack complained that it was a shame and a disgrace that the roads were so bad a man couldn't get back in here with an automobile. He lived out close to the State-worked roads and he had an old Ford. He slept with his wife in Ersie's bed, Ersie sleeping with Tom and Nettie. They were going to stay the week out, until after the wedding.

Everybody coming who had not seen Andrew before complimented him on his size and strength. They would discuss his "points" as if he were a horse, and would feel his muscle and allow that he ought to be a mighty good worker. And Andrew would stand stooped and bashfully grinning and wishing to heaven it could be all over without his having to go through it. The women said he was handsome and the men said he looked like part Indian. He had black hair and small, deep-set eyes and high cheek-bones over which swart skin was drawn tightly. "He's a spitten image of old Hance Bear, and Hance wuz ha'f Ind'n," Uncle Jack said.

Cousin Sarah Mullens came three times that week with her husband, Tom, who would sit on the kitchen step with the butt of his buggy whip between his feet while he blackly cursed every term and condition of life. Tom had long iron-gray hair which fell in a dirty, tangled mess about his jumper collar. He scratched himself a great deal.

"I wisht these goddam fleas would lay down an' take a nap," he said. He leaned against the door jamb and scratched between his shoulders.

"Ifen I had 'em, I'd just as lief call 'em by their right name," Uncle Jack said. He grinned under his buck teeth.

"I wouldn't call 'em a-tall," Andrew said. "I'd try to shoo 'em."

"They plague a man enough, withouten 'em walking 'round with no shoes on," Tom Ragland said. "Me, I'd lief 'em go barefooted."

On Friday Andrew bethought himself of buying Ersie a present. He took his money out of the tobacco sack which he carried on a string around his neck and counted it—thirty-seven dollars of the amount with which he had come here and twenty that Tom had paid him for labor. He saddled one of Tom's horses and rode away to the store, returning hours later with an imitation ivory toilet set. There were a comb and brush and manicure implements. They were fly-specked, having been on exhibition at the cross-roads store for a couple of years. Ersie, however, was delighted. She put the set in the box under the bed in which she kept all her treasures, including a cracked and peeled doll, veteran of early childhood.

"Don't put hit away," Andrew said. "Use hit."

"Hit's too purty."

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On his wedding morning, he was up before daylight. He stood aimlessly in the chill and the faint light, seeing the fence row black under a sulphurous sky. He thought he could climb that fence and walk in a straight line, over the hill and down the hollow and over the mountains, and come in time to a far city. It would be a bright place about under where the band of light widened at the horizon up a faint sky, a place where a man could gain riches and glories and women maybe even prettier and sweeter than Ersie. He was, for a moment, faint of heart, perhaps with an unthought premonition of all the years of back-breaking labor and bond slavery to landlords and hardships with no compensation except a few meagre joys which would die and be forgotten in pain. . . .

"God sakes, Bigun! I thought you was still 'sociatin' with the bed-bugs and here you are. Did you sleep a-standen up out here in the yard, like a hoss?"—Tom, on his way up to the barn to feed the livestock.

"I got my sleepen done early," he answered.

He went, then, with Tom to the barn. When the dawn turned red, he was leaning against the rails of the pig-pen, throwing down in the mud before the pigs ears of corn from a split basket. He could hear the horses pawing in the barn, and the thump of corn being dropped into their troughs, and Tom singing in a voice that reached far and loud through the clear quiet of the dawn. " . . . Oh, you Buffalo gals, ain't you comen out tonight, ain't you comen out tonight, ain't you comen out tonight? Oh, you Buffalo gals . . ."

Then Ersie came out of the house, sleepy-eyed, smiling, her yellow hair tousled yet from the pillow, the milk pail on her arm. Smoke began rising into the lighting sky, streaming up from the old house chimney, a sign of Nettie at cooking breakfast. He stood with Ersie where she milked, now under the shed of the barn. They talked, their voices friendly and idle and droning. Under the dark, irregular mass of a row of cedars that were like something cut out and pasted against the sky, he could see the sun up now between their trunks, the fuzzy bark holding an aura of new sunlight. He thought vaguely again of the glories of that paradisiacal far place that would be about under the sunrise. And he thought it better that he was not going now; better to wait until he had money and could take Ersie, too. . . .

"Things do happen just like common," Ersie said at the cow's warm flank. "A body wouldn't think us'ns was getten wed today, now would you?"

"That's a fack, now."

"I wonder will I get homesick when we move off over yonder?"

"I aim to see you don't have no call to get homesick. Hit's too good a place for a person to get homesick on."

"Hit'll be a right good thing," she said.

"I don't want to mislead you, though," he said. "You ain't marryen money. You just marryen a man."

"That's all I ever ca'culated to marry," she said.

After the milking they went to the house to breakfast, where Uncle Jack and Aunt Liza talked of how they should never have stayed so long away from home, Nettie exchanging with Tom a glance which said they might better have avoided their regret.

After breakfast, the women became busy with final preparations for the family dinner and the big wedding supper. Andrew chopped stove wood at the woodpile and brought in an armful to the box behind the stove.

Aunt Liza turned on him with advice about how to treat his wife.

"Be powerful good to Ersie, here, causen she's one mighty sweet girl. She's purty as a f'e' lark and you won't never have no trouble with her 'bout who's goen wear the briches. Now when me and Jack first got hitched up . . ."

On and on she talked, while Andrew stood shifting from one foot to the other in embarrassment, thinking this place with three women in it was no place for a man to stay in comfort. Here in the kitchen, with women at their work, domineering in the place of their domination, life was as it had been for more than a hundred years. Literally that here. This room was built of squared cedar logs, bigger than any cedars that could be found nowadays, and floored with puncheons of split logs, the floor worn with the feet of generations of women at their work, worn with women's scrubbings, until its surface was smoother than planed boards, being age-polished. This part of the house stood from the days when it had been a pioneer cabin. Here under the round log beams that were smoked and fly-specked to grayish blackness, all was fixed by time; no changes except the addition of a window and the stove with its pipe elbowed to go up the stone chimney. Here, among the odors of food, lye soap, burning stovewood, women had lived, with their cooking and spinning and sewing and loving and child-bearing until it was a place where a man was a blasphemy, and Andrew, being a man, could only stammer and wish to be out of their way.

The day swirled. Swirled with faces Andrew had never seen—hard-bitten faces that were dark and lean above overall bibs, faces bulging with chewing and faces ragged with beards; sagging, flaccid female faces, chins showing a dribble of snuff, timid countenances hooded with shawls, mostly faces that never smiled. Events came and overlapped and piled up on each other. There were dog fights to be stopped. Arguments. Children crying and getting into trouble. A tense, dry-mouthed time when everybody was silent except a sonorous-voiced preacher wearing a celluloid collar without a tie, before whom Andrew stood dazed with Ersie. Then the women suddenly taken with weeping—tears without sorrow. A swirling afternoon in which all the old, mouldy jokes about marriage were uttered into Andrew's harassed ears. . . . Then supper, the kitchen crowded full of people standing where they could eat whatever they could get from the table. There were ham, boiled eggs, sour and sweet pickles, cheese, homemade light bread, cold fried chicken, pickled chitterlings. Drops of sweat glistened on sunburned sallow faces and champing jaws, though outside the end of the day was turning chilly. . . . Night came, at last.

The men were in the yard, their voices loud and gay and some of them drunken. They moved across bars of light from the windows and from the open new-house door. *The old-house door was closed!* They moved as dark shapes behind single red spots of glowing tobacco. Andrew stood against the maple tree, merging his shape with its

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dark trunk to gain invisibility. High in the sky a thin sickle moon stuck its upper point out of faintly luminous clouds. He stood miserable in the darkness, listening to the lewd jokes of the other men. He wanted to fight, to clean the yard of them, to drive with his fist foul words back into grinning teeth. But he merely stood there, waiting for the old pioneer custom to be carried out. The women were going through with their part of it now. Behind the closed old-house door, where his cot had been replaced with Ersie's big bed, were the loud, half-hysterical shrieks of women in mirth. They were undressing the bride, getting her ready for the bridegroom. Men went to the window and tried to peep in but a quilt had been hung up inside. They knelt gleefully to the slit of light that showed under the door to the yard.

Then Andrew's turn came. They looked for him and found him lurking in the shadow of the tree trunk. A shout went up. He pushed at the first few who rushed him, discouraging them with his strength. "Don't fight back, Bigun! You got it comen to you." They had him now. He struggled, half-heartedly. . . . "Get him down, now men! . . . Ow, he kicked me!" He was down, now. . . . "Let me do the spitten . . ." "Nah, leave me do hit. I got a mouthful of ambeer. . . ." There was the senseless din of voices, the smell of sweat, the sweetish stink of whiskey breaths mingled in the struggle. They tore his clothes off, leaving him ludicrous and desolate in long drawers.

The door of the old house opened and the women, having put out the light, trooped out of the darkness into the wedge of light that fell on the dog-alley from the open new-house door. They rushed across the dog-alley, shrieking and pretending to avoid the sight of Andrew, who was being pushed forward in the abject indignity of his drawers from the yard into the light. The men urged him along, some pushing and some pulling so that they struggled over him against their own progress to the kitchen door. Out of the babel of voices he picked one, a voice at his shoulder, flat and harsh and simultaneous with a blast of the stink of drunk liquor, saying—"If you need any help, call me, Bigun!"

One drunken fellow tried to come into the room with him but he knocked him back with his elbow and closed the door on their yappings. He shot the bolt. It was black dark in the room. He heard a whispering sound of Ersie moving on the feather bed. No other sounds in here. Outside were cat-calls and loud, lewd shouts and shrill shrieks of laughter from the women. He felt his way along the kitchen table to the bed and crept into it. Ersie lay profoundly quiet and still, not even a rustle of the bed. He knew that she was on the other side pressing herself against the wall. He settled himself and lay still and tense, in his mind cursing the rumpus of those outside, knowing bleak misery. . . .

At last all grew quiet. The last rock had been thrown on the roof and the last shout had echoed from the creek. They had gone. He had not moved from his tense, straight reclining, on his back. Ersie had not moved.

Then he heard Ersie sobbing, a soft whispering sound rising and falling.

His eyes ached with the blackness of the room. He found a faint streak of lesser darkness between the quilt that had been hung over the window and the top of the window frame. As he watched it, he could see it an instant and then it would disappear and then become visible again. After a long time, he knew from Ersie's breathing that she was asleep. Faintly, from the new house, he heard the clock strike, a brief striking that he did not count, and from afar the sound of roosters crowing.

FORGIVENESS

By Isidor Schneider

THE brook path slanting swiftly down the hill,
having each year flushed the downpours like a drain
which carved it closer to the shoulder stone,
was now quite bare of earth, all ruddy gravel,
except for a stubborn grass that grew
flat to the earth in little mats.

Because it challenged ownership with me
or seemed to, then, I pulled one out. It gave
too loosely to my pull to satisfy
my itch for contest; and when I had it in my hand
it lay too warm and I could feel the roots
almost squirming in my palm.

I felt contrite
and, hoping to undo the injury,
I stooped, enlarged the hole I took it from
and put it back, packing the earth around it
as anxiously as I've lapped coverlets
over my sleeping child.

A day or two
I watched it; and seeing it stay green
gratefully took that for my forgiveness.

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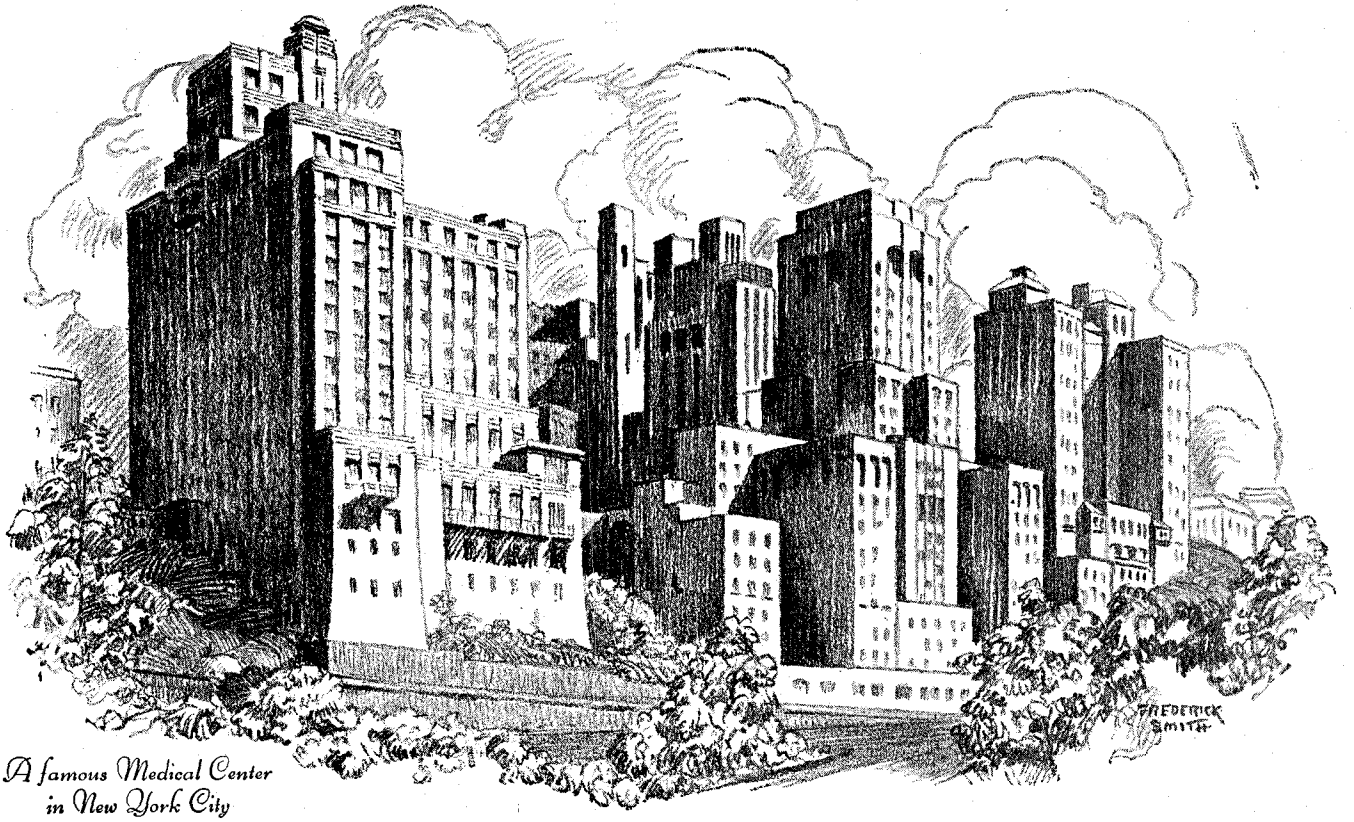

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Modern surgery, aided by skilful nursing in hospitals, restores to health tens of thousands each year.

In the past, people generally have thought of hospitals merely as the best places to which they could go in case of accident or when an operation was unavoidable. Today people are rapidly beginning to realize that the hospital is the best place in which to be in event of any serious illness.

No home, no matter how comfortable, is so well equipped to furnish the many forms of service—any one of which may be needed instantly and imperatively—as a properly conducted hospital.

People unfamiliar with the wide scope of hospital work think only of the patients in hospita beds One great hospital in New York City treats in its clinics an average of 1400 visiting patients each day. The hospital of the future will play an even greater part in caring for the health of the people. It will be a medical center which radiates health protection.

National, State and County hospitals are supported by taxation. A few private hospitals and sanatoria are on a self-supporting basis. But the great majority of private hospitals are dependent upon endowments and sustaining contributions for bare necessities — proper equipment and needed surgical, medical and nursing staffs.

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Why Plans Go Wrong

By S. Palmer Harman

MR. MONTAGU NORMAN, who has been governor of the Bank of England since 1921, and whose only recorded public utterance hitherto is reported to have been, "Don't believe all you hear," recently made a speech filled with profound discouragment. He spoke as a man who had tried to see ahead and tried to adjust his country's financial policies to what he saw; and this was his conclusion:

"The confused affairs of the world have brought about a series of events and a general tendency which appear to me at this time as being outside the control of any man and any government and any country. I believe that if every government and every country could get together, it would be different, but we do not seem to be able to get together. I have been driven to one conclusion. We must take, for the moment, a short view, but we must plan for the long."

Even so cool and controlled a man as Mr. Norman probably has his moments of discouragement when he sees his best efforts at reconstruction go crashing, and it may have been in one of these moods that he spoke. For sterling exchange, which went off gold in September, 1931 (some British authorities insist that gold went off sterling, not vice versa), had recently been brought under some sort of control. Against the old gold par value of $4.86, the price had been "pegged," with Bank and government aid, in the neighborhood of $3.45 last August. But just before the Norman speech the rate had plunged through its supports for a loss of more than five cents in the pound, and at this writing the decline has extended to nearly seventeen cents. It is no small matter when sterling, still the world's premier money of international trade, breaks from its moorings. Every bushel of wheat and pound of bacon imported into England will hereafter cost more and the relief of the unemployed in that country has been made more difficult.

Plans for the control of sterling (one can imagine how carefully they were laid) have gone amiss. So have plans for balancing national budgets, certainly in this country and in France, probably in England: taxes fail to fulfil treasury estimates. So have plans for supporting agricultural prices, for maintaining exports, for doing numerous other things essential to a stable economy. The reason is not far to seek. Nowhere have the planners been able to lay hold of one solid, fixed item to serve as a base of procedure; nowhere has there been an immovable starting point, but everything has been relative and variable. The control of exchange rates, once they are cut loose from gold, depends on international prices, which are still in a declining trend, on barriers to international trade which are arising on every side, on the movements of capital from one country to another. Government revenues depend on prices and the volume of business; prices depend on the supply of commodities, the ability of the people to buy, on speculative operations. So on through the list of things which, in normal times, can be counted upon as fairly stable, but which today move in a violent, erratic and unpredictable manner.

This condition may be likened to a descending spiral, with one ball chasing another from a higher to a lower level and with no possibility of arresting their motion until they either reach a natural bottom and come to a halt of their own accord, or until some powerful, concerted resistance is opposed to their descent. Somewhere there is a natural bottom, for there is nothing in the nature of a business slump which requires that it should go on indefinitely. Eventually it will wear itself out, but the process is long and costly, and if it can be checked by other means society would gain immensely thereby.

As Mr. Norman has indicated, some kind of getting together by the nations, or at least among the people of individual nations, is necessary if voluntary and intelligent action is to take the place of blind force; for the whole difficulty has arisen, not from the actions and behavior of men individually, but from their complex relations with one another, which require adjustment. Some of the matters which will have to be adjusted, either by voluntary agreement or through attrition and exhaustion, come easily to mind.

First stands the matter of debts of every description, from the thousand-dollar mortgage on a workman's house which he cannot pay because he has lost his job, to the billions which nations owe one another as a war legacy. Shall these obligations be allowed to go to default, with seizure of property by creditors, at least in the case of individual and corporate debts; or will it be possible to reach a compromise between debtor and creditor? If creditors could once be persuaded that they would obtain as much, or more, by compromising as by trying to enforce collection, there would be a rush to effect voluntary settlements. But as long as there is the possibility that the debtor may get a job, or prices may rise, or business may pick up, it is hard to convince creditors that their real interest lies in compounding their claims.

So with international trade. It is certain that many countries today are laboriously struggling to build up domestic industries, the products of which will for years cost more than the same products cost in other countries. It would be cheaper to import. But these countries have seen the foreign market for their products disappear behind tariff walls, quota laws, and the less tangible barrier of depreciated currencies. The need of retaining home markets, when foreign outlets are lost, outweighs the advantages of buying cheaply

(Continued on page 36)

40 Million Dollars

in Dividends and Interest

DURING the 12 months ended June 1932, holders of Associated securities received **$40,093,000** in interest and dividends. • In the first 6 months of 1932 the number of registered holders of Associated securities increased 15,784 to a total of 252,899. Of these, 116,882 are customers who use Associated services to cook their meals, light their homes, and run their radios. • Associated security holders are distributed throughout every state, in all United States Possessions, and in 29 other countries and their dependencies.

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Behind the Scenes

STUART CHASE, perhaps the best known of liberal economists, got his first general fame from "Your Money's Worth." His book "Mexico" was widely read last year.

JAMES BOYD, whose novels "Drums" and "Marching On" have been so popular, is at work on a new one. He is now spending his winters in California.

CHRISTIAN GAUSS is dean of the College at Princeton.

EMMETT GOWEN'S new book "Mountain Born" was a fall success. He is best known for these tales of his Tennessee home. He now lives in New York City.

THOMAS BEER still lives in the old homestead at Yonkers, N. Y., casting his sharp eye over the contemporary riot and commenting upon it with his usual incisiveness.

EDWARD STRAVE is a young American writer who lived abroad but is now engaged in government work in Washington.

ETHEL HEPBURN is a member of the highly promising Northwestern school of writers which is centred about St. Paul. She lives in Mound, Minn.

ELLIOTT MERRICK, unable to bear city life any more than usual, is now living on a farm on Lake Champlain, in Vermont.

WILLIAM C. WHITE, since his return from Russia, where he was one of the first American students at a Soviet university, has written extensively about the country. He is living in New York.

HOLMES ALEXANDER lives near Baltimore and is a member of the Maryland legislature. After leaving Princeton, he spent a year at Cambridge, and lately has devoted himself to writing.

ROBERT CARSON lives in California, where he is now among the unemployed, having ceased being a railroad clerk at the request of the railroad.

WILLIAM H. WELLS is a member of the firm of Denhard, Pfeiffer & Wells, whose principal activity is handling book publishers' advertising.

We are indebted to Will Franklin Griffin, of *The Wauwatosa* (Wis.) *News* for the following correction in Walter Liggett's article on the crime of the cities:

Sir:

In Walter W. Liggett's article in your August number, "The Cities Reap the Whirlwind," there is an error, unintentional on Mr. Liggett's part, of course. He states that during the hectic days of graft and misrule immediately following the earthquake and fire in San Francisco "a prosecuting attorney was assassinated in a court room." The fact is this: Mr. Francis J. Heney, then prosecuting attorney, called to the witness stand a man who had served a term in prison. He had been a saloon keeper and after his release he gave up that business, settled down, married, and by his wife had children. They knew nothing of his past record. Mr. Heney, for reasons best known to himself, secured a photograph of the witness and exhibited it in the courtroom. Later the wife of the witness managed to get a single-shot pistol to her husband in his cell which he secreted in his shoe. While in the courtroom he shot Mr. Heney, inflicting a slight face wound. But he was not assassinated. I presume Mr. Liggett had this in mind. At the time I was a reporter on *The San Francisco Chronicle*, was in the courtroom at the time, and later "covered" the trial of Abe Ruef. The witness had lived down his saloon record, but the picture of him, in prison garb, practically ruined his career, at least for a considerable time.

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BLUE SKIES

. . . AND THE SPANISH MAIN

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Fort de France, St. Pierre (Martinique)
Port-of-Spain (Trinidad)
La Guayra, Puerto Cabello (Venezuela)
Willemstad (Curacao)
Colon (Canal Zone) Havana (Cuba)

ABOUT Christmas-time, people are getting restless. They're looking southward, to the blue Caribbean, where the sun shines golden in midwinter.

The little French shops of Martinique are fascinating. . . . St. Thomas, Trinidad, La Guayra, and Curacao are full of buccaneering memories . . . at Colon: the canal, Old Panama, the Miramar Club . . . and fair Havana always delights visitors.

A West Indies Cruise is an ideal break in dreary Winter . . . and the beautiful, new *Lafayette* will sail there twice this season. A Christmas Cruise leaves New York December 16th for 19 days. The second leaves on February 25th.

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(*Continued from page 34*)

abroad. When it is impossible to pay even for cheap goods, who shall say that inefficient production at home is actually costly? A getting together is plainly needed, but it is not at all certain that a mere slashing of tariffs would produce the desired results.

Currencies are perhaps the most complex problem of all. Every variation in value, in terms of foreign money, affects exports and imports. A general return to the gold basis has been urged as the way out, but prior to that it must be carefully determined what the value of the new currency unit must be, if it is to maintain itself solidly on gold. England went back to gold at the pre-war value of the pound, and slipped off again because the pound, as time went on, proved to be valued too high.

One of the features of the recent political campaign was the demand, hurled at this or that candidate, that he should produce a "plan" for reviving agriculture or general business. Nothing could be more absurd. It is like requiring a doctor to produce a plan for curing a disease which the doctor knows can only yield to slow and varying treatment over a long period of time. Mr. Montagu Norman concluded that it was extremely difficult to persuade nations to co-operate, and most observers will agree with him; hence the difficulty of planning. A more hopeful way to begin would be for each small community to make sure that its local government was living within its income, that jobs were provided as far as possible for local people out of work, that local debtors and creditors work out realistic compromises. When the smaller units are once more on a sound basis the advantages of broader intercourse with other units will be self evident.

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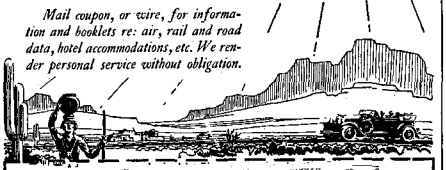

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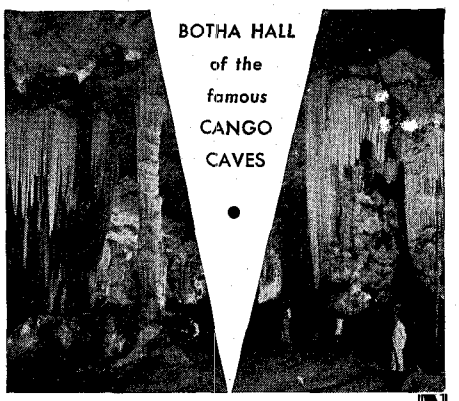

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